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IN THREE PARTS. PART THIRD.

VIII.

As it turned out, the provision had not been needed, for three hours later, just as I had finished my dinner, Miss Bordereau's niece appeared, unannounced, in the open doorway of the room in which my simple repasts were served. I remember well that I felt no surprise at seeing her; which is not a proof that I did n't believe in her timidity. It was immense, but in a case in which there was a particular reason for boldness it never would have prevented her from running up to my rooms. I saw that she was now quite full of a particular reason; it threw her forward—made her seize me, as I rose to meet her, by the arm.

"My aunt is very ill; I think she is dying!"

"Never in the world," I answered, with a certain bitterness. "Don't you be afraid!"

"Do go for a doctor—do, do! Olimpia is gone for the one we always have, but she does n't come back; I don't know what has happened to her. I told her that if he was not at home she was to follow him where he had gone; but apparently she is following him all over Venice. I don't know what to do—she looks so as if she were sinking."

"May I see her, may I judge?" I asked. "Of course I shall be delighted

to bring some one; but had n't we better send my man instead, so that I may stay with you?"

Miss Tita assented to this, and I dispatched my servant for the best doctor in the neighborhood. I hurried downstairs with her, and on the way she told me that an hour after I quitted them, in the afternoon, Miss Bordereau had had an attack of pain in her chest, a terrible difficulty in breathing. This had subsided, but had left her so exhausted that she did n't come up: she seemed all gone. I repeated that she was not gone, that she would n't go yet; whereupon Miss Tita gave me a sharper sidelong glance than she had ever directed at me, and said, "Really, what do mean? I suppose you don't accuse her of making believe!" I forget what reply I made to this, but I grant that in my heart I thought the old woman was quite capable of such a manœuvre. Miss Tita wanted to know what I had done to her: her aunt had told her that I had made her angry. I declared I had done nothing—I had been exceedingly careful; to which my companion rejoined that Miss Bordereau had assured her she had had a scene with me, and the scene had upset her. I answered, with some resentment, that it was a scene of her own making—that I did n't know what she was angry with me for unless for not seeing my way to give a thousand pounds for the portrait

of Jeffrey Aspern. "And did she show you that? Oh, gracious — oh, deary me!" groaned Miss Tita, who appeared to feel that the situation was getting out of her control and that the elements of her fate were thickening around her. I said that I would give anything to possess it, yet that I had n't a thousand pounds; but I stopped when we came to the door of Miss Bordereau's room. I had an immense curiosity to pass it, but I thought it my duty to represent to Miss Tita that if I made the invalid angry she ought perhaps to be spared the sight of me. "The sight of you? Do you think she can see?" my companion demanded, almost with indignation. I did think so, but did n't say it, and I softly followed my conductress.

I remember that what I said to her, as I stood for a moment beside the old woman's bed, was, "Does she never show you her eyes, then? Have you never seen them?" Miss Bordereau had been divested of her green shade, but (it was not my fortune to behold Juliana in her nightcap) the upper half of her face was covered by the fall of a piece of rather dingy lace-like muslin, a sort of extemporized hood, which had been wound round her head and descended to the end of her nose, leaving nothing visible but her white withered cheeks and puckered mouth, closed tightly and, as it were, consciously. Miss Tita gave me a glance of surprise, evidently not seeing a reason for my impatience. "You mean that she always wears something? She does it to preserve them."

"Because they are so fine?"

"Oh, to-day, to-day!" And Miss Tita shook her head, speaking very low. "But they used to be magnificent!"

"Yes, indeed, we have Aspern's word for that." And as I looked again at the old woman's wrappings I could imagine that she had not wished to allow people a reason to say that the great poet had overdone it. But I did n't waste my

time in considering Miss Bordereau, who was so motionless as to suggest that no human attention could ever help her more. I turned my eyes all over the room, rummaging the closets, the chests of drawers, the tables, with them. Miss Tita met them quickly, and read, I think, what was in them; but she did n't answer it, turning away restlessly, anxiously, so that I felt rebuked, deservedly, for a preoccupation that was almost profane in the presence of our dying companion. All the same, I took another look, endeavoring to pick out mentally the place to try first, for a person who should wish to put his hand on Miss Bordereau's papers directly after her death. The room was a confusion; it was not, it seemed to me, particularly well ordered. There were clothes hanging over chairs, odd-looking, shabby bundles here and there, and various pasteboard boxes piled together, battered, bulging and discolored, which might have been fifty years old. Miss Tita, after a moment, noticed the direction of my eyes again, and, as if she guessed how I judged the air of the place (as if I had any business to judge it at all), said, perhaps to defend herself from the imputation of complicity in such untidiness —

"She likes it this way; we can't move things. There are old bandboxes she has had most of her life." Then she added, half taking pity on my real thought, "Those things were *there*;" and she pointed to a small, low trunk, which stood under a sofa, where there was just room for it. It appeared to be a queer, superannuated receptacle, of painted wood, with elaborate handles and shriveled straps and with the color (it had last been endued with a coat of light green) much rubbed off. It evidently had traveled with Juliana in the olden time — in the days of her adventures, which it had shared. It would have made a strange figure arriving at a modern hotel.

"*Were* there — they are n't now?" I asked, startled by Miss Tita's implication.

She was going to answer, but at that moment the doctor came in — the doctor whom the little maid had been sent to fetch and whom she had at last overtaken. My servant, going on his own errand, had met her near the house, guiding her companion, and, in the sociable Venetian spirit, retracing his steps with them, had also come up to the threshold of Miss Bordereau's room, where I saw him peeping over the doctor's shoulder. I motioned him away, the more instantly that the sight of his prying face reminded me that I myself had almost as little to do there — an admonition confirmed by the sharp way the little doctor looked at me, appearing to take me for a rival who had the field before him. He was a short, dusky gentleman, with a quick, clever eye and the tall hat of his profession; and he gave me at first more attention than he gave the patient. I bowed to him and left him with the women, going down to smoke a cigar in the garden. I was nervous; I could n't go further; I could n't leave the place. I don't know exactly what I thought might happen, but it seemed to me important to be there. I wandered about in the alleys — the warm night had come on — smoking cigar after cigar, and looking at the light in Miss Bordereau's windows. They were open now, I could see; the situation was different. Sometimes the light moved, but not quickly; it did n't suggest the hurry of a crisis. Was the old woman dying, or was she already dead? Had the doctor said that there was nothing to be done, at her tremendous age, but to let her quietly pass away; or had he simply announced, with a look a little more conventional, that the end of the end had come? Were the other two women moving about to perform the offices that follow in such a case? It made me uneasy not to be nearer, as if I thought

the doctor himself might carry away the papers with him. I bit my cigar hard as it came over me again that perhaps there were now no papers to carry!

I wandered about for an hour — for an hour and a half. I looked out for Miss Tita at one of the windows, having a vague idea that she might come there to give me some sign. Would n't she see the red tip of my cigar moving about in the dark and feel that I wanted eminently to know what the doctor had said? I am afraid it is a proof that my anxieties had made me gross that I should have taken in some degree for granted that, at such an hour, in the midst of the greatest change that could take place in her life, they were uppermost also in poor Miss Tita's mind. My servant came down and spoke to me, and he knew nothing save that the doctor had gone, after a visit of half an hour. If he had stayed half an hour, then Miss Bordereau was still alive: it could n't have taken so much time as that to establish the contrary. I sent the man out of the house; there were moments when the sense of his curiosity annoyed me, and this was one of them. He had been watching my cigar-tip from an upper window, if Miss Tita had n't; he could n't know what I was after and I could n't tell him, though I was conscious he had fantastic private theories about me which he thought fine and which I, had I known them, should have thought offensive.

I went up-stairs at last, but I ascended no higher than the sala. The door of Miss Bordereau's apartment was open, showing, from the parlor, the dimness of a poor candle. I went towards it with a light tread, and at the same moment Miss Tita appeared and stood looking at me as I approached. "She's better — she's better," she said, even before I had asked. "The doctor has given her something; she woke up, came back to life, while he was there. He says there is no danger."

"No danger? Surely he thinks her condition strange!"

"Yes, because she had been excited. It affects her awfully."

"It will do so again then, because she excites herself. She did so this afternoon."

"Yes; she must n't come out any more," said Miss Tita, with one of her lapses into a deeper placidity.

"What is the use of making such a remark as that, if you begin to rattle her about again the first time she bids you?"

"I won't — I won't do it any more."

"You must learn to resist her," I went on.

"Oh, yes, I shall; I shall do so better if you tell me it's right."

"You must n't do it for me; you must do it for yourself. It all comes back to you, if you are frightened."

"Well, I am not frightened now," said Miss Tita, cheerfully. "She is very quiet."

"Is she conscious again — does she speak?"

"No, she does n't speak, but she takes my hand. She holds it fast."

"Yes," I rejoined, "I can see what force she still has by the way she grabbed that picture this afternoon. But if she holds you fast," I added, "how comes it that you are here?"

Miss Tita hesitated a moment, and though her face was in deep shadow (she had her back to the light in the parlor and I had put down my own candle far off, near the door of the sala), I thought I saw her smile ingenuously. "I came on purpose — I heard your step."

"Why, I came on tiptoe, as inaudibly as possible."

"Well, I heard you," said Miss Tita.

"And is your aunt alone now?"

"Oh, no; Olimpia is sitting there."

On my side I hesitated. "Shall we then step in there?" And I nodded at

the parlor; I wanted more and more to be on the spot.

"We can't talk there — she will hear us."

I was on the point of replying that in that case we would sit silent, but I was too conscious that this would n't do, as there was something I desired immensely to ask her. So I proposed that we should walk a little in the sala, keeping more at the other end, where we should n't disturb the old lady. Miss Tita assented unconditionally; the doctor was coming again, she said, and she would be there to meet him at the door. We strolled through the fine, superfluous hall, where, on the marble floor — particularly as at first we said nothing — our footsteps were more audible than I had expected. When we reached the other end — the wide window, inveterately closed, connecting with the balcony that overhung the canal — I suggested that we should remain there, as she would see the doctor arrive still better. I opened the window and we passed out on the balcony, where the air of the canal seemed even heavier, hotter, than that of the sala. The place was hushed and void; the quiet neighborhood had gone to sleep. A lamp, here and there, over the narrow black water, glimmered in double; the voice of a man going homeward, singing, with his jacket on his shoulder and his hat on his ear, came to us from a distance. This did n't prevent the scene from being very *comme il faut*, as Miss Bordereau had called it the first time I saw her. Presently a gondola passed along the canal, with its slow rhythmical plash, and as we listened we watched it in silence. It did n't stop, it did n't carry the doctor; and after it had gone on I said to Miss Tita —

"And where are they now — the things that were in the trunk?"

"In the trunk?"

"That green box you pointed out to me in her room. You said her papers

had been there; you seemed to imply that she had transferred them."

"Oh, yes; they are not in the trunk," said Miss Tita.

"May I ask if you have looked?"

"Yes, I have looked, for you."

"How for me, dear Miss Tita? Do you mean you would have given them to me if you had found them?" I asked, almost trembling.

She delayed to reply, and I waited. Suddenly she broke out, "I don't know what I would do — what I would n't!"

"Would you look again — somewhere else?"

She had spoken with a strange, unexpected emotion, and she went on in the same tone: "I can't — I can't — while she lies there. It is n't decent."

"No, it is n't decent," I replied, gravely. "Let the poor lady rest in peace." And the words, on my lips, were not hypocritical, for I felt reprimanded and ashamed.

Miss Tita added in a moment, as if she had guessed this and were sorry for me, but at the same time wished to explain that I did drive her on, or at least did insist too much, "I can't deceive her that way. I can't deceive her — perhaps on her death-bed."

"Heaven forbid I should ask you, though I have been guilty myself!"

"You have been guilty?"

"I have sailed under false colors." I felt now as if I must tell her that I had given her an invented name, on account of my fear that her aunt would have heard of me and would refuse to take me in. I explained this, and also that I had really been a party to the letter written to them by John Cumnor months before.

She listened with great attention, looking at me with parted lips, and when I had made my confession she said, "Then your real name — what is it?" She repeated it over twice when I had told her, accompanying it with the exclamation "Gracious, gracious!"

Then she added, "I like your own best."

"So do I," I said, laughing. "Ouf! it's a relief to get rid of the other."

"So it was a regular plot — a kind of conspiracy?"

"Oh, a conspiracy — we were only two," I replied, leaving out Mrs. Prest, of course.

She hesitated, and I thought she was perhaps going to say that we had been very base. But she remarked, after a moment, in a candid, wondering way, "How much you must want them!"

"Oh, I do, passionately!" I conceded, smiling. And this chance made me go on, forgetting my compunction of a moment before: "How can she possibly have changed their place herself? How can she walk? How can she arrive at that sort of muscular exertion? How can she lift and carry things?"

"Oh, when one wants and when one has so much will!" said Miss Tita, as if she had thought over my question already herself and had simply had no choice but that answer — the idea that in the dead of night, or at some moment when the coast was clear, the old woman had been capable of a miraculous effort.

"Have you questioned Olimpia? Has n't she helped her — has n't she done it for her?" I asked; to which Miss Tita replied, promptly and positively, that their servant had had nothing to do with the matter, though without admitting definitely that she had spoken to her. It was as if she were a little shy, a little ashamed now, of letting me see how much she had entered into my uneasiness and had me on her mind. Suddenly she said to me, without any immediate relevance —

"I feel as if you were a new person, now that you have got a new name."

"It is n't a new one; it is a very good old one, thank heaven!"

She looked at me a moment. "I do like it better."

"Oh, if you did n't I would almost go on with the other!"

"Would you, really?"

I laughed again, but for all answer to this inquiry I said, "Of course, if she can rummage about that way, she can perfectly have burnt them."

"You must wait—you must wait," Miss Tita observed, with a sigh; and her tone did n't minister to my patience, for it seemed, after all, to accept that wretched possibility. I would teach myself to wait, I declared, nevertheless; because in the first place I could n't do otherwise, and in the second I had her promise, given me the other night, that she would help me.

"Of course, if the papers are gone that's no use," she said; not as if she wished to recede, but only to be conscientious.

"Naturally. But if you could only find out!" I groaned, quivering again.

"I thought you said you would wait."

"Oh, you mean wait even for that?"

"For what, then?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, rather foolishly, being ashamed to tell her what had been implied in my submission to delay—the idea that she would do more than merely find out. I don't know whether she guessed this; at all events, she appeared to become aware of the necessity for being a little more rigid.

"I did n't promise to deceive, did I? I don't think I did."

"It does n't much matter whether you did or not, for you could n't!"

I don't think Miss Tita would have contested this, even had she not been diverted by our seeing the doctor's gondola shoot into the little canal and approach the house. I noted that he came as fast as if he believed that Miss Bordereau was still in danger. We looked down at him while he disembarked, and then went back into the sala to meet him. When he came up, however, I naturally left Miss Tita to go off with him alone,

only asking her leave to come back later for news.

I went out of the house and took a long walk, as far as the Piazza, where my restlessness did n't diminish. I could n't sit down (it was very late now, but there were people still at the little tables in front of the *cafés*); I could only walk round and round, which I did half a dozen times. I was uncomfortable, but it gave me a certain pleasure to have told Miss Tita who I really was. At last I took my way home again, slowly, and getting all but inextricably lost, as I did whenever I went out in Venice; so that it was considerably past midnight when I reached my door. The sala, up-stairs, was as dark as usual, and my lamp, as I crossed it, found nothing satisfactory to show me. I was disappointed, for I had notified Miss Tita that I would come back for a report, and I thought she might have left a light there as a sign. The door of the ladies' apartment was closed; which seemed an intimation that my faltering friend had gone to bed, tired of waiting for me. I stood in the middle of the place, considering, hoping she would hear me and perhaps peep out, saying to myself too that she would n't go to bed with her aunt in a state so critical; she would sit up and watch—she would be in a chair, in her dressing-gown. I went nearer the door; I stopped there and listened. I heard nothing at all, and at last I tapped gently. No answer came, and after another minute I turned the handle. There was no light in the room, and this ought to have prevented me from going in, but it did n't. If I have candidly narrated the indiscretions, the indelicacies, the brutalities, of which my desire to possess myself of Jeffrey Aspern's papers had rendered me capable, I need n't shrink from confessing this last act of violence. I think it was the worst thing I did; yet there were extenuating circumstances. I was deeply, though

doubtless not disinterestedly, anxious for more news of the old lady, and Miss Tita had given me, as it were, a rendezvous which it might have been a point of honor with me to keep. It may be said that her leaving the place dark was a positive sign that she released me, and to this I can only reply that I did n't want to be released.

The door of Miss Bordereau's room was open, and I could see, beyond it, the faintness of a taper. There was no sound, and my footstep caused no one to stir. I came further into the room—I lingered there, with my lamp in my hand. I wanted to give Miss Tita a chance to come to me, if she were with her aunt, as she must be. I made no noise to call her, but I waited to see if she would n't notice my light. She did n't, and I explained this (I found afterwards I was right) by the idea that she had fallen asleep. If she had fallen asleep her aunt was not on her mind, and my explanation ought to have led me to go out as I had come. I must repeat again that it did n't, for I found myself at the same moment thinking of something else. I had no definite purpose, no bad intention, but I felt myself held to the spot by an acute, though absurd, sense of opportunity. For what, I could n't have said, inasmuch as it was not in my mind that I might commit a theft. Even if it had been, I was confronted with the evident fact that Miss Bordereau did n't leave her secretary, her cupboard, and the drawers of her tables gaping. I had no keys, no tools, and no ambition to smash her furniture. None the less it came to me that I was now, perhaps alone, unmolested, at the hour of temptation and secrecy, nearer to the tormenting treasure than I had ever been. I held up my lamp, let the light play on the different objects, as if it could tell me something. Still there came no movement from the other room. If Miss Tita was sleeping, she was sleeping sound. Was she doing so—

generous creature — on purpose to leave me the field? Did she know I was there, and was she just keeping quiet to see what I would do—what I *could* do? But what could I do, when it came to that? She herself knew even better than I how little.

I stopped in front of the secretary, looking at it very idiotically; for what had it to say to me, after all? In the first place it was locked, and in the second it almost surely contained nothing in which I was interested. Ten to one the papers had been destroyed; and even if they had not been destroyed the old woman would n't have put them in such a place as that, after removing them from the green trunk—would n't have transferred them, if she had the idea of their safety on her brain, from the better hiding-place to the worse. The secretary was more conspicuous, more accessible, in a room in which she could no longer mount guard. It opened with a key, but there was a little brass handle, like a button, as well; I saw this as I played my lamp over it. I did something more than this at that moment: I caught a glimpse of the possibility that Miss Tita wished me really to understand. If she did n't wish me to understand, if she wished me to keep away, why had n't she locked the door of communication between the sitting-room and the sala? That would have been a definite sign that I was to leave them alone. If I did n't leave them alone she meant me to come for a purpose—a purpose now indicated by the quick, fantastic idea that, to oblige me, she had unlocked the secretary. She had n't left the key, but the lid would probably move if I touched the button. This theory fascinated me, and I bent over, very close, to judge. I did n't propose to do anything, not even—not in the least—to let down the lid; I only wanted to test my theory, to see if the cover *would* move. I touched the button with my hand—a mere touch would tell me;

and as I did so (it is very awkward for me to relate it), I looked over my shoulder. It was a chance, an instinct, for I had n't heard anything. I almost let my luminary drop, and certainly I stepped back, straightening myself up at what I saw. Miss Bordereau stood there in her nightdress, in the doorway of her room, watching me; her hands were raised, she had lifted the everlasting curtain that covered half her face, and for the first, the last, the only time I saw her extraordinary eyes. They glared at me; they made me horribly ashamed. I never shall forget her strange little, bent, white tottering figure, with its lifted head, her attitude, her expression; neither shall I forget the tone in which, as I turned, looking at her, she hissed out passionately, furiously —

“Ah, you publishing scoundrel!”

I don't know what I stammered, to excuse myself, to explain; but I went towards her, to tell her I meant no harm. She waved me off with her old hands, retreating before me with horror; and the next thing I knew she had fallen back, with a quick spasm, as if death had descended on her, into Miss Tita's arms.

IX.

I left Venice the next morning, as soon as I learnt that the old lady had not succumbed, as I feared at the moment, to the shock I had given her — the shock I may also say she had given me. How in the world could I have supposed her capable of getting out of bed by herself? I did n't see Miss Tita before going; I only saw the *donna*, whom I entrusted with a note for her younger mistress. In this note I mentioned that I should be absent but for a few days. I went to Treviso, to Bassano, to Castelfranco; I took walks and drives, and looked at musty old churches with ill-lighted pictures, and spent hours

seated smoking at the doors of cafés, where there were flies and yellow curtains, on the shady side of sleepy little squares. In spite of these pastimes, which were mechanical and perfunctory, I did n't enjoy my journey; there was too strong a taste of the disagreeable in my life. It had been devilish awkward, as the young men say, to be found by Miss Bordereau, in the dead of night, examining the fastening of her bureau; and it had not been less so to have to believe for a good many hours afterwards that it was highly probable I had killed her. In writing to Miss Tita, I attempted to minimize these irregularities; but as she gave me no word of answer, I could n't know what impression I made upon her. It rankled in my mind that I had been called a publishing scoundrel, for certainly I did publish and certainly I had not been very delicate. There was a moment when I stood convinced that the only way to make up for this latter fault was to take myself away altogether on the instant; to sacrifice my hopes and relieve the two poor women forever of the oppression of my intercourse. Then I reflected that I had better try a short absence first, for I must already have had a sense (unexpressed and dim) that in disappearing completely it would not be only my own hopes that I should condemn to extinction. It would perhaps be sufficient if I stayed away long enough to give the elder lady time to think she was rid of me. That she would wish to be rid of me, after this (if I was not rid of her), was now not to be doubted: that nocturnal scene would have cured her of the disposition to put up with my company for the sake of my money. I said to myself that after all I could n't abandon Miss Tita, and I continued to say this even while I observed that she quite failed to comply with my earnest request (I had given her two or three addresses, at little towns, *poste restante*) that she would let

me know how she was getting on. I would have made my servant write to me but that he could n't manage a pen. It seemed to me there was a kind of scorn in Miss Tita's silence (little disdainful as she had ever been), so that I was uncomfortable and sore. I had scruples about going back, and yet I had others about not doing so, for I wanted to put myself on a better footing. The end of it was that I did return to Venice on the twelfth day; and as my gondola gently bumped against Miss Bordereau's steps a certain palpitation of suspense told me that I had done myself a violence in holding off so long.

I had faced about so abruptly that I had not telegraphed to my servant. He was therefore not at the station to meet me, but he poked out his head from an upper window when I reached the house. "They have put her into the earth, *la vecchia*," he said to me, in the lower hall, while he shouldered my valise; and he grinned and almost winked, as if he knew I should be pleased at the news.

"She's dead!" I exclaimed, giving him a very different look.

"So it appears, since they have buried her."

"It's all over? When was the funeral?"

"The other yesterday. But a funeral you could scarcely call it, signore; it was a little *passeggio* of two gondolas. *Poveretta!*" the man continued, referring apparently to Miss Tita.

I wanted to know about Miss Tita — how she was and where she was — but I asked him no more questions till we had got up-stairs. Now that the fact had met me I did n't like it; especially I did n't like the idea that poor Miss Tita had had to manage by herself, after the end. What did she know about arrangements, about the steps to take in such a case? *Poveretta* indeed! I could only hope that the doctor had given her assistance, and that she had not been neglected by the old friends

of whom she had told me, the little band of the faithful whose fidelity consisted in coming to the house once a year. I elicited from my servant that two old ladies and an old gentleman had, in fact, rallied round Miss Tita and had supported her (they had come for her in a gondola of their own) during the journey to the cemetery, the little red-walled island of tombs which lies to the north of the town, on the way to Murano. It appeared from these circumstances that the Misses Bordereau were Catholics, a discovery I had n't made, as the old woman could n't go to church, and her niece, so far as I perceived, either did n't or went only to early mass, in the parish, before I was stirring. Certainly even the priests respected their seclusion; I had never caught the whisk of the curato's skirt. That evening, an hour later, I sent my servant down with five words written on a card, to ask Miss Tita if she would see me for a few moments. She was not in the house, where he had sought her, he told me when he came back, but in the garden, walking about to refresh herself and gathering flowers. He had found her there and she would be very happy to see me.

I went down, and passed half an hour with poor Miss Tita. She had always had a look of musty mourning (as if she were wearing out old robes of sorrow that would n't come to an end), and in this respect there was no appreciable change in her appearance. But she evidently had been crying, crying a great deal — simply, satisfyingly, refreshingly, with a sort of youthful, retarded sense of loneliness and fear of change. But she had none of the formalism or the self-consciousness of grief, and I was almost surprised to see her standing there, in the first dusk, with her hands full of flowers, smiling at me with her reddened eyes. Her white face, in the frame of her mantilla, looked longer, leaner, than usual. I had had an idea that she would be a good deal disgusted

with me — would consider that I ought to have been on the spot to advise her, to help her; and (though I was sure there was no rancor in her composition, and no great conviction of the importance of her affairs) I had prepared myself for a difference in her manner, for some little injured look, half familiar, half estranged, which should say to my conscience, “Well, you are a nice person to have professed” — But historic truth compels me to declare that Tita Bordereau’s countenance expressed unqualified pleasure in seeing her late aunt’s lodger. That touched him extremely, and he thought it simplified his situation, until he found it did n’t. I was as kind to her that evening as I knew how to be, and I walked about the garden with her for half an hour. There was no explanation of any sort between us, and I did n’t ask her why she had n’t answered my letter. Still less did I repeat what I had said to her in that communication; if she chose to let me suppose that she had forgotten the position in which Miss Bordereau surprised me that night, and the effect of the discovery on the old woman, I was quite willing to take it that way: I was grateful to her for not treating me as if I had killed her aunt.

We strolled and strolled, and really not much passed between us save the recognition of her bereavement, conveyed in my manner and in a sort of air that she had of depending on me now, since I let her see that I took an interest in her. Miss Tita had none of the pride that makes a person wish to preserve the look of independence; she did n’t in the least pretend that she knew at present what would become of her. I did n’t touch particularly on that, however, for I certainly was not prepared to say that I would take charge of her. I was cautious; not ignobly, I think, for I felt that her knowledge of life was so small that in her simple vision there would be no reason why — since

I seemed to pity her — I should n’t look after her. She told me how her aunt had died, very peacefully at the last, and how everything had been done afterwards by the care of her good friends (fortunately, thanks to me, she said, smiling, there was money in the house; and she repeated that when once the Italians like you they are your friends for life); and when we had gone into this she asked me about my *giro*, my impressions, the places I had seen. I told her what I could, making it up partly, I am afraid, as in my preoccupation I had n’t seen much; and after she had heard me she exclaimed, quite as if she had forgotten her aunt and her sorrow, “Dear, dear, how much I should like to do such things, to take a little journey!” It came over me for the moment that I ought to propose some tour, say I would take her anywhere she liked; and I remarked, at any rate, that some excursion — to give her a change — might be managed: we would think of it, talk it over. I said never a word to her about the Aspern documents; asked no question as to what she had ascertained or what had otherwise happened with regard to them before Miss Bordereau’s death. It was not that I did n’t want tremendously to know, but that I thought it more decent not to betray my anxiety so soon after the catastrophe. I hoped she herself would say something, but she did n’t, and I thought that natural at the time. Later, however, that night, it occurred to me that her silence was somewhat strange; for if she had talked of my movements, of anything so detached as the Giorgione at Castelfranco, she might have alluded to what she could easily remember was in my mind. It was not to be supposed that the emotion produced by her aunt’s death had blotted out the recollection that I was interested in that lady’s relics, and I fidgeted, afterwards, as it came to me that her reticence might very possibly mean sim-

ply that nothing had been found. We separated in the garden (it was she who said she must go in); now that she was alone in the rooms I felt that (judged, at any rate, by Venetian ideas) I was on rather a different footing in regard to visiting her there. As I shook hands with her for good-night I asked her if she had any general plan — had thought over what she had better do. “Oh, yes, oh, yes, but I have n’t settled anything yet,” she replied, quite cheerfully. Was her cheerfulness explained by the impression that I would settle for her?

I was glad the next morning that we had neglected practical questions, for this gave me a pretext for seeing her again immediately. There was a very practical question to be touched upon. I owed it to her to let her know formally that of course I did n’t expect her to keep me on as a lodger, and also to show some interest in her own tenure, what she might have on her hands in the way of a lease. I was not destined, however, as it happened, to converse with her for more than an instant on either of these points. I sent her no message; I simply went down to the sala and walked to and fro there. I knew she would come out; she would very soon discover I was there. Somehow, I did n’t want to be shut up with her; gardens and big halls seemed better places to talk. It was a splendid morning, with something in the air that told of the waning of the long Venetian summer; a freshness from the sea which stirred the flowers in the garden and made a pleasant draught in the house, less shuttered and darkened now than when the old woman was alive. It was the beginning of autumn, of the end of the golden months. With this it was the end of my experiment — or would be in the course of half an hour, when I should really have learned that the papers had been reduced to ashes. After that there would be nothing left for me

but to depart; for, seriously (and as it struck me in the morning light), I could n’t linger there to act as guardian to a piece of middle-aged female helplessness. If she had n’t saved the papers, wherein should I be obliged to her? I think I winced a little as I asked myself how much, if she had saved them, I should have to recognize and, as it were, to repay such a courtesy. Might n’t that circumstance, after all, saddle me with a guardianship? If this idea did n’t make me more uncomfortable as I walked up and down, it was because I was convinced I had nothing to look to. If the old woman had n’t destroyed everything before she pounced upon me in the parlor, she had done so afterwards.

It took Miss Tita rather longer than I had expected to guess that I was there; but when at last she came out she looked at me without surprise. I said to her that I had been waiting for her, and she asked why I had n’t let her know. I was glad the next day that I had checked myself before remarking that I had wished to see if a friendly intuition would n’t tell her: it became a satisfaction to me that I had not indulged in that rather tender joke. What I did say was virtually the truth — that I was too nervous, since I expected her now to settle my fate.

“Your fate?” said Miss Tita, giving me a queer look; and as she spoke I noticed a rare change in her. She was different from what she had been the evening before — less natural, less quiet. She had been crying the day before, and she was not crying now, and yet she struck me as less confident. It was as if something had happened to her during the night, or at least as if she had thought of something that troubled her — something in particular that affected her relations with me, made them more embarrassing and complicated. Had she simply perceived that her aunt’s not being there now altered my position?

"I mean about our papers. *Are* there any? You must know now."

"Yes, there are a great many; more than I supposed." I was struck with the way her voice trembled as she told me this.

"Do you mean that you have got them in there — and that I may see them?"

"I don't think you can see them," said Miss Tita, with a strange expression of entreaty in her eyes, as if the dearest hope she had in the world now was that I would n't take them from her. But how could she expect me to make such a sacrifice as that, after all that had passed between us? What had I come back to Venice for but to see them? My delight at learning they were still in existence was such that if the poor woman had gone down on her knees to beseech me never to mention them again I would have treated the proceeding as a bad joke. "I have got them, but I can't show them," she added.

"Not even to me? Ah, Miss Tita!" I groaned, with a voice of infinite remonstrance and reproach.

She colored, and the tears came back to her eyes; I saw that it cost her a kind of anguish to take such a stand, but that a dreadful sense of duty had descended upon her. It made me quite sick to find myself confronted with that particular obstacle; all the more that it appeared to me I had been extremely encouraged to leave it out of account. I almost considered that Miss Tita had assured me that if she had no greater impediment than that —! "You don't mean to say you made her a death-bed promise? It was precisely against your doing anything of that sort that I thought I was safe. Oh, I had rather she had burned the papers outright than that!"

"No, it is n't a promise," said Miss Tita.

"Pray what is it, then?"

She hesitated, and then she said, "She

tried to burn them, but I prevented it. She had hid them in her bed."

"In her bed?"

"Between the mattresses. That's where she put them when she took them out of the trunk. I can't understand how she did it, because Olimpia did n't help her. She tells me so, and I believe her. My aunt only told her afterwards, so that she should n't touch the bed — anything but the sheets. So it was badly made," added Miss Tita, simply.

"I should think so! And how did she try to burn them?"

"She did n't try much; she was too weak, those last days. But she told me — she charged me. Oh, it was terrible! She could n't speak after that night; she could only make signs."

"And what did you do?"

"I took them away. I locked them up."

"In the secretary?"

"Yes, in the secretary," said Miss Tita, coloring again.

"Did you tell her you would burn them?"

"No, I did n't — on purpose."

"On purpose to gratify me?"

"Yes, only for that."

"And what good will you have done me if after all you won't show them?"

"Oh, none; I know that — I know that."

"And did she believe you had destroyed them?"

"I don't know what she believed at the last. I could n't tell — she was too far gone."

"Then, if there was no promise and no assurance, I can't see what ties you."

"Oh, she hated it so — she hated it so! She was so jealous. But here's the portrait — you may have that," Miss Tita announced, and took the little picture, wrapped up in the same manner in which her aunt had wrapped it, out of her pocket.

"I may have it — do you mean you

give it to me?" I asked, staring, as it passed into my hand.

"Oh, yes."

"But it's worth money — a large sum."

"Well!" said Miss Tita, still with her strange look.

I did n't know what to make of it, for it could scarcely mean that she wanted to bargain like her aunt. She spoke as if she wished to make me a present. "I can't take it from you as a gift," I said, "and yet I can't afford to pay you for it according to the ideas Miss Bordereau had of its value. She rated it at a thousand pounds."

"Could n't we sell it?" asked Miss Tita.

"God forbid! I prefer the picture to the money."

"Well then, keep it."

"You are very generous."

"So are you."

"I don't know why you should think so," I replied; and this was a truthful speech, for the singular creature appeared to have some very fine reference in her mind, which I did n't in the least seize.

"Well, you have made a great difference for me," said Miss Tita.

I looked at Jeffrey Aspern's face in the little picture, partly in order not to look at that of my interlocutress, which had begun to give me pain, even to frighten me a little — it was so self-conscious, so unnatural. I made no answer to this last declaration, but I privately consulted Jeffrey Aspern's delightful eyes with my own (they were so young and brilliant, and yet so wise, so full of vision); I asked him what on earth was the matter with Miss Tita. He seemed to smile at me with friendly mockery, as if he were amused at my case. I had got into a pickle for him — as if he needed it! He was unsatisfactory, for the only moment since I had known him. Nevertheless, now that I held the little picture in my hand I felt that it

would be a precious possession. "Is this a bribe to make me give up the papers?" I asked in a moment, perversely. "Much as I value it, if I were to be obliged to choose, the papers are what I should prefer. Ah, but ever so much!"

"How can you choose — how can you choose?" Miss Tita asked, slowly, lamentably.

"I see! Of course there is nothing to be said, if you regard the interdiction that rests upon you as quite insurmountable. In this case, it must seem to you that to part with them would be an impiety of the worst kind, a simple sacrilege!"

Miss Tita shook her head, with all her dolefulness. "You would understand if you had known her. I'm afraid," she quavered, suddenly — "I'm afraid! She was terrible when she was angry."

"Yes, I saw something of that, that night. She was terrible. Then I saw her eyes. Lord, they were fine!"

"I see them — they stare at me in the dark!" said Miss Tita.

"You are nervous, with all you have been through."

"Oh, yes, very — very!"

"You must n't mind; that will pass away," I said, kindly. Then I added, resignedly, for it really seemed to me that I must accept the situation, "Well, so it is, and it can't be helped. I must renounce." Miss Tita, at this, looking at me, gave a low, soft moan, and I went on: "I only wish to heaven she had destroyed them; then there would be nothing more to say. And I can't understand why, with her ideas, she did n't."

"Oh, she lived on them!" said Miss Tita.

"You can imagine whether that makes me want less to see them," I answered, smiling. "But don't let me stand here as if I had it in my soul to tempt you to do anything base. Natu-

rally, you will understand, I give up my rooms. I leave Venice immediately." And I took up my hat, which I had placed on a chair. We were still there, rather awkwardly, on our feet, in the middle of the sala. She had left the door of the apartments open behind her, but she had not led me that way.

A kind of spasm came into her face as she saw me take my hat. "Immediately — do you mean to-day?" The tone of the words was tragical — they were a cry of desolation.

"Oh, no; not so long as I can be of the least service to you."

"Well, just a day or two more — just two or three days," she panted. Then controlling herself, she added, in another manner, "She wanted to say something to me — the last day — something very particular, but she could n't."

"Something very particular?"

"Something more about the papers."

"And did you guess — have you any idea?"

"No, I have thought — but I don't know. I have thought all kinds of things."

"And for instance?"

"Well, that if you were a relation it would be different."

"If I were a relation?"

"If you were not a stranger. Then it would be the same for you as for me. Anything that is mine — would be yours, and you could do what you like. I could n't prevent you — and you would have no responsibility."

She brought out this droll explanation with a little nervous rush, as if she were speaking words she had got by heart. They gave me an impression of subtlety, and at first I did n't follow. But after a moment her face helped me to see further, and then a light came into my mind. It was embarrassing, and I bent my head over Jeffrey Aspern's portrait. What an odd expression was in his face! "Get out of it as you can, my dear fellow!" I put the picture into the

pocket of my coat and said to Miss Tita, "Yes, I'll sell it for you. I sha'n't get a thousand pounds, by any means, but I shall get something good."

She looked at me with tears in her eyes, but she seemed to try to smile as she remarked, "We can divide the money."

"No, no, it shall be all yours." Then I went on, "I think I know what your poor aunt wanted to say. She wanted to give directions that her papers should be buried with her."

Miss Tita appeared to consider this suggestion for a moment; after which she declared, with striking decision, "Oh, no, she would n't have thought that safe!"

"It seems to me nothing could be safer."

"She had an idea that when people want to publish, they are capable" — And she paused, blushing.

"Of violating a tomb? Good heaven, what must she have thought of me!"

"She was not just, she was not generous!" cried Miss Tita, with sudden passion.

The light that had come into my mind a moment before increased. "Ah, don't say that, for we *are* a dreadful race." Then I pursued, "If she left a will, that may give you some idea."

"I have found nothing of the sort — she destroyed it. She was very fond of me," Miss Tita added, incongruously. "She wanted me to be happy. And if any person should be kind to me — she wanted to speak of that."

I was almost awe-stricken at the astuteness with which the good lady found herself inspired, halting, illogical and, I may add, transparent astuteness as it was. "Depend upon it she did n't want to make any provision that would be agreeable to me."

"No, not to you, but to me. She knew I should like it if you could carry out your idea. Not because she cared for

you, but because she did think of me," Miss Tita went on, with her unexpected, persuasive volubility. "You could see them — you could use them." She stopped, seeing that I perceived the sense of that conditional — stopped long enough for me to give some sign which I did n't give. She must have been conscious, however, that though my face showed the greatest embarrassment that was ever painted on a human countenance it was not set as a stone, it was also full of compassion. It was a comfort to me a long time afterwards to consider that she could n't have seen in me the smallest symptom of disrespect. "I don't know what to do; I'm too tormented, I'm too ashamed!" she continued, with vehemence. Then, turning away from me and burying her face in her hands, she burst into a flood of tears. If she did n't know what to do, it may be imagined whether I did any better. I stood there dumb, watching her, while her sobs resounded in the great empty hall. In a moment she was facing me again, with her streaming eyes. "I would give you everything — and she would understand, where she is — she would forgive me!"

"Ah, Miss Tita — ah, Miss Tita," I stammered, for all reply. I did n't know what to do, as I say, but at a venture I made a wild, vague movement, in consequence of which I found myself at the door. I remember standing there and saying, "It would n't do — it would n't do!" pensively, awkwardly, grotesquely, while I looked away to the opposite end of the sala, as if there were a beautiful view there. The next thing I remember is that I was down-stairs and out of the house. My gondola was there, and my gondolier, reclining on the cushions, sprang up as soon as he saw me. I jumped in, and to his usual "*Dove commanda?*" I replied, in a tone that made him stare, "Anywhere, anywhere; out into the lagoon!"

He rowed me away and I sat there

prostrate, groaning softly to myself, with my hat pulled over my face. What in the name of the preposterous did she mean, if she did n't mean to offer me her hand? That was the price — that was the price! And did she think I wanted it, poor deluded, infatuated, extravagant lady? My gondolier, behind me, must have seen my ears red, as I wondered, sitting there under the fluttering *tenda*, with my hidden face, noticing nothing as we passed — wondered whether her delusion, her infatuation, had been my own reckless work. Did she think I had made love to her, even to get the papers? I had n't, I had n't; I repeated that over to myself for an hour, for two hours, till I was wearied if not convinced. I don't know where my gondolier took me; we floated aimlessly about on the lagoon, with slow, rare strokes. At last I became conscious that we were near the Lido, far up, on the right hand, as you turn your back to Venice, and I made him put me ashore. I wanted to walk, to move, to shed some of my bewilderment. I crossed the narrow strip and got to the sea-beach — I took my way toward Malamocco. But presently I flung myself down again on the warm sand, in the breeze, on the coarse, dry grass. It took it out of me to think I had been so much at fault, that I had unwittingly but none the less deplorably trifled. But I had n't given her cause — distinctly I had n't. I had said to Mrs. Prest that I would make love to her; but it had been a joke without consequences, and I had never said it to Tita Bordereau. I had been as kind as possible, because I really liked her; but since when had that become a crime, where a woman of such an age and such an appearance was concerned? I don't remember clearly the succession of events and feelings during this long day of confusion, which I spent entirely in wandering about, without going home, until late at night; it only comes back to me that there were moments when I

pacified my conscience and others when I lashed it into pain. I did n't laugh all day — that I do recollect ; the case did n't seem to me amusing. It would have been better perhaps if it had. At any rate, whether I had given cause or not it went without saying that I could n't pay the price. I could n't accept. I could n't, for a bundle of old papers, marry a ridiculous, pathetic, provincial old woman. It was a proof that she did n't think the idea would come to me, her having determined to suggest it herself, in that practical, argumentative, heroic way, in which the timidity, however, had been so much more striking than the boldness that her reasons appeared to come first, and her feelings afterward.

As the day went on I grew to wish that I had never heard of Aspern's papers, and I cursed the extravagant curiosity that had put John Cunmor on the scent of them. We had more than enough material without them, and my predicament was the just punishment of that most fatal of human follies, our not having known when to stop. It was very well to say it was no predicament, that the way out was simple, that I had only to leave Venice by the first train in the morning, after writing a note to Miss Tita, to be placed in her hand as soon as I had got clear of the house ; for it was a strong sign that I was embarrassed that when I tried to make up the note in my mind in advance (I would put it on paper as soon as I got home, before going to bed), I could n't think of anything but "How can I thank you for the rare confidence you have placed in me ?" That would never do ; it sounded exactly as if an acceptance were to follow. Of course I might go away without writing a word, but that would be brutal, and my idea was still to exclude brutal solutions. As my confusion cooled I was lost in wonder at the importance I had attached to Miss Bordereau's tattered scraps ; the thought

of them became odious to me, and I was as vexed with the old witch for the superstition that had prevented her from destroying them as I was with myself for having already spent more money than I could afford in attempting to control their fate. I forget what I did, where I went after leaving the Lido, and at what hour or with what recovery of composure I made my way back to my boat. I only know that in the afternoon, when the air was aglow with the sunset, I was standing before the church of Saints John and Paul and looking up at the small, square-jawed face of Bartolommeo Colleoni, the terrible *condottiere* who sits so sturdily astride of his huge bronze horse, on the high pedestal on which Venetian gratitude maintains him. The statue is incomparable, the finest of all mounted figures, unless that of Marcus Aurelius, who rides benignant before the Roman Capitol, be finer : but I was not thinking of that ; I only found myself staring at the triumphant captain as if he had an oracle on his lips. The western light shines into all his grimness at that hour of the day and makes it wonderfully personal. But he continued to look far over my head, at the red immersion of another day — he had seen so many go down into the lagoon, through the centuries — and if he was thinking of battles and stratagems they were of a different quality from any I had to tell him of. He could n't direct me what to do, gaze up at him as I might. Was it before this, or after, that I wandered about for an hour in the small canals, to the continued stupefaction of my gondolier, who had never seen me so restless and yet so void of a purpose and could extract from me no order but, "Go anywhere — everywhere — all over the place !" He reminded me that I had n't lunched, and expressed therefore, respectfully, the hope that I would dine earlier. He had had long periods of leisure during the day, when I had left

the boat and rambled, so that I was not obliged to consider him, and I told him that that day, for a change, I meant to eat no dinner. It was an effect of poor Miss Tita's proposal, not altogether auspicious, that I had quite lost my appetite. I don't know why it happened that on this occasion I was more than ever struck with that queer air of sociability, of cousinship and family life, which makes up half the expression of Venice. Without streets and vehicles, the uproar of wheels, the brutality of horses, and with its little winding ways where people crowd together, where voices sound as in the corridors of a house, where the human step circulates as if it skirted the angles of furniture and shoes never wear out, the place has the character of an immense collective apartment, in which Piazza San Marco is the most ornamented corner, and palaces and churches, for the rest, play the part of great divans of repose, tables of entertainment, expanses of decoration. And somehow the splendid common domicile, familiar, domestic, and resonant, also resembles a theatre, with actors clicking over bridges, and, in straggling processions, tripping along fondamentas. As you sit in your gondola the footways that in certain parts edge the canals assume to the eye the importance of a stage, meeting it at the same angle, and the Venetian figures, moving to and fro against the battered scenery of their little houses of comedy, strike you as members of an endless dramatic company.

I went to bed that night very tired, and without being able to compose a letter to Miss Tita. Was this failure the reason why I became conscious the next morning, as soon as I awoke, of a determination to see the poor lady again, the first moment she would receive me? That had something to do with it, but what had still more was the fact that during my sleep a very odd revulsion had taken place in my spirit. I became

aware of this almost as soon as I opened my eyes; it made me jump out of my bed with the movement of a man who remembers that he has left the house-door ajar or a candle burning under a shelf. Was I still in time to save my goods? That question was in my heart, for what had now come to pass was that in the unconscious cerebration of sleep I had swung back to a passionate appreciation of Miss Bordereau's papers. They were now more precious than ever, and a kind of ferocity had come into my desire to possess them. The condition Miss Tita had attached to the possession of them no longer appeared an obstacle worth thinking of, and for an hour, that morning, my repentant imagination brushed it aside. It was absurd that I should be able to invent nothing; absurd to renounce so easily and turn away, helpless, from the idea that the only way to get hold of the papers was to unite myself to her for life. I would n't unite myself and yet I would have them. I must add that by the time I sent down to ask if she would see me I had n't invented an alternative, though, to do so, I had had all the time that I was dressing. This failure was humiliating, yet what could the alternative be? Miss Tita sent back word that I might come; and as I descended the stairs and crossed the sala to her door — this time she received me in her aunt's forlorn parlor — I hoped she would n't think my errand was to tell her I accepted her hand. She certainly would have made, the day before, the reflection that I declined it.

As soon as I came into the room I saw that she had drawn this inference, but I also saw something which had not been in my forecast. Poor Miss Tita's sense of her failure had produced an extraordinary alteration in her, but I had been too full of the grossness of my desire to think of that. Now I perceived it; I can't tell how it startled me. She stood there, in the middle of the room,

with a face of mildness bent upon me, and her look of forgiveness, of absolution, made her angelic. It beautified her: she was younger; she was not a ridiculous old woman. This optical trick gave her a sort of phantasmagoric brightness, and while I was still the victim of it I heard a whisper somewhere, in the depths of my conscience: "Why not, after all — why not?" It seemed to me I was ready to pay the price. Still more distinctly, however, than the whisper, I heard Miss Tita's own voice. I was so struck with the different effect she made, upon me that at first I was not clearly aware of what she was saying; then I perceived she had bade me good-by — she said something about hoping I should be very happy.

"Good-by — good-by?" I repeated, with an inflection interrogative and probably foolish.

I saw she did n't feel the interrogation, she only heard the words; she had strung herself up to accepting our separation and they fell upon her ear as a proof. "Are you going to-day?" she asked. "But it does n't matter, for whenever you go I sha'n't see you again. I don't want to." And she smiled strangely, but with an infinite gentleness. She had never doubted that I had left her the day before in horror. How could she, since I had not come back before night to contradict, even as a simple form, such an idea? And now she had the force of soul — Miss Tita with force of soul was a new conception — to smile at me in her humiliation.

"What shall you do — where shall you go?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I have done the

great thing. I have destroyed the papers."

"Destroyed them?" I faltered.

"Yes; what was I to keep them for? I burnt them last night, one by one, in the kitchen."

"One by one?" I repeated, mechanically.

"It took a long time — there were so many." The room seemed to go round me as she said this, and a real darkness for a moment descended upon my eyes. When it passed, Miss Tita was there still, but the transfiguration was over and she had changed back to a plain, dingy, elderly person. It was in this character she spoke, as she said, "I can't stay with you longer, I can't;" and it was in this character that she turned her back upon me, as I had turned mine upon her twenty-four hours before, and moved to the door of her room. Here she did what I had not done when I quitted her — she paused long enough to give me one look. I have never forgotten it, and I sometimes still suffer from it, though it was not resentful. No, there was no resentment, nothing hard or vindictive, in poor Miss Tita; for when, later, I sent her, in exchange for the portrait of Jeffrey Aspern, a larger sum of money than I had hoped to be able to gather for her, writing to her that I had sold the picture, she kept it, with thanks; she did n't send it back. I wrote to her that I had sold the picture, but I admitted to Mrs. Prest, at the time (I met her in London, in the autumn), that it hangs above my writing-table. When I look at it my distress at the loss of the letters becomes almost intolerable.

Henry James.

THE CAVALIER.

"AN evil reputation is light to raise, but heavy to bear, and very difficult to put aside. No Rumor which many people chatter of altogether dieth away; she too is, after her kind, an immortal." So moralizes Hesiod over an exceedingly thankless truth, which, even in the primitive simplicity of the golden age, had forced itself upon man's unwilling convictions; and while many later philosophers have given caustic expression to the same thought, few have clothed it with more delicate and agreeable irony. Rumor is, after her kind, an immortal. Antæus-like, she gains new strength each time she is driven to the ground, and it is a wholesome humiliation for our very enlightened minds to see how little she has suffered from centuries of analysis and research. Rumor still writes our histories, directs our diplomacy, and controls our ethics, until we have grown to think that this is probably what is meant by the *vox populi*, and that any absurdity credited by a great many people becomes in some mysterious way sacred to the cause of humanity, and infinitely more precious than truth. When Wodrow, and Walker, and the author of The Cloud of Witnesses, were compiling their interesting narratives, Rumor, in the person of "ilka auld wife in the chimley-neuck," gave them all the information they desired; and this information, countersigned by Macaulay, has passed muster for history down to the present day. As a result, the introduction of Graham of Claverhouse into Mr. Lang's list of English Worthies has been received with severely qualified approbation, and Mr. Mowbray Morris has written the biography of a great soldier in the cautious tone of a lawyer pleading for a criminal at the bar.

If ever the words of Hesiod stood in need of an accurate illustration, it has

been furnished by the memory of Claverhouse; for his evil reputation was not only raised with astonishing facility, but it has never been put aside at all. In fact, it seems to have been a matter of pride in the grim-visaged Scottish saints to believe that their departed brethren were, one and all, the immediate victims of his wrath; and to hint that they might perhaps have fallen by any meaner hand was, as Aytoun wittily expressed it, "an insult to martyrology." The terror inspired by his inflexible severity gave zest to their lurid denunciations, and their liveliest efforts of imagination were devoted to conjuring up in his behalf some fresh device of evil. In that shameless pasquinade, the Elegy, there is no species of wickedness that is not freely charged, in most vile language, to the account of every Jacobite in the land, from the royal house of Stuart down to its humblest supporter; yet even amid such goodly company, Claverhouse stands preëminent, and is the recipient of its choicest flowers of speech.

"He to Rome's cause most firmly stood,
And drunken was with the saints' blood.
He rifled houses, and did plunder
In moor and dale many a hunder;
He all the shires in south and west
With blood and rapine sore oppress."

It is needless to say that Claverhouse, though he served a Roman Catholic master, had about as much affinity for the Church of Rome as the great Gustavus himself, and that the extent of his shortcomings in this direction lay in his protesting against the insults offered by a Selkirk preacher to King James through the easy medium of his religion.

Now it is only natural that the Covenanters, who feared and hated Dundee, should have found infinite comfort in believing that he was under the direct protection of Satan. In those days of

lively faith, the charge was by no means an uncommon one, and the dark distinction was shared by any number of his compatriots. On the death of Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, the devil, who had waited long for his prey, manifested his sense of satisfaction by providing an elaborate funeral *cortège*, which came over the sea at midnight, with nodding plumes and sable horses, to carry off in ostentatious splendor the soul of this much-honored guest. Prince Rupert was believed by the Roundheads to owe his immunity from danger to the same diabolic agency which made Claverhouse proof against leaden bullets; and his white dog, Boy, was regarded with as much awe as was Dundee's famous black charger, the gift of the evil one himself. As a fact, Boy was not altogether unworthy of his reputation, for he could fight almost as well as his master, though unluckily without sharing in his advantages; for the poor brute was shot at Marston Moor, in the very act of pulling down a rebel. Even the clergy, it would seem, were not wholly averse to Satan's valuable patronage; for Wodrow — to whose claims as an historian Mr. Morris is strangely lenient — tells us gravely how the ill-fated Archbishop of St. Andrew's cowered trembling in the Privy Council, when Janet Douglas, then on trial for witchcraft, made bold to remind him of the "meikle black devil" who was closeted with him the last Saturday at midnight.

But even our delighted appreciation of these very interesting and characteristic legends cannot altogether blind us to the dubious quality of history based upon such testimony, and it is a little startling to see that, as years rolled by, the impression they created remained practically undimmed. Colonel Fergusson, in the preface to his delightful volume on *The Laird of Lag*, confesses that in his youth it was still a favorite Halloween game to dress up some enterprising member of the household as a hid-

eous beast with a preternaturally long nose, — made, in fact, of a saucepan handle; and that this creature, who went prowling stealthily around the dim halls and firelit kitchen, frightening the children into shrieks of terror, was supposed to represent the stout old cavalier searching for his ancient foes the Covenanters. Lag's memory appears to have been given up by universal consent to every species of opprobrium, and his misdeeds have so far found no apologist, unless, indeed, Macaulay may count as one, when he gracefully transfers part of them to Claverhouse's shoulders. Mr. Morris coldly mentions Sir Robert Grierson as "coarse, cruel, and brutal beyond even the license of those days;" Colonel Fergusson is far too clever to weaken the dramatic force of his book by hinting that his hero was not a great deal worse than other men; and Scott, in that inimitable romance, *Wandering Willie's Tale*, has thrown a perfect glamour of wickedness around the old laird's name. But in truth, when we come to search for sober proven facts; when we discard — reluctantly, indeed, but under compulsion — the spiked barrel in which he was pleased to roll the Covenanters, in Carthaginian fashion, down the Scottish hills; and the iron hook in his cellar, from which it was his playful fancy to depend them; and the wine which turned to clotted blood ere it touched his lips; and the active copartnership of Satan in his private affairs, — when we lay aside these picturesque traditions, there is little left save a charge, not altogether uncommon, of indecorum in his cups, the ever-vexed question of the Wigtown martyrs, and a few rebels who were shot, like John Bell, after scant trial, but who, Heaven knows, would have gained cold comfort by having their cases laid before the council. On the other hand, it might be worth while to mention that Lag was brave, honest, not rapacious, and, above all, true to his colors when the tide had turned, and he

was left alone in his old age to suffer imprisonment and disgrace.

But if the memory of a minor actor in these dark scenes has come down to us so artistically embellished, what may we not expect of one who played a leading part through the whole stormy drama? "The chief of this Tophet on earth," is the temperate phrase applied to Claverhouse by Macaulay, and it sufficiently illustrates the position popularly assigned him by his foes. Rumor asserted in his behalf her triumphant immortality, and crystallized into tradition every floating charge urged by the Covenanters against his fame. So potent and far-reaching was her voice that it became in time a virtuous necessity to echo it; and we actually find Southey writing to Scott in 1807, and regretting that Wordsworth should have thought fit to introduce the Viscount of Dundee into the sonnet on Killiecrankie, without any apparent censure of his conduct. Scott, who took a somewhat easier view of poetical obligations, and who probably thought that Killiecrankie was hardly the fitting spot on which to recall Dundee's shortcomings, wrote back very plainly that he thought there had been censure enough already; and nine years later he startled the good people of Edinburgh, on his own account, by the publication of that eminently heterodox novel, *Old Mortality*. Lockwood tells us that the theme was suggested to Sir Walter by his friend Mr. Joseph Train, who, when visiting at Abbotsford, was much struck by the solitary picture in the poet's library, a portrait of Graham of Claverhouse.

"He expressed the surprise with which every one who had known Dundee only in the pages of the Presbyterian annalists must see for the first time that beautiful and melancholy visage, worthy of the most pathetic dreams of romance. Scott replied that no character had been so foully traduced as the Viscount of Dundee; that, thanks to Wod-

row, Cruickshanks, and such chroniclers, he who was every inch a soldier and a gentleman still passed among the Scottish vulgar for a ruffian desperado, who rode a goblin horse, was proof against shot, and in league with the devil.

" 'Might he not,' said Train, 'be made, in good hands, the hero of a national romance as interesting as any about either Wallace or Prince Charlie?'

" 'He might,' said Scott, 'but your western zealots would require to be faithfully portrayed in order to bring him out with the right effect.'

Train then described to Sir Walter the singular character of *Old Mortality*, and the result was that incomparable tale, which took the English reading world by storm, and provoked in Scotland a curious fever of excitement, indignation, and applause. The most vigorous protest against its laxity came from Thomas MacCrie, one of the numerous biographers of John Knox, "who considered the representation of the Covenanters in the story of *Old Mortality* as so unfair as to demand at his hands a very serious rebuke." This rebuke was administered at some length in a series of papers published in the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*. Scott, the "Black Hussar of Literature," replied with much zest and spirit in the *Quarterly Review*; cudgels were taken up on both sides, and the war went briskly on, until Jeffrey the Great in some measure silenced the controversy by giving it as his ultimatum that the treatment of an historical character in a work of pure fiction was a matter of very trifling significance. It is not without interest that we see the same querulous virtue that winced under Sir Walter's frank enthusiasm for Claverhouse uttering its protest to-day against the more chilly and scrupulous vindications of Mr. Morris's biography. "An apology for the crimes of a hired butcher," one critic angrily calls the sober little volume, forgetting in his heat that the expression "hired butcher,"

though of a most scathing sound, is equally applicable to any soldier, from the highest to the lowest, who is paid by his government to kill his fellow-men. War is a rough trade, and if we choose to call names, it is as easy any time to say "butcher" as "hero." Stronger words have not been lacking to vilify Dundee, and many of these choice anathemas belong, one fears, to Luther's catalogue of "downright, infamous, scandalous lies." Their freshness, however, is as amazing as their ubiquity, and they confront us every now and then in the most forlorn nooks and crannies of literature. Not very long ago I was shut up for half an hour in a boarding-house parlor in company with a solitary little book entitled *Scheyichbi and the Strand, or Early Days along the Delaware*. Its name proved to be the only really attractive thing about it, and I was speculating drearily as to whether Charles Lamb himself could have extracted any amusement from its pages, when suddenly my eye lighted on a sentence that read like an old familiar friend: "The cruelty, the brutality, the mad, exterminating barbarity, of Claverhouse, and Lauderdale, and Jeffreys, the minions of episcopacy and the king." There it stood, venerably correct in sentiment, with a strangely new location and surroundings. It is hard enough, surely, to see Claverhouse pilloried side by side with the brute Jeffreys; but to meet him on the banks of the Delaware is like encountering Ezze-lin Romano on Fifth Avenue, or Julian the Apostate upon Boston Common.

Much of this universal harmony of abuse may be fairly charged to Macaulay, for it is he who in a few strongly written passages has presented to the general reader that remarkable compendium of wickedness commonly known as Dundee. "Rapacious and profane, of violent temper and obdurate heart," is the great historian's description of a man who sought but modest wealth, who never swore, and whose imperturbable

gentleness of manner was more appalling in its way than the fiercest transports of rage. Under Macaulay's hands Claverhouse exhibits a degree of ubiquity and mutability that might well require some supernatural basis to sustain it. He supports as many characters as Saladin in *The Talisman*; appearing now as his brother David Graham, in order to witness the trial of the Wigtown martyrs, and now as his distant kinsman Patrick Graham, when it becomes expedient to figure as a dramatic feature of Argyle's execution. He changes at will into Sir Robert Grierson, and is thus made responsible for that highly curious game which Wodrow and Howie impute to Lag's troopers, and which Macaulay describes with as much gravity as if it were the sacking and pillage of some doomed Roman town. It is hard to understand the precise degree of pleasure embodied in calling one's self Apollyon and one's neighbor Beelzebub; it is harder still to be properly impressed with the tremendous significance of the deed. I have known a bevy of school-girls, who, after an exhaustive course of *Paradise Lost*, were so deeply imbued with the sombre glories of the satanic court that they assumed the names of its inhabitants; and for the remainder of that term, even the mysterious little notes that form so important an element of boarding-school life began — heedless of grammar — with "*Chère Moloch*," and ended effusively with "*Your ever-devoted Belial*." It is quite possible that these children thought and hoped they were doing something desperately wicked, only they lacked an historian to chronicle their guilt. It is equally certain that Lag's drunken troopers, if they ever did divert themselves in the unbecoming manner ascribed to them, might have been more profitably, and it would seem more agreeably, employed. But of one thing, at least, we may feel tolerably confident. The pastime would have found scant favor in the eyes of

Claverhouse, who was a man of little imagination, of stern discipline, and of fastidiously decorous habits. Why, even Wandering Willie does him this much justice, when he describes him as alone amid the lost souls, isolated in his contemptuous pride from their feasts and dreadful merriment: "And there sat Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark, curled locks streaming down over his laced buff-coat, and his left hand always on his right spule-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made. He sat apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance." If history be, as Napoleon asserts, nothing but fiction agreed upon, let us go straight to the fountain-head, and enjoy our draught of romance unspoiled by any dubious taint of veracity.

Mr. Walter Bagehot, that most keen and tolerant of critics, has pointed out to us with his customary acumen that Macaulay never appreciated in the highest degree either of the two great parties — the Puritans and the Cavaliers — who through so many stirring events embodied all the life and color of English history. In regard to the former, it may be safely said that whatever slights they have received at the hands of other historians have been amply atoned for by Carlyle. He has thrown the whole weight of his powerful personality into their scale, and has fairly frightened us into that earnestness of mind which is requisite for a due appreciation of their merits. His fine scorn for the pleasant vices which ensnare humanity extended itself occasionally to things which are pleasant without being vicious; and under his leadership we hardly venture to hint at a certain sneaking preference for the gayer side of life. When Hazlitt, with a shameless audacity rare among Englishmen, disencumbers himself lightly of his conscience, and apostrophizes the reign of Charles II. as that "happy, thought-

less age, when king and nobles led purely ornamental lives," we feel our flesh chilled at such a candid avowal of volatility. Surely Hazlitt must have understood that it is precisely the fatal picturesqueness of that period to which we, as moralists, so strenuously object. The courts of the first two Hanoverians were but little better or purer, but they were at least uglier, and we can afford to look with some leniency upon their shortcomings. His sacred majesty George II. was hardly, save in the charitable eyes of Bishop Porteus, a shining example of rectitude; but let us rejoice that it never lay in the power of any human being to hint that he was in the smallest degree ornamental.

The Puritan, then, has been wafted into universal esteem by the breath of his great eulogist; but the Cavalier still waits for his historian. Poets and painters and romancers have indeed loved to linger over this warm, impetuous life, so rich in vigor and beauty, so full to the brim of a hardy adventurous joy. Here, they seem to say, far more than in ancient Greece, may be realized the throbbing intensity of an unreflecting happiness. For the Greek drank deeply of the cup of knowledge, and its bitterness turned his laughter into tears; the Cavalier looked straight into the sunlight with clear, joyous eyes, and troubled himself not at all with the disheartening problems of humanity. How could a mind like Macaulay's, logical and disciplined, sympathize for a moment with this utterly irresponsible buoyancy! How was he, of all men, to understand this careless zest for the old feast of life, this unreasoning loyalty to an indifferent sovereign, this passionate devotion to a church and easy disregard of her precepts, this magnificent wanton courage, this gay prodigality of enjoyment! It was his loss, no less than ours, that, in turning over the pages of the past, he should miss some of their beauty and their pathos; for History, that calumni-

ated muse, whose sworn votaries do her little honor, has illuminated every inch of her parchment with a strong, generous hand, and does not mean that we should contemptuously ignore the smallest fragment of her work. The superb charge of Rupert's cavalry; that impetuous rush to battle, before which no mortal ranks might stand unbroken; the little group of heart-sick Cavaliers who turned at sunset from the lost field of Marston Moor, and beheld their queen's white standard floating over the enemy's ranks; the scaffolds of Montrose and King Charles; the more glorious death of Claverhouse, pressing the blood-stained grass, and listening for the last time to the far-off cries of victory; Sidney Godolphin flinging away his life, with all its abundant promise and whispered hopes of fame; beautiful Francis Villiers lying stabbed to the heart in Surbiton lane, with his fair boyish face turned to the reddening sky, — these and many other pictures History has painted for us on her scroll, bidding us forget for a moment our formidable theories and strenuous partisanship, and suffer our hearts to be simply and wholesomely stirred by the brave lives and braver deaths of our mistaken brother men.

"Every matter," observes Epictetus, "has two handles by which it may be grasped;" and the Cavalier is no exception to the rule. We may, if we choose, regard him from a purely moral point of view, as a lamentably dissolute and profligate courtier; or from a purely picturesque point of view, as a gallant and loyal soldier; or we may, if we are wise, take him as he stands, making room for him cheerfully as a fellow-creature, and not vexing our souls too deeply over his brilliant divergence from our present standard. It is like a breath of fresh air blown from a roughening sea to feel, even at this distance of time, that strong young life beating joyously and eagerly against the barriers of the past; to see those curled and scented

aristocrats who, like the "dandies of the Crimea," could fight as well as dance, facing pleasure and death, the ball-room and the battle-field, with the same smiling front, the same unflagging enthusiasm. No wonder that Mr. Bagehot, analyzing with friendly sympathy the strength and weakness of the Cavalier, should find himself somewhat out of temper with an historian's insensibility to virtues so primitive and recognizable in a not too merry world.

"The greatness of this character is not in Macaulay's way, and its faults are. Its license affronts him, its riot alienates him. He is forever contrasting the dissoluteness of Prince Rupert's horse with the restraint of Cromwell's pikemen. A deep, enjoying nature finds in him no sympathy. He has no tears for that warm life, no tenderness for that extinct mirth. The ignorance of the Cavaliers, too, moves his wrath: 'They were ignorant of what every schoolgirl knows.' Their loyalty to their sovereign is the devotion of the Egyptians to the god Apis: 'They selected a calf to adore.' Their non-resistance offends the philosopher; their license is commented on in the tone of a precisian. Their indecorum does not suit the dignity of the narrator. Their rich, free nature is unappreciated; the tingling intensity of their joy is unnoticed. In a word, there is something of the schoolboy about the Cavalier; there is somewhat of a schoolmaster about the historian."¹

That the gay gentlemen who glittered in the courts of the Stuarts were enviably ignorant of much that, for some inscrutable reason, we feel ourselves obliged to know to-day may be safely granted, and scored at once to the account of their good fortune. It is probable that they had only the vaguest notions about Sesostris, and could not have defined an hypothesis of homophones with any reasonable degree of accuracy. But they were possessed, nevertheless, of a certain

¹ Literary Studies, vol. ii.

information of their own, not garnered from books, and not always attainable to their critics. They knew life in its varying phases, from the delicious trifling of a polished and witty society to the stern realities of the camp and battle-field. They knew the world, women, and song, three things as pleasant and as profitable in their way as Hebrew, Euclid, and political economy. They knew how to live gracefully, to fight stoutly, and to die honorably; and how to extract from the gray routine of existence a wonderfully distinct flavor of novelty and enjoyment. There were among them, as among the Puritans, true lovers, faithful husbands, tender fathers; and the indiscriminate charge of dissoluteness on the one side, like the indiscriminate charge of hypocrisy on the other, is a cheap expression of our individual intolerance.

The history of the Cavalier closes with Killiecrankie. The waning prestige of a once powerful influence concentrated itself in Claverhouse, the latest and strongest figure on its canvas, the accepted type of its most brilliant and defiant qualities. Readers of old-fashioned novels may remember a lachrymose story, in two closely printed volumes, which enjoyed an amazing popularity some twenty years ago, and which was called *The Last of the Cavaliers*. It had for its hero a perfectly impossible combination of virtues, a cross between the Chevalier Bayard and the Admirable Crichton, labeled Dundee, and warranted proof against all the faults and foibles of humanity. This automaton, who moved in a rarefied atmosphere through the whole dreary tale, performing noble deeds and uttering virtuous sentiments with monotonous persistency, embodied, we may presume, the author's conception of a character not generally credited with such superfluous excellence. It was a fine specimen of imaginative treatment, and not wholly unlike some very popular historic methods by which sim-

ilar results are reached to-day. Quite recently, a despairing English critic, with an ungratified taste for realities, complained somewhat savagely that "a more intolerable embodiment of unrelieved excellence and monotonous success than the hero of the pious Gladstonian's worship was never moulded out of plaster of Paris." He was willing enough to yield his full share of admiration, but he wanted to see the real, human, interesting Gladstone back of all this conventional and disheartening mock-heroism; and, in the same spirit, we would like sometimes to see the real Claverhouse back of all the dramatic accessories in which he has been so liberally disguised.

But where, save perhaps in the ever-delightful pages of *Old Mortality*, shall we derive any moderate gratification from our search? Friends are apt to be as ill advised as foes, and Dundee's eulogists, from Napier to Aytoun, have been distinguished rather for the excellence of their intentions than for any great felicity of execution. The "lion-hearted warrior," for whom Aytoun flings wide the gates of Athol, might be Cœur-de-Lion himself, or Marshal Ney, or Stonewall Jackson, or any other brave fighter. There is no distinctive flavor of the Graeme in the somewhat long-winded hero, with his "falcon eye," and his "war-horse black as night," and his trite commonplaces about foreign gold and Highland honor. On the other hand, the verdict of the disaffected may be summed up in the extraordinary lines with which Macaulay closes his account of Killiecrankie, and of Dundee's brief, glorious struggle for his king: "During the last three months of his life he had proved himself a great warrior and politician, and his name is therefore mentioned with respect by that large class of persons who think that there is no excess of wickedness for which courage and ability do not atone." No excess of wickedness! One wonders what

more could be said if we were discussing Tiberius or Caligula, or if colder words were ever used to chill a soldier's fame. Mr. Mowbray Morris, the latest historian in the field, seems divided between a natural desire to sift the evidence for all this wickedness and a polite disinclination to say anything rude during the process, "a common impertinence of the day," in which he declares he has no wish to join. This is exceedingly pleasant and courteous, though hardly of primary importance; for a biographer's sole duty is, after all, to the subject of his biography, and not to Macaulay, who can hold his own easily enough without any assistance whatever. When Sir James Stephens published, some years ago, his very earnest and accurate vindication of Sir Elijah Impey from the charges so lavishly brought against him in that matchless essay on Warren Hastings, he expressed at the same time his serene conviction that the great world would go on reading the essay and believing the charges just the same, — a new rendering of "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit*," which brings it very near to Hesiod's primitive experience.

As for Mr. Morris's book, it is a carefully dispassionate study of a wild and stormy time, with a gray shadow of Claverhouse flitting faintly through it. In his wholesome dislike for the easy confidence with which historians assume to know everything, its author has touched the opposite extreme, and manifests such conscientious indecision as to the correctness of every document he quotes, that our heads fairly swim with accumulated uncertainties. This method of narration has one distinct advantage, — it cannot lead us far into error; but neither can it carry us forward impetuously with the mighty rush of great events, and make us feel in our hearts the real and vital qualities of history. Mr. Morris proves very clearly and succinctly that Claverhouse has been, to

use his temperate expression, "harshly judged," and that much of the cruelty assigned to him may be easily and cheaply refuted. He does full justice to the scrupulous decorum of his hero's private life, and to the wonderful skill with which, after James's flight, he roused and held together the turbulent Highland clans, impressing even these rugged spirits with the charm and force of his vigorous personality. In the field Claverhouse lived like the meanest of his men; sharing their poor food and hard lodgings, marching by their side through the bitter winter weather, and astonishing these hardy mountaineers by a power of physical endurance fully equal to their own. The memory of his brilliant courage, of his gracious tact, even of his rare personal beauty, dwelt with them for generations, and found passionate expression in that cry wrung from the sore heart of the old chieftain at Culloden, "Oh, for one hour of Dundee!"

But in the earlier portions of Mr. Morris's narrative, in the scenes at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, at Ayrshire and Clydesdale, we confess that we look in vain for the Claverhouse of our fancy. Can it be that this energetic, modest, and rather estimable young soldier, distinguished, apparently, for nothing save prompt and accurate obedience to his orders, is the man who, in a few short years, made himself so feared and hated that it became necessary to credit him with the direct patronage of Satan? One is tempted to quote Mr. Swinburne's pregnant lines concerning another enigmatic character of Scottish history: —

"Some faults the gods will give to fetter
Man's highest intent,
But surely you were something better
Than innocent."

Of the real Dundee we catch only flying glimpses here and there, — on his wedding night, for instance, when he is off and away after the now daring rebels, leaving his bride of an hour to weep his

absence, and listen with what patience she might to her mother's assiduous reproaches. "I shall be revenged some time or other of the unseasonable trouble these dogs give me," grumbles the young husband with pardonable irritation. "They might have let Tuesday pass." It is the real Dundee, likewise, who, in the gray of early morning, rides briskly out of Edinburgh in scant time to save his neck, scrambles up the castle rock for a last farewell to Gordon, and is off to the north to raise the standard of King James, "wherever the spirit of Montrose shall direct me." In vain Hamilton and the convention send word imperatively, "Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed." The wily bird declines the invitation, and has been censured with some asperity for his unpatriotic reluctance to comply. For one short week of rest he lingers at Dudhope, where his wife is awaiting her confinement, and then flies further northward to Glen Ogilvy, whither a regiment is quickly sent to apprehend him. There is a reward of twenty thousand pounds sterling on his head, but he who thinks to win it must move, like Hödr, with his feet shod in silence. By the time Livingstone and his dragoons reach Glamis, Dundee is far in the Highlands, and henceforth all the fast-darkening hopes of the loyalists are centred in him alone. For him remain thirteen months of incredible hardships and anxiety, a single stolen visit to his wife and infant son, heart-sick appeals to James for some recognition of the desperate efforts made in his behalf, a brilliant irregular campaign, a last decisive victory, and a soldier's death. "It is the less matter for me, seeing the day goes well for my master," he answers simply, when told of his mortal hurt; and in this unfaltering loyalty we read the lifelong lesson of the Cavalier. If, as a recent poet tells us, the memory of Nero be not wholly vile, because one human being was found to weep for him, surely the

memory of James Stuart may be forgiven much because of this faithful service. It is hard to understand it now.

"In God's name, then, what plague befell us,
To fight for such a thing?"

is our modern way of looking at the problem; but the mental processes of the Cavalier were less inquisitorial and analytic. "I am no politician, and I do not care about nice distinctions," says Major Bellenden bluntly, when requested to consider the insurgents' side of the case. "My sword is the king's, and when he commands, I draw it in his service."

As for that other and better known Claverhouse, the determined foe of the Covenant, the unrelenting and merciless punisher of a disobedient peasantry, he, too, is best taken as he stands; shorn, indeed, of Wodrow's extravagant embellishments, but equally free from the delicate gloss of a too liberal absolution. He was a soldier acting under the stringent orders of an angry government, and he carried out the harsh measures entrusted to him with a stern and impartial severity. Those were turbulent times, and the wild western Whigs had given decisive proof on more than one occasion that they were ill disposed to figure as mere passive martyrs to their cause.

"For treason, d' ye see,
Was to them a dish of tea,
And murder, bread and butter."

They were stout fighters, too, taking as kindly to their carnal as to their spiritual weapons, and a warfare against them was as ingloriously dangerous as the melancholy skirmishes of our own army with the Indians, who, it would seem, were driven to the war-path by a somewhat similar mode of treatment. There is not the slightest evidence, however, that Claverhouse was averse either to the danger or the cruelty of the work he was given to do. Religious toleration was then an unknown quantity. The Church of England and her Presbyterian

neighbor persecuted each other with friendly assiduity, while Rome was more than willing, should an opportunity offer, to lay a chastening hand on both. If there were any new-fangled notions in the air about private judgment and the rights of conscience, Claverhouse was the last man in England to have been a pioneer in such a movement. He was passionately attached to his church, unreservedly loyal to his king, and as indifferent as Hamlet to his own life and the lives of other people. It is strange to hear Mr. Morris excuse him for his share in the death of the lad Hyslop, by urging in his behalf a Pilate-like disinclination to quarrel with a powerful ally, and risk a censure from court. Never was there a man who brooked opposition as impatiently, when he felt that his interests or his principles were at stake; but it is to be feared that the shooting of a Covenanter more or less was hardly, in his eyes, a matter of vital importance. This attitude of unconcern is amply illustrated in the letter written by Claverhouse to Queensberry after the execution of John Brown, "the Christian carrier," for the sole crime of absenting himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians, says Macaulay; for outlawry and resetting of rebels, hint less impassioned historians. Be this as it may, however, John Brown was shot in the Ploughlands; and his nephew, seeing the soldiers' muskets leveled next at him, consented, on the promise of being recommended for mercy, to make "an ingenuous confession," and give evidence against his uncle's associates. Accordingly, we find Claverhouse detailing these facts to Queensberry, and adding in the most purely neutral spirit, —

"I have acquitted myself when I have told your Grace the case. He [the nephew] has been but a month or two with his halbert; and if your Grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him; for I, having no commission of justiciary myself, have delivered

him up to the lieutenant-general, to be disposed of as he pleases."

Here, at least, is a sufficiently candid exposition of Claverhouse's habitual temper. He was in no sense of the word bloodthirsty. The test oath was not of his contriving; the penalty for its refusal was not of his appointing. He was willing enough to give his prisoner the promised chance for life; but as for any real solicitude in the matter, you might as well expect Hamlet to be concerned because, by an awkward misapprehension, a foolish and innocent old man has been stabbed like a rat behind the arras.

When Plutarch was asked why he did not oftener select virtuous characters to write about, he intimated that he found the sinners more interesting; and while his judgment is to be deprecated, it can hardly be belied. We revere Marcus Aurelius, but we delight in Cæsar; we admire Sir Robert Peel, but we enjoy Richelieu; we praise Wellington, but we never weary of Napoleon. "Our being," says Montaigne, "is cemented with sickly qualities; and whoever should divest man of the seeds of those qualities would destroy the fundamental conditions of human life." It is idle to look to Claverhouse for precisely the virtues which we most esteem in John Howard; but we need not, on that account, turn our eyes reproachfully from one of the most striking and characteristic figures in English history. He was not merely a picturesque feature of his cause, like Rupert of the Rhine, nor a martyr to its fallen hopes, like the Marquis of Montrose; he was its single chance, and with his death it died. In versatility and daring, in diplomatic shrewdness and military acumen, he far outranked any soldier of his day. "The charm of an engaging personality," says a recent critic, "belongs to Montrose, and the pity of his death deepens the romance of his life; but the strong man was Dundee."

Agnes Repplier.

PO' SANDY.

ON the northeast corner of my vineyard in central North Carolina, and fronting on the Lumberton plank-road, there stood a small frame house, of the simplest construction. It was built of pine lumber, and contained but one room, to which one window gave light and one door admission. Its weather-beaten sides revealed a virgin innocence of paint. Against one end of the house, and occupying half its width, there stood a huge brick chimney: the crumbling mortar had left large cracks between the bricks; the bricks themselves had begun to scale off in large flakes, leaving the chimney sprinkled with unsightly blotches. These evidences of decay were but partially concealed by a creeping vine, which extended its slender branches hither and thither in an ambitious but futile attempt to cover the whole chimney. The wooden shutter, which had once protected the unglazed window, had fallen from its hinges, and lay rotting in the rank grass and jimson-weeds beneath. This building, I learned when I bought the place, had been used as a school-house for several years prior to the breaking out of the war, since which time it had remained unoccupied, save when some stray cow or vagrant hog had sought shelter within its walls from the chill rains and nipping winds of winter.

One day my wife requested me to build her a new kitchen. The house erected by us, when we first came to live upon the vineyard, contained a very conveniently arranged kitchen; but for some occult reason my wife wanted a kitchen in the back yard, apart from the dwelling-house, after the usual Southern fashion. Of course I had to build it.

To save expense, I decided to tear down the old school-house, and use the lumber, which was in a good state of

preservation, in the construction of the new kitchen. Before demolishing the old house, however, I made an estimate of the amount of material contained in it, and found that I would have to buy several hundred feet of new lumber in order to build the new kitchen according to my wife's plan.

One morning old Julius McAdoo, our colored coachman, harnessed the gray mare to the rockaway, and drove my wife and me over to the saw-mill from which I meant to order the new lumber. We drove down the long lane which led from our house to the plank-road; following the plank-road for about a mile, we turned into a road running through the forest and across the swamp to the saw-mill beyond. Our carriage jolted over the half-rotted corduroy road which traversed the swamp, and then climbed the long hill leading to the saw-mill. When we reached the mill, the foreman had gone over to a neighboring farm-house, probably to smoke or gossip, and we were compelled to await his return before we could transact our business. We remained seated in the carriage, a few rods from the mill, and watched the leisurely movements of the mill-hands. We had not waited long before a huge pine log was placed in position, the machinery of the mill was set in motion, and the circular saw began to eat its way through the log, with a loud whirr which resounded throughout the vicinity of the mill. The sound rose and fell in a sort of rhythmic cadence, which, heard from where we sat, was not unpleasing, and not loud enough to prevent conversation. When the saw started on its second journey through the log, Julius observed, in a lugubrious tone, and with a perceptible shudder:—

“Ugh! but dat des do cuddle my blood!”

"What 's the matter, Uncle Julius?" inquired my wife, who is of a very sympathetic turn of mind. "Does the noise affect your nerves?"

"No, Miss Annie," replied the old man, with emotion, "I ain' narvous; but dat saw, a-cuttin' en grindin' thoo dat stick er timber, en moanin', en groanin', en sweekin', kyars my 'memb'ance back ter ole times, en 'min's me er po' Sandy." The pathetic intonation with which he lengthened out the "po' Sandy" touched a responsive chord in our own hearts.

"And who was poor Sandy?" asked my wife, who takes a deep interest in the stories of plantation life which she hears from the lips of the older colored people. Some of these stories are quaintly humorous; others wildly extravagant, revealing the Oriental cast of the negro's imagination; while others, poured freely into the sympathetic ear of a Northern-bred woman, disclose many a tragic incident of the darker side of slavery.

"Sandy," said Julius, in reply to my wife's question, "was a nigger w'at use-ter b'long ter ole Mars Marrabo Mc-Swayne. Mars Marrabo's place wuz on de yuther side'n de swamp, right nex' ter yo' place. Sandy wuz a monst'us good nigger, en could do so many things erbout a plantation, en alluz 'ten' ter his wuk so well, dat w'en Mars Marrabo's chilluns growed up en married off, dey all un 'em wanted dey daddy fer ter gin 'em Sandy fer a weddin' present. But Mars Marrabo knowed de res' would n' be satisfied ef he gin Sandy ter a'er one un 'em; so w'en dey wuz all done married, he fix it by 'lowin' one er his chilluns ter take Sandy fer a mont' er so, en den ernudder for a mont' er so, en so on dat erway tel dey had all had 'im de same lenk er time; en den dey would all take him roun' ag'in, 'cep'n oncet in a w'ile w'en Mars Marrabo would len' 'im ter some er his yuther kinfolks 'roun' de country, w'en dey wuz short er han's; tel bimeby it go so Sandy did n' hardly

knowed whar he wuz gwine ter stay fum one week's een ter de yuther.

"One time w'en Sandy wuz lent out ez yushal, a spekilater come erlong wid a lot er niggers, en Mars Marrabo swap' Sandy's wife off fer a noo 'oman. W'en Sandy come back. Mars Marrabo gin 'im a dollar, en 'lowed he wuz monst'us sorry fer ter break up de fambly, but de spekilater had gin 'im big boot, en times wuz hard en money skase, en so he wuz bleedst ter make de trade. Sandy tuk on some 'bout losin' his wife, but he soon seed dey want no use cryin' ober spilt merlasses; en bein' ez he lacked de looks er de noo 'ooman, he tuk up wid her atter she b'n on de plantation a mont' er so.

"Sandy en his noo wife got on mighty well tergedder, en de niggers all 'mence' ter talk about how lovin' dey wuz. W'en Tenie wuz tuk sick oncet, Sandy useter set up all night wid 'er, en den go ter wuk in de mawnin' des lack he had his reg'lar sleep; en Tenie would 'a done anythin' in de worl' for her Sandy.

"Sandy en Tenie had n' b'en libbin' tergedder fer mo' d'n two mont's befo' Mars Marrabo's old uncle, w'at libbed down in Robeson County, sent up ter fine out ef Mars Marrabo could n' len' 'im er hire 'im a good han' fer a mont' er so. Sandy's marster wuz one er dese yer easy-gwine folks w'at wanter please eve'ybody, en he says yas, he could len' 'im Sandy. En Mars Marrabo tole Sandy fer ter git ready ter go down ter Robeson nex' day, fer ter stay a mont' er so.

"Hit wuz monst'us hard on Sandy fer ter take 'im 'way fum Tenie. Hit wuz so fur down ter Robeson dat he did n' hab no chance er comin' back ter see her tel de time wuz up; he would n' a' mine comin' ten er fifteen mile at night ter see Tenie, but Mars Marrabo's uncle's plantation wuz mo' d'n forty mile off. Sandy wuz mighty sad en cas' down atter w'at Mars Marrabo tole 'im, en he says ter Tenie, sezee: —

“ ‘I’m gittin monstus ti’ed er dish yer gwine roun’ so much. Here I is lent ter Mars Jeems dis mont’, en I got ter do so-en-so; en ter Mars Archie de nex’ mont’, en I got ter do so-en-so; den I got ter go ter Miss Jinnie’s: en hit’s Sandy dis en Sandy dat, en Sandy yer en Sandy dere, tel it ‘pears ter me I ain’ got no home, ner no marster, ner no mistiss, ner no nuffin’. I can’t eben keep a wife: my yuther ole ‘oman wuz sole away widout my gittin’ a chance fer ter tell her good-by; en now I got ter go off en leab you, Tenie, en I dunno whe’r I’m eber gwine ter see yer ag’in er no. I wisht I wuz a tree, er a stump, er a rock, er sump’n w’at could stay on de plantation fer a w’ile.’

“ Atter Sandy got thoo talkin’, Tenie did n’ say naer word, but des sot dere by de fier, studyin’ en studyin’. Bimeby she up’n says: —

“ ‘Sandy, is I eber tole you I wuz a cunjuh-‘ooman?’

“ Co’s e Sandy had n’ nebber drempt’ er nuffin lack dat, en he made a great miration w’en he hear w’at Tenie say. Bimeby Tenie went on: —

“ ‘I ain’ goophered nobody, ner done no cunjuh-wuk fer fifteen year er mo; en w’en I got religion I made up my mine I would n’ wuk no mo’ goopher. But dey is some things I doan b’lieve it’s no sin fer ter do; en ef you doan wanten be sent roun’ fum pillar ter pos’, en ef you doan wanten go down ter Robeson, I kin fix things so yer won’t haf ter. Ef you’ll des say de word, I kin turn yer ter w’ateber yer wanten be, en yer kin stay right whar yer wanten, ez long ez yer mineter.’

“ Sandy say he doan keer; he’s wilin’ fer ter do anythin’ fer ter stay close ter Tenie. Den Tenie ax ‘im ef he doan wanten be turnt inter a rabbit.

“ Sandy say, ‘No, de dogs mout git atter me.’

“ ‘Shill I turn yer ter a wolf?’ sez Tenie.

“ ‘No, eve’ybody’s skeered er a wolf,

en I doan want nobody ter be skeered er me.’

“ ‘Shill I turn yer ter a mawkin’-bird?’

“ ‘No, a hawk mout ketch me. I wanten be turnt inter sump’n w’at’ll stay in one place.’

“ ‘I kin turn yer ter a tree,’ sez Tenie. ‘You won’t hab no mouf ner years, but I kin turn yer back oncet in a w’ile, so yer kin git sump’n ter eat, en hear w’at’s gwine on.’

“ Well, Sandy say dat’ll do. En so Tenie tuk ‘im down by de aidge er de swamp, not fur fum de quarters, en turnt ‘im inter a big pine-tree, en sot ‘im out mong’s some yuther trees. En de nex’ mawnin’, ez some er de fiel’ han’s wuz gwine long dere, dey seed a tree w’at dey did n’ ‘member er habbin’ seed befo; it wuz monst’us quare, en dey wuz bleedst ter ‘low dat dey had n’ ‘membered right, er e’s e one er de saplin’s had be’n growin’ monst’us fas’.

“ W’en Mars Marrabo ‘skiver’ dat Sandy wuz gone, he ‘lowed Sandy had runned away. He got de dogs out, but de las’ place dey could track Sandy ter wuz de foot er dat pine-tree. En dere de dogs stood en barked, en bayed, en pawed at de tree, en tried ter climb up on it; en w’en dey wuz tuk roun’ thoo de swamp ter look fer de scent, dey broke loose en made fer dat tree ag’in. It wuz de beatenis’ thing de w’ite folks eber hearn of, en Mars Marrabo ‘lowed dat Sandy must a’ clim’ up on de tree en jump’ off on a mule er sump’n, en rid fur ‘nuff fer ter spile de scent. Mars Marrabo wanted ter ‘cuse some er de yuther niggers er heppin Sandy off, but dey all ‘nied it ter de las’; en eve’ybody knowed Tenie sot too much by Sandy fer ter he’p ‘im run away whar she could n’ nebber see ‘im no mo’.

“ W’en Sandy had be’n gone long ‘nuff fer folks ter think he done got clean away, Tenie useter go down ter de woods at night en turn ‘im back, en den dey’d slip up ter de cabin en set by de

fire en talk. But dey ha' ter be monst'us keerful, er e'se somebody would a seed 'em, en dat would a splice de whole thing; so Tenie alluz turnt Sandy back in de mawnin' early, befo' anybody wuz a-stirrin'.

"But Sandy did n' git erlong widout his trials en tribberlations. One day a woodpecker come erlong en 'mence' ter peck at de tree; en de nex' time Sandy wuz turnt back he had a little roun' hole in his arm, des lack a sharp stick be'n stuck in it. Atter dat Tenie sot a sparrer-hawk fer ter watch de tree; en w'en de woodpecker come erlong nex' mawnin' fer ter finish his nes', he got gobble' up mos' fo' he stuck his bill in de bark.

"Nudder time, Mars Marrabo sent a nigger out in de woods fer ter chop tuppertime boxes. De man chop a box in dish yer tree, en hack' de bark up two er th'ee feet, fer ter let de tuppertime run. De nex' time Sandy wuz turnt back he had a big skyar on his lef' leg, des lack it be'n skunt; en it tuk Tenie nigh 'bout all night fer ter fix a mixtry ter kyo it up. Atter dat, Tenie sot a hawnet fer ter watch de tree; en w'en de nigger come back ag'in fer ter cut ernudder box on de yuther side'n de tree, de hawnet stung 'im so hard dat de ax slip en cut his foot nigh 'bout off.

"W'en Tenie see so many things happenin' ter de tree, she 'cluded she 'd ha' ter turn Sandy ter sump'n e'se; en atter studyin' de matter ober, en talkin' wid Sandy one ebenin', she made up her mine fer ter fix up a goopher mixtry w'at would turn herse'f en Sandy ter foxes, er sump'n, so dey could run away en go some'rs whar dey could be free en lib lack w'ite folks.

"But dey ain' no tellin' w'at 's gwine ter happen in dis worl'. Tenie had got de night sot fer her en Sandy ter run away, w'en dat ve'y day one er Mars Marrabo's sons rid up ter de big house in his buggy, en say his wife wuz monst'us sick, en he want his mammy ter len' 'im a 'ooman fer ter nuss his wife.

Tenie's mistiss say sen' Tenie; she wuz a good nuss. Young mars wuz in a terrible hurry fer ter git back home. Tenie wuz washin' at de big house dat day, en her mistiss say she should go right 'long wid her young marster. Tenie tried ter make some 'scuse fer ter git away en hide tel night, w'en she would have eve'ything fix' up fer her en Sandy; she say she wanter go ter her cabin fer ter git her bonnet. Her mistiss say it doan matter 'bout de bonnet; her head-hanker wuz good 'nuff. Den Tenie say she wanter git her bes' frock; her mistiss say no, she doan need no mo' frock, en w'en dat one got dirty she could git a clean one whar she wuz gwine. So Tenie had ter git in de buggy en go 'long wid young Mars Dunkin ter his plantation, w'ich wuz mo' d'n twenty mile away; en dey want no chance er her seein' Sandy no mo' tel she come back home. De po' gal felt monst'us bad erbout de way things wuz gwine on, en she knowed Sandy mus' be a wond'r'in' why she did n' come en turn 'im back no mo'.

"W'iles Tenie wuz away nussin' young Mars Dunkin's wife, Mars Marrabo tuk a notion fer ter buil' 'im a noo kitchen; en bein' ez he had lots er timber on his place, he begun ter look 'roun' fer a tree ter hab de lumber sawed out'n. En I dunno how it come to be so, but he happen fer ter hit on de ve'y tree w'at Sandy wuz turnt inter. Tenie wuz gone, en dey wa'n't nobody ner nuffin' fer ter watch de tree.

"De two men w'at cut de tree down say dey nebber had sech a time wid a tree befo': dey axes would glansh off, en did n' 'pear ter make no progress thoo de wood; en of all de creakin', en shakin', en wobblin' you eber see, dat tree done it w'en it commence' ter fall. It wuz de beatenis' thing!

"W'en dey got de tree all trim' up, dey chain it up ter a timber waggin, en start fer de saw-mill. But dey had a hard time gittin' de log dere: fus' dey

got stuck in de mud w'en dey wuz gwine crosst de swamp, en it wuz two er th'ee hours befo' dey could git out. W'en dey start' on ag'in, de chain kep' a-comin' loose, en dey had ter keep a-stoppin' en a-stoppin' fer ter hitch de log up ag'in. W'en dey commence' ter climb de hill ter de saw-mill, de log broke loose, en roll down de hill en in mongs' de trees, en hit tuk nigh 'bout half a day mo' ter git it haul' up ter de saw-mill.

"De nex' mawnin' atter de day de tree wuz haul' ter de saw-mill, Tenie come home. W'en she got back ter her cabin, de fus' thing she done wuz ter run down ter de woods en see how Sandy wuz gittin' on. W'en she seed de stump standin' dere, wid de sap runnin' out'n it, en de limbs layin' scattered roun', she nigh 'bout went out'n her mine. She run ter her cabin, en got her goopher mixtry, en den foller de track er de timber waggin ter de saw-mill. She knowed Sandy could n' lib mo' d'n a minute er so ef she turn' him back, fer he wuz all chop' up so he 'd a be'n bleedst ter die. But she wanted ter turn 'im back long ernuff fer ter 'splain ter 'im dat she had n' went off a-purpose, en lef' 'im ter be chop' down en sawed up. She did n' want Sandy ter die wid no hard feelin's to'ds her.

"De han's at de saw-mill had des got de big log on de kerridge, en wuz startin' up de saw, w'en dey seed a 'oman runnin up de hill, all out er bref, cryin' en gwine on des lack she wuz plumb 'stracted. It wuz Tenie; she come right inter de mill, en th'owed herse'f on de log, right in front er de saw, a-hollerin' en cryin' ter her Sandy ter fergib her, en not ter think hard er her, fer it wa'n't no fault er hern. Den Tenie 'membered de tree did n' hab no years, en she wuz gittin' ready fer ter wuk her goopher mixtry so ez ter turn Sandy back, w'en de mill-hands kotch holt er her en tied her arms wid a rope, en fasten' her to one er de posts in de saw-mill; en den

dey started de saw up ag'in, en cut de log up inter bo'ds en scantlin's right befo' her eyes. But it wuz mighty hard wuk; fer of all de sweekin', en moanin', en groanin', dat log done it w'iles de saw wuz a-cuttin' thoo it. De saw wuz one er dese yer ole-timey, up-en-down saws, en hit tuk longer dem days ter saw a log 'en it do now. Dey greased de saw, but dat did n' stop de fuss; hit kep' right on, tel finely dey got de log all sawed up.

"W'en de oberseah w'at run de saw-mill come fum brekfas', de han's up en tell him 'bout de crazy 'ooman — ez dey s'posed she wuz — w'at had come runnin' in de saw-mill, a-hollerin' en gwine on, en tried ter th'ow herse'f befo' de saw. En de oberseah sent two er th'ee er de han's fer ter take Tenie back ter her marster's plantation.

"Tenie 'peared ter be out'n her mine fer a long time, en her marster ha' ter lock her up in de smoke-'ouse tel she got ober her spells. Mars Marrabo wuz monst'us mad, en hit would a made yo' flesh crawl fer ter hear him cuss, caze he say de spekilater w'at he got Tenie fum had fooled 'im by wukkin' a crazy 'oman off on him. Wiles Tenie wuz lock up in de smoke-'ouse, Mars Marrabo tuk 'n' haul de lumber fum de saw-mill, en put up his noo kitchen.

"W'en Tenie got quiet' down, so she could be 'lowed ter go 'roun' de plantation, she up'n tole her marster all erbout Sandy en de pine-tree; en w'en Mars Marrabo hearn it, he 'lowed she wuz de wuss 'stracted nigger he eber hearn of. He did n' know w'at ter do wid Tenie: fus' he thought he 'd put her in de po'-house; but finely, seein' ez she did n' do no harm ter nobody ner nuffin', but des went roun' moanin', en groanin', en shakin' her head, he 'cluded ter let her stay on de plantation en nuss de little nigger chilluns w'en dey mammies wuz ter wuk in de cotton-fiel'.

"De noo kitchen Mars Marrabo buil' wuz n' much use, fer it had n' be'n put

up long befo' de niggers 'mence' ter notice quare things erbout it. Dey could hear sump'n moanin' en groanin' 'bout de kitchen in de night-time, en w'en de win' would blow dey could hear sump'n a-hollerin' en sweekin' lack hit wuz in great pain en sufferin'. En hit got so atter a w'ile dat hit wuz all Mars Marrabo's wife could do ter git a 'ooman ter stay in de kitchen in de daytime long ernuff ter do de cookin'; en dey wa'n't naer nigger on de plantation w'at would n' rudder take forty dan ter go 'bout dat kitchen atter dark, — dat is, 'cep'n Tenie; she did n' pear ter mine de ha'nts. She useter slip 'roun' at night, en set on de kitchen steps, en lean up agin de do'-jamb, en run on ter hersef wid some kine er foolishness w'at nobody could n' make out; fer Mars Marrabo had th'eat-en' ter sen' her off'n de plantation ef she say anything ter any er de yuther niggers 'bout de pine-tree. But somehow er nudder de niggers foun' out all 'bout it, en dey all knowed de kitchen wuz ha'nted by Sandy's sperrit. En bimeby hit got so Mars Marrabo's wife hersef wuz skeered ter go out in de yard atter dark.

"W'en it come ter dat, Mars Marrabo tuk 'n' to' de kitchen down, en use' de lumber fer ter buil' dat ole school-'ouse w'at youer talkin' 'bout pullin' down. De school-'ouse wuz n' use' 'cep'n' in de daytime, en on dark nights folks gwine 'long de road would hear quare soun's en see quare things. Po' ole Tenie useter go down dere at night, en wander 'roun' de school-'ouse; en de niggers all 'lowed she went fer ter talk wid Sandy's sperrit. En one winter mawnin', w'en one er de boys went ter school early fer ter start de fire, w'at should he fine but po' ole Tenie, layin' on de flo', stiff, en cole, en dead. Dere did n' 'pear' ter be nuffin' pertickler de matter wid her, — she had des grieve' hersef ter def fer her Sandy. Mars Marrabo did n' shed no tears. He thought Tenie wuz crazy, en dey wa'n't no tellin' w'at she mout do

nex'; en dey ain' much room in dis worl' fer crazy w'ite folks, let 'lone a crazy nigger.

"Hit wa'n't long atter dat befo' Mars Marrabo sole a piece er his track er lan' ter Mars Dugal' McAdoo, — *my* ole marster, — en dat's how de ole school-house happen to be on yo' place. W'en de wah broke out, de schóol stop', en de ole school-'ouse be'n stannin' empty ever sence, — dat is, 'cep'n' fer de ha'nts. En folks sez dat de ole school-'ouse, er any yuther house w'at got any er dat lumber in it w'at wuz sawed out'n de tree w'at Sandy wuz turnt inter, is gwine ter be ha'nted tel de las' piece er plank is rotted en crumble' inter dus'."

Annie had listened to this gruesome narrative with strained attention.

"What a system it was," she exclaimed, when Julius had finished, "under which such things were possible!"

"What things?" I asked, in amazement. "Are you seriously considering the possibility of a man's being turned into a tree?"

"Oh, no," she replied quickly, "not that;" and then she added absently, and with a dim look in her fine eyes, "Poor Tenie!"

We ordered the lumber, and returned home. That night, after we had gone to bed, and my wife had to all appearances been sound asleep for half an hour, she startled me out of an incipient doze by exclaiming suddenly, —

"John, I don't believe I want my new kitchen built out of the lumber in that old school-house."

"You would n't for a moment allow yourself," I replied, with some asperity, "to be influenced by that absurdly impossible yarn which Julius was spinning to-day?"

"I know the story is absurd," she replied dreamily, "and I am not so silly as to believe it. But I don't think I should ever be able to take any pleasure in that kitchen if it were built out of that lumber. Besides, I think the

kitchen would look better and last longer if the lumber were all new."

Of course she had her way. I bought the new lumber, though not without grumbling. A week or two later I was called away from home on business. On my return, after an absence of several days, my wife remarked to me, —

"John, there has been a split in the Sandy Run Colored Baptist Church, on the temperance question. About half the members have come out from the main body, and set up for themselves. Uncle Julius is one of the seceders, and he came to me yesterday and asked if they might not hold their meetings in the old school-house for the present."

"I hope you did n't let the old rascal have it," I returned, with some warmth.

I had just received a bill for the new lumber I had bought.

"Well," she replied, "I could not refuse him the use of the house for so good a purpose."

"And I'll venture to say," I continued, "that you subscribed something toward the support of the new church?"

She did not attempt to deny it.

"What are they going to do about the ghost?" I asked, somewhat curious to know how Julius would get around this obstacle.

"Oh," replied Annie, "Uncle Julius says that ghosts never disturb religious worship, but that if Sandy's spirit *should* happen to stray into meeting by mistake, no doubt the preaching would do it good."

Charles W. Chesnutt.

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

IN none of his schemes and foundations did Dr. Franklin more signally display the breadth and catholicity of his mind than in his plan for the establishment, in the New World, of an association for the general diffusion of useful knowledge, to which the Old World should be tributary, and in time recipient. With this end in view, he, in 1743, issued a proposal for the organization and government of an American Philosophical Society, whose object was to bring into correspondence with a central association in Philadelphia all scientists, philosophers, and inventors, on this continent and in Europe. Bold as was this scheme in its breadth and reach, in its smaller details it was marked by the practical characteristics of the projector. The Hamiltons and Franklins might "dream dreams and see visions" to the end of the chapter; but they would frame no governments, or found no learned institutions to outlast

the centuries, were not their ideality well balanced by the strong common sense that Guizot calls "the genius of humanity." It was this union of the ideal and the practical that caused Franklin to be so appreciated by the French. Mirabeau named him "the sage of two worlds," with a larger grasp of thought than that of our own day, when he is still claimed, like the debatable baby brought to King Solomon, by two cities, — by Boston, in which he first saw the light, and by Philadelphia, in which he disseminated it so liberally.

Although there is a vast amount of documentary evidence to prove that the American Philosophical Society was the direct outcome of Franklin's proposal of 1743, and that before the breaking out of the war with Great Britain it was an active and useful organization, having a large native and foreign membership, two of Dr. Franklin's biographers have done but scant justice to his work in

this direction. Professor McMaster, in his recent interesting and ingenious life of Franklin, as a man of letters, dismisses his proposal to establish such a society as a failure; ¹ while Mr. Parton, after mentioning the fact of Franklin having founded the Philosophical Society, in accordance with his proposal of 1743, adds: "The society was formed, and continued in existence for some years. Nevertheless, its success was neither great nor permanent, for at that day the circle of men capable of taking much interest in science was too limited for the proper support of such an organization." ²

As both of these historians mention the Philosophical Society later, and Mr. Parton at some length in his *Life of Jefferson*, it is probable that they did not consider that this early society was identical with that which in 1767 took a fresh start, elected a number of influential members, and made for itself an enviable reputation in Europe and America, in the latter years of the century. Sparks and Bigelow, however, take what is, according to the historian of the society, Dr. Robert M. Patterson, a true view of the case, tracing it back, a continuous organization, to the proposal of Dr. Franklin issued in 1743. Indeed, they carry it back even further than this period, deriving it primarily from the old Junto of 1727. After describing the workings of the Junto, or Leather Apron Society, formed from among Franklin's "ingenious acquaintance," a sort of debating club of clever young men, Jared Sparks says: "Forty years after its establishment, it became the basis of the American Philosophical Society, of which Franklin was the first president, and the published Transactions of which have contributed to the advancement of science and the diffu-

sion of valuable knowledge in the United States." ³ As most of Franklin's projects were discussed in the congenial circle that composed the Junto, this statement does not conflict with that of Dr. Patterson.

Dr. Franklin, in his proposal, gave a list of the subjects that were to claim the attention of these New World philosophers. It included "investigations in botany; in medicine; in mineralogy and mining; in chemistry; in mechanics; in arts, trades, and manufactures; in geography and topography; in agriculture; and lest something should have been left out of this rather comprehensive list of subjects, it was added that the association should give its attention to all philosophical experiments that let light into the nature of things, tend to increase the power of man over matter and multiply the conveniences or pleasures of life." The duties of the secretary of the society were laid down, and were especially arduous, including much foreign correspondence, beside the correcting, abstracting, and methodizing of such papers as required it. This office Dr. Franklin took upon himself, saying, with a touch of modesty that seems a trifle strained, that he "would be secretary until they should be provided with one more capable." He, however, tells us in the *Autobiography* that he one day added humility to his list of virtues at the suggestion of a Quaker friend, and this form of expression may have been one of his self-imposed exercises.

The Philosophical Society, once established, was destined to exert an important influence on American science, life, and letters. Among its members were literary men, statesmen, and artists, as well as scientists and inventors. Before its meetings were read learned

¹ Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters, by John Bach McMaster, page 137.

² Life of Benjamin Franklin, by James Parton, vol. i. p. 263.

³ Works of Franklin, by Jared Sparks, vol. ii. p. 9.

papers on government, history, education, philanthropy, politics, religion, worship, above all, on common sense: these in addition to the numerous scientific papers, read and communicated, while among its eulogiums and *oraisons funèbres*, pronounced upon deceased members, are to be found compositions worthy of Bossuet.

As early as 1769, the society had members in the different colonies, in the Barbadoes, in Antigua, in Heidelberg and Stockholm; while in Edinburgh the distinguished Dr. William Cullen was a member, in London Dr. John Fothergill, and in Paris the learned Count de Buffon. At home it numbered such men as Francis Hopkinson, statesman and writer of prose and poetry; Lynford Lardner, who settled here in 1740, and, being addicted to gayety as well as to science and literature, was one of the founders of the Philadelphia Dancing Assembly and of the Literary Company; the Honorable John Penn, sometime governor of the province, the "little Johnne" who was dearer to the good founder's heart than to Pennsylvania; John Dickinson, who was writing his Farmer's Letters, destined to make him known on both sides of the sea; and John Bartram, botanist to his majesty, who planted his celebrated botanical garden near Gray's Ferry, and built with his own hands the humble stone house, whose gable end bears his devout confession of faith:—

"TIS GOD ALONE, ALMIGHTY LORD,
THE HOLY ONE, BY ME ADORED.
JOHN BARTRAM, 1770."

A pioneer in this field, he is recognized as the greatest of American botanists, and, contrary to the rule generally proved by great men's sons, had the satisfaction of seeing his studies successfully prosecuted by his son, William Bartram, who also contributed original papers to the society.

Writing in 1744 to the Honorable Cadwallader Colden, lieutenant-gover-

nor of New York, a distinguished scientist and original worker in certain lines, Dr. Franklin says, "Happening to be in this City about some particular Affairs, I have the Pleasure of receiving yours of the 28th past, here. And can now acquaint you, that a Society, as far as relates to Philadelphia, is actually formed, and has had several Meetings to mutual Satisfaction;—asoon [*sic*] as I get home, I shall send you a short Acct. of what has been done and proposed at these meetings." Here follows a list of members from Philadelphia, New York, and New Jersey, to which the writer adds: "Mr Nicholls tells me of several other Gentlemen of this City [New York] that incline to encourage the Thing.—There are a Number of others in Virginia, Maryland, Carolina, and the New England States who we expect to join us asoon [*sic*] as they are acquainted that the Society has begun to form itself. I am, Sir, with much respect

Your most hum^e sev^t

B. FRANKLIN."¹

The Honorable Cadwallader Colden was one of the original members of the American Philosophical Society, and took an active interest in its establishment and advance. He and Dr. Franklin were intimate friends, and in the habit of communicating to each other their scientific discoveries. It was Dr. Colden who introduced into the study of botany in America the system of Linnaeus.

Among very early members of this society was Mr. Thomas Hopkinson, whom Dr. Franklin called his "ingenious friend," and to whom he acknowledges his indebtedness for demonstrating "the power of points to throw off the electrical fire." Another "ingenious friend," to whom he makes no profound acknowledgment, was the Rev. Ebenezer

¹ Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, pages 1, 2.

Kinnersley, a professor in the College of Philadelphia, to whom it is now generally conceded that Franklin owed much of his success in important electrical discoveries. Mr. Parton says, that, in 1748, "Mr. Kinnersley contrived the amusing experiment of the magical picture. A figure of his majesty King George II. ('God préserve him,' says the loyal Franklin, in parenthesis, when telling the story) was so arranged that any one who attempted to take his crown from his head received a tremendous shock." By this clever contrivance Mr. Kinnersley proves himself to have been a prophet as well as a scientist, for notwithstanding the violent shock received by the friends of royalty in the colonies, a few years later, it was conclusively demonstrated that the crown could be taken off.

In drawing up rules for the government of the Philosophical Society, Dr. Franklin advises that correspondence be maintained not only between the central organization and its members in the different colonies, but with the Royal Society of London and the Dublin Society. Thus persons, residing in remote districts of the United States, would be placed in direct communication with the latest discoveries of Old World scientists in all their lines of work. What such correspondence meant to men of intelligence, living far from the centres of education and enlightenment, in those days of few books and fewer magazines and journals, it is impossible for us to imagine. Some years later, when the French botanist, André Michaux, was appointed by his government to examine the trees of this continent, with a view to their introduction into France, he carried letters from the Philosophical Society to one of its members, living in Lexington, Kentucky. "During my stay at Lexington," Michaux writes, "I frequently saw Dr. Samuel Brown, from Virginia, a physician of the College of Edinburgh, and a member of the Philosophical Society.

. . . Receiving regularly the scientific journals from London, he is always in the channel of new discoveries, and turns them to the advantage of his fellow-citizens. It is to him that they are indebted for the introduction of the cow-pox. He had at that time inoculated upward of five hundred persons in Kentucky, when they were making their first attempts in New York and Philadelphia." Agreeable as it must have been to Michaux to find flowers of science blooming in these western wilds, we can imagine the even greater delight that such a man as Dr. Brown must have experienced in meeting and conversing with this foreigner, fresh from Old World haunts of learning, with his interesting budget of news, political as well as scientific. Those were the exciting days of the Consulate in France, when Lord Nelson was gaining victories for England in the Northern seas; and we can picture to ourselves these two learned gentlemen, seated before a great fire of logs, with a steaming bowl of punch, made from the famous Kentucky apple-jack, beside them, turning away from the paths of science to discuss Napoleon's victories, the coalition against England, and the assassination of the Emperor Paul in Russia, which was followed by a treaty between his successor and the English sovereign.

American science must have been in a condition of encouraging activity between 1750 and 1767, for, in those years, there were no less than three societies in Philadelphia whose aims and pursuits were in the main identical,—the promotion of useful knowledge and the drawing together of its votaries. These societies were, a second Junto, of which the indefatigable Dr. Franklin was a member, the American Philosophical Society, and the American Society. This division in the ranks of science probably arose from the feeling existing between the adherents of the Penn family and those averse to them; these parties be-

ing as violently opposed to each other as were, later, Federalist and Democratic-Republican; or, still later, the Free Soil and the new Republican party. Happily for the historian, who is sadly confused by Juntos and Juntolings, and by American Societies which were philosophical, and Philosophical Societies which were also American, these different bodies showed a disposition to unite, and in 1769 were incorporated into one society, under the title of American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for Promoting Useful Knowledge. This title proving a trifle "unhandy for every-day use," to borrow the phraseology of a patriotic farmer's wife, who bestowed upon one of her offspring the entire heading of the Republican ticket in 1860, "Abraham Lincoln Hannibal Hamlin," it has gradually been abbreviated into the American Philosophical Society, there being now no other.

Of this united society Dr. Franklin was elected president, the first of an honorable line of presidents, whose portraits adorn the walls of the old rooms on Fifth Street, where the philosophers met a hundred years ago. The society obtained a grant of land from the State of Pennsylvania in 1785, and in 1787 its hall was completed, the one still used, in whose sunshiny rooms are now gathered the relics, the treasures, the memories, and the dust of a century. Here is the old chair on whose broad arm Jefferson wrote the Declaration, and here are autograph letters and autographs of such value as to fill the soul of the collector with "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness." On one side of the hall is the well-known portrait of Dr. Franklin, in his blue coat, large wig, and spectacles, while near by is his marble effigy by Houdon, whose statue of Washington bears the proud inscription, "Fait par Houdon, citoyen Français."

Over the society Dr. Franklin presided for a term of many years, from

1769 until his death in 1790. Brissot de Warville, coming to Philadelphia in 1788, exclaims, with devoutness hardly to be expected from a Frenchman: "Thanks be to God, he still exists! This great man, for so many years the preceptor of the Americans, who so gloriously contributed to their independence; death had threatened his days, but our fears are dissipated, and his health is restored." Two years later the same chronicler records, "Franklin has enjoyed this year the blessing of death, for which he waited so long a time."

As president of the Philosophical Society, he was succeeded, in 1791, by Dr. Rittenhouse, the greatest American astronomer, of whom Jefferson said, "We have supposed Rittenhouse second to no astronomer living; in genius he must be first, because he is self-taught." It was he who contributed to the society the first purely scientific paper in its series of Transactions, a calculation on the transit of Venus. He also described a wonderful orrery, which represented the revolution of the heavenly bodies more completely than it had ever been done before, and which he had himself constructed at the age of twenty-three. In June, 1769, he made observations on the transit of Venus. "The whole horizon was without a cloud," says Rittenhouse, in his report of this event; and so greatly excited was the young astronomer, that, in the instant of one of the contacts of the planet with the sun, he actually fainted with emotion. Rittenhouse's interesting report on this phenomenon, which had never been seen but twice before by any inhabitant of the earth, was received with satisfaction by learned and scientific men everywhere.

Prominent among the portraits of early officers is an interesting picture of Thomas Jefferson, who was third president of the Philosophical Society, as well as of the United States. This painting, which well portrays the intellectual

and spirited face of the original, was executed at Monticello by Mr. Sully, who was invited there for this purpose. Jefferson, who would have been a great scientist had he not been called upon by his country to use his powers as a statesman, naturally took a warm interest in the Philosophical Society, and was a member long before he was made its president, in 1797. While abroad he disputed the arguments of the learned Count de Buffon on the degeneracy of American animals, and finally made his position secure by sending the astonished Frenchman the bones, skin, and horns of an enormous New Hampshire moose. Equally convincing, and more agreeable, was this than the manner in which Dr. Franklin answered a similar argument on the degeneracy of American men, by making all the Americans, at table, and all the Frenchmen, stand up. As those of his compatriots present happened to be fine specimens, physically, towering above the little Gauls, the good doctor had the argument all his own way.

It seemed, indeed, as if these two great men, who so harmoniously combined the ideal and the practical, were born to prove to the world that genius of the highest order, in science, letters, and statecraft, is not incompatible with the same sort of ability that is essential to the success of a Western farmer or a skilled mechanic. Hence, if Dr. Franklin employed his leisure hours in inventing an improved stove, or explaining to the Philosophical Society why certain chimneys smoked; Mr. Jefferson used his in designing a plough, for which he received a gold medal from France, and in calculating the number of bushels of wheat to the acre, at Monticello. One day, he is interesting himself in the importation of seed-rice from Italy, from the Levant, and from Egypt; while, on another, he is helping the Philosophical Society to frame instructions for the guidance of André Michaux in his West-

ern explorations. It was life that interested them both, — life in the smaller details that affect home comfort, as well as in the broader issues that bear upon the happiness of states and nations. In Mr. Jefferson's minute directions regarding the education of his daughters, and in his grasp of the details of farming, we recognize the same sort of practical common sense that so eminently distinguished Dr. Franklin, of whom his latest biographer says, in his own forcible and epigrammatic style: "Whatever he has said on domestic economy, or thrift, is sound and striking. No other writer has left so many just and original observations on success in life. No other writer has pointed out so clearly the way to obtain the greatest amount of comfort out of life. What Solomon did for the spiritual man, that did Franklin for the earthly man. The book of Proverbs is a collection of receipts for laying up treasure in heaven. 'Poor Richard' is a collection of receipts for laying up treasure on earth."¹

In addition to its regular meetings for business and for scientific purposes, the Philosophical Society had its gala days, its annual dinners, and its especial receptions and entertainments given to distinguished strangers. Hither, in 1794, came the Rev. Joseph Priestley, of Birmingham, counted in France too devout for a scientist, and in England too broad for the clergy. As the discoverer of oxygen, the friend of Franklin, whose experiments in electricity he had described, and a devotee to the cause of liberty, Dr. Priestley was warmly welcomed by the Philosophical Society, which gave a dinner to him at the time of his second visit to America.

Many anecdotes of these old dinners have been handed down, showing that when the good philosophers put science aside, they could be as lively *raconteurs* and *bon vivants* as the world has ever

¹ Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters, by John Bach McMaster, p. 277.

seen. On such festive occasions, the witty old Abbé Correa de Serra, Judge Peters, Mr. Du Ponceau, Dr. Caspar Wistar, Mr. John Vaughan, and, later, Robert Walsh, LL. D., and the Honorable William Short of Virginia, both most delightful talkers, George Ord, William Strickland the architect, and the ever-ready wits Dr. Nathaniel Chapman and Nicholas Biddle, gathered around the board.

Of Judge Peters' witty sayings we find numerous records. As he grew older, his sharp nose and chin approached each other closely. A friend observed to him, one day, that his nose and chin would soon be at loggerheads. "Very likely," he replied, "for hard words often pass between them." Once, while he was speaker of the House of Assembly, one of the members, in crossing the room, tripped on the carpet and fell flat. The House burst into laughter, while the judge, with the utmost gravity, cried, "Order, order, gentlemen! Do you not see that a member is on the floor?" Unceremonious, communicative, friendly, Judge Peters was the life of every circle that he entered; correcting Mayor Wharton at a dinner when he called to the waiter, "John, more wine," saying that it was a *demi*john that he needed, while he himself "drank like a fish," as he expressed it, from his goblet of water, requiring no artificial aid to brighten wits that were always keen and scintillating.

Mr. George Ord, who was a delightful raconteur as well as a learned naturalist, took great pleasure in relating a story of his friend Dr. Abercrombie, a fellow-member of the society. Dr. James Abercrombie, sometime rector of Christ and St. Peter's churches, was a divine of the old school, who despised not the good things of this lower world while engaged in preparation for those of the higher. Once, while on a pastoral visit to the small town of Shrewsbury, New Jersey, where an Episcopal church

had been established, Dr. Abercrombie was regaled with some very fine old Madeira wine, which he drank with evident appreciation, and probably some surprise at finding anything so choice in that region of country. The next day, according to Mr. Ord's story, the good parson chose for his text that most appropriate verse from the Acts of the Apostles, in which St. Paul says, "And the barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Another clerical member of the learned fraternity was William White, one of our early American bishops, who was an ardent patriot and a genial companion, as well as the most devout of Churchmen. A warm friend of Benjamin West, the artist, Bishop White was fond of telling how he helped West to secure his bride, Miss Betty Shewell. Mr. West was in England, and so busy painting for the court and royal family that he could not come over to America to marry his *fiancée*; but, as his father was about to sail for England, he wrote to Miss Shewell, begging her to join his father, and make the voyage with him. Miss Shewell's brother, who was averse to the match, chiefly because West was an impecunious genius, put a stop to the proceedings by confining the fair bride-elect in an upper room. Bishop White, then a very young man, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Francis Hopkinson determined to help on the "course of true love" by facilitating Miss Shewell's escape to the ship, which was waiting for her at Chester. This they did by means of a romantic rope-ladder, and a carriage around the corner. Miss Shewell with her maid reached the ship in good time, and a few weeks after was married to Benjamin West, in the English chapel of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. In telling this story, the kindly bishop was wont to add, gleefully, "Ben was a good fellow, and deserved a good wife, and I would do the same thing over again to-day," — a sentiment, we may

be sure, that was greeted with applause by the gravest of the philosophers, they being no exception to the rule that "all the world loves a lover." An active member of the society, and for years one of its counselors, Bishop White was present on all important occasions, grave or gay. Having known General Washington and the other great men of the Revolution, and met and conversed with Samuel Johnson while in England, his was one of the few familiar faces that greeted the Marquis de Lafayette when he revisited America in 1824.

Another face to be seen for many successive years at the meetings of the society, and at its annual dinners, was that of Peter S. Du Ponceau, the French lawyer and philologist, who lived here for so many years. He has left behind him pictures of some of his learned associates, that prove to us that these gentlemen, whose faces look down upon us gravely from century-old portraits, were, on occasions, as full of quips and quirks and fun and frolic as the most jovial collegian of our day. Of his frequent journeys to Washington, to attend the sessions of the Supreme Court of the United States, in company with Mr. Ingersoll, Mr. William Rawle, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Edward Tilghman, he says: "As soon as we were out of the city, and felt the flush of air, we were like schoolboys in the playground on a holiday; and we began to kill time by all the means that our imagination could suggest. Flashes of wit shot their coruscations on all sides; puns of the genuine Philadelphia stamp were handed about; old college stories were revived; macaroni Latin was spoken with great purity; songs were sung, — even classical songs, among which I recollect the famous Bacchanalian of the Archdeacon of Oxford, *Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori*; in short, we might have been taken for anything else but the grave counselors of the celebrated bar of Philadelphia." Mr. Du Ponceau, it is,

who is accredited with the well-known story of the lawyer whose client came in and deposed that "his brother had died and made a will." A gentleman who read law with the facetious Frenchman relates that it was only when a fee was placed in Mr. Du Ponceau's hand that he translated the phrase into, "Ah! you mean that your brother made a will and died." We can imagine the laugh with which the philosophers would greet this most practical of jokes.

Quite as celebrated as the dinners of the society were Mr. John Vaughan's breakfasts, which held the same prominence in the social life of the time as Dr. Wistar's evening parties; or the afternoon vespers of Mr. Henry C. Carey, where, during the late war and after its close, soldiers, politicians, statesmen, and civilians met together and discussed the great issues and events that shook the nation from 1860 to 1865. So at Mr. Vaughan's breakfasts were discussed the agitating questions of the last decade of the century, Federalists and Democratic-Republicans, as they were beginning to be called, meeting together around his hospitable board. Mr. Vaughan himself was a Federalist, although not a violent partisan. Riding, one day, with Mr. Jefferson, his horse became unmanageable, disturbing somewhat Mr. Vaughan's serenity, who, drawing his reins hard, muttered under his breath, "This horse — this horse is as bad as a Democrat!" "Oh, no," replied the high priest and leader of the party; "if he were a Democrat, he would have thrown *you* long ago." Mr. Vaughan, for many years librarian and treasurer of the society, had his rooms in the building on Fifth Street, and here many strangers of distinction were entertained. One of these breakfasts is still remembered by Dr. William H. Furness, then a young man, recently come from New England to take charge of the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia. The breakfast lasted from nine until one. Whether the

guests breakfasted on roast peacocks and nightingales' tongues, or on plain beef-steak and chops, Dr. Furness does not remember; but he will never forget the circle gathered around that table. There were John Quincy Adams, Colonel Drayton of South Carolina, Mr. Du Ponceau, and Dr. Channing, who exercised such an influence on the religious thought of New England, and of whom the orthodox clergy were wont to say that his theology was "Calvinism with the bones taken out." A goodly company of leading minds, "joined later," says Dr. Furness, by Albert Gallatin and the Rev. William Ware, pastor of the First Unitarian Church in New York.¹ Among other visitors of note entertained by Mr. Vaughan were Sir Charles Lyell, and George Robins Gliddon, the Egyptologist, who were both in this country about 1841.

Mr. John Vaughan, whose most distinguishing trait was his love for his fellow-men, whom, it was said, he took more delight in serving than most men take in making and hoarding dollars, belonged to a family distinguished in statesmanship, letters, and affairs. The Vaughan brothers were of English birth, sons of Samuel Vaughan, a London merchant trading with America. The most prominent of this large family was Benjamin Vaughan, M. D., LL. D., sometime secretary to Lord Shelburne, and acting as confidential messenger in the peace negotiations between Great Britain and America in 1783. Deeply tinctured with the revolutionary spirit of the time, a liberal to the extent of admiring the system of the Directory in France, and writing in favor of it, Benjamin Vaughan finally found it expedient to quit the Old World for the more congenial political atmosphere of the New. He settled in Hallowell, Maine, as did his brother Charles, where descendants of the name

¹ Since writing the above, the story of this breakfast has been more fully narrated by the Rev. Dr. Furness in a recent magazine article.

and lineage still reside. The death of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, of Hallowell, was announced to the society in 1836, and Mr. Merrick, his kinsman, was appointed to prepare a notice of him. Another brother, Samuel, settled in Jamaica; William, the successful banker of the family, remained in London; while John, one of the younger brothers, came to Philadelphia, where he established himself as a wine merchant, and a prominent member of the First Unitarian Church. Generous to a fault, "Johnny Vaughan," as his intimates were wont to call him, seems to have objected to parting with one single earthly possession,—his umbrella. A lady who knew Mr. Vaughan when he was a very old gentleman remembers one of flaming red, whose color should have ensured its staying qualities. A story is also told of his having printed on the outside of another one in large characters, "This umbrella was stolen from John Vaughan." One day a friend of Mr. Vaughan's started off with this umbrella, and, quite unconscious of its equivocal inscription, hoisted it in broad day. Mr. Vaughan's Portuguese office boy, who could speak or read no English, but who knew the umbrella, and what the printing stood for, chanced to meet the gentleman who carried it, and with speechless but entire devotion to his master's interests followed it, and "froze on to it," as the narrator expresses it, with such persistency that the holder was fain to relinquish it, and escape from the jeers of the bystanders.

Mr. John Vaughan numbered President Washington among his friends. We find only one record of his presence at the meetings of the society, of which he was a member, and this was when Dr. William Smith pronounced his eulogium upon Dr. Franklin, upon which occasion the President, and other high officials, were in attendance.

It was over such a circle of learned men and *beaux-esprits* that Mr. Jeffer-

son was called to preside, when he came to Philadelphia, in 1797, to act as Vice-President of the United States in an uncongenial Federal administration. It is not strange that, with his scholarly and scientific tastes, he found in the rooms of the Philosophical Society a grateful retreat from political wrangling and the cares of state. Party feeling ran so high, at this period, that "social intercourse between members of the two parties ceased," says Mr. Parton, "and old friends crossed the street to avoid saluting one another. Jefferson declined invitations to the usual gatherings of 'society,' and spent his leisure hours in the circle that met in the rooms of the Philosophical Society." Not that its membership was Republican, many of its prominent members being Federalists; notably, Dr. Benjamin Rush, Chief Justice Tilghman, Judge Peters, Jared Ingersoll, who was Federalist candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States in 1812, Dr. Robert Patterson, and Mr. Du Ponceau. This was a place, however, in which science, art, and literature usurped the place of politics, and party differences were forgotten in the discussion of some subject that touched the general weal, as when Dr. Caspar Wistar discovered a new bone; or Robert Patterson presented a paper on improved ship-pumps, or Jonathan Williams one on a new mode of refining sugar; or when John Fitch exhibited "the model, with a drawing and description of a machine for working a boat against the stream by means of a steam-engine;" or, later, when Mr. Charles Goodyear was induced, by Franklin Peale, to demonstrate to the society that vulcanized rubber could be made from the juice of the *cahuchu* tree.

John Adams, the Federalist President, was a member of the Philosophical Society, and speaks of it with warm admiration. Comparing Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, he says, in one of his letters to his wife: "Particular gentlemen

here [in Philadelphia], who have improved upon their education by travel, shine; but in general old Massachusetts outshines her younger sisters. Still, in several particulars they have more wit than we. They have societies, the Philosophical Society particularly, which excites a scientific emulation, and propagates their fame. If ever I get through this scene of politics and war, I will spend the remainder of my days in endeavoring to instruct my countrymen in the art of making the most of their abilities and virtues, an art which they have hitherto too much neglected. A philosophical society shall be established at Boston, if I have wit and address enough to accomplish it, some time or other. Pray, set Brother Cranch's philosophical head plodding upon this project. Many of his lucubrations would have been published and preserved for the benefit of mankind, and for his honor, if such a club had existed."

Mr. Madison, who was far more congenial to Mr. Jefferson, politically, than the sturdy New Englander, had been for years a member of the society; but he was out of office now, and living quietly at his rural home in Orange County, Virginia. It was during his residence here, in 1794, that the sprightly widow, who afterwards became his wife, writes of her first meeting with "the great little Madison." She tells us, in her charming letters, that Aaron Burr brought him to see her. On this occasion she wore "a mulberry-colored satin, with a silk tulle kerchief over her neck, and on her head an exquisitely dainty little cap, from which an occasional uncropped curl would escape."

These were still days of picturesque dressing, with both men and women. "Jeffersonian simplicity" had not yet come in, in full force. Watson, the annalist, describes Mr. Jefferson, a few years earlier, in "a long-waisted white cloth coat, scarlet breeches and vest, a cocked hat, shoes and buckles, and white

silk hose," — an elegant figure, the life and centre of the group of men gathered together in the society's rooms on Fifth Street. The great Rittenhouse had, in 1797, set forth on a wider range among the stars; but Dr. Benjamin Rush is there, — physician, scientist, philanthropist, and statesman, a host in himself. His kindly face and the recollections of his contemporaries tell us that he was a pleasant companion, with all his learning, which cannot always be said of the learned ones of the earth. And here is Mr. Jefferson's secretary, William Short, of Virginia, whose Southern blood and years of residence abroad conspired to render him the most delightful of conversationalists; and the Rev. William Smith, first provost of the University of Pennsylvania, a man of science as well as a divine; and Dr. Barton, nephew of Dr. Rittenhouse, an original worker, who contributed largely to the scientific literature of the day, and gave to Americans their first elementary treatise on botany. Here is Dr. Caspar Wistar, the learned physician and genial companion, who not only enriched the society by his own work and teachings, but by his correspondence with Humboldt, and Soemmering in Germany, Camper in Holland, Sylvester in Geneva, Pole and Hope in Great Britain, and many more of their ilk, kept its members *en rapport* with scientific work abroad. Dr. Wistar succeeded Dr. Rush as president of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, which early uttered its protest against slavery. Nor was Dr. Wistar solely interested in the cause of the negro; that of the American Indian, which we are wont to regard as one of the latest fads in the philanthropic world, also engaged his attention.

Dr. Wistar was elected president of the Philosophical Society on the resignation of Mr. Jefferson, in 1815; it was during his term of office that he introduced to its circle the Baron von Humboldt, whom he invited to that small-

er circle of learned men, at his own house, which comprised the Wistar Club. A gala day it must have been at the Philosophical Society when it opened its doors to this greatest naturalist of his time, perhaps of any time. The Baron von Humboldt was returning from an extended tour in South America, Mexico, and the West Indies. His young friends, Montufar and Bonpland, were with him, — the same Bonpland who later gave the Empress Josephine flower seeds from the West Indies to plant at Malmaison, who became her intendant there, and who stood by her bedside when she was dying.

Another attractive figure in this group of learned men is William Tilghman, chief justice of Pennsylvania, the sound lawyer, ripe scholar, and true gentleman, as his biographer calls him. Perhaps the highest praise we can award to him now is to record that, although Southern born and owning slaves, he expressed, with regard to slavery, a "fervent wish to see the evils of this institution mitigated, and if possible extinguished," freeing his own slaves by a plan of gradual emancipation. Mr. Tilghman was connected through his mother, Anne Francis, with the supposed author of the Letters of Junius; and, curiously enough, the strongest evidence yet found that the letters were written by Sir Philip Francis has come through correspondence with his American relatives. Interesting as is all that relates to this literary puzzle of more than a century, the incident that led to the recent discoveries is like a *conte de fées*, turning upon some anonymous verses sent to a lady at Bath, in which she is told that

"In the School of the Graces, by Venus attended,
Belinda improves every hour."

The fair "Belinda," Miss Giles in everyday life, is quite sure that the clever verses came from Sir Philip Francis,

who danced with her through a whole evening at Bath. In fact she recognized the handwriting of some of Woodfall's fac-similes of the letters of Junius. She has an anonymous note that accompanied the verses, which is, she thinks, very like the Junius handwriting. The investigation becomes exciting; the experts, Messrs. Chabot and Netherclift, study the note and verses profoundly, and finally come to the conclusion that Junius might have written the note, but not the verses. The Hon. Edward Twisleton is deeply interested in the search, and is loath to give up this promising leading, when lo! there comes, from over the sea, a letter, nearly a hundred years old, in which Richard Tilghman, in Philadelphia, writes to his cousin, Sir Philip Francis: "You are very tenacious of your epigram. I observe you contend for it, as if your reputation as a Poet depended on it. I did not condemn the *Composition*, I only said that it was not an Original, and I say so still; but yet I am ready to allow that you can *weave* Originals, because in the School of the Graces by Venus attended, Belinda improves every Hour."

Was not this a coincidence? The Franciscans were delighted, especially as the experts were ready to affirm that the handwriting of the verses was that of Richard Tilghman, and that it was evident that he had copied the verses for Sir Philip. As if to make all complete, it was found that Richard Tilghman was at Bath, with his kinsman, at the time the verses were sent. Nothing, that has not been absolutely proven, has ever come closer to proof, and so it remains the Tantalus cup of the *littérateur*, although there are many who find the evidence quite conclusive that Francis and Junius were one and the same. This Richard Tilghman was a brother of Chief Justice William, and it was another William Tilghman, of the same family, who sent over to England the old letters that made the hearts of the Hon. Edward

Twisleton and the other Franciscans to leap for joy.

Charles Willson Peale, the artist, known as the elder Peale, was curator of the Philosophical Society for many years, and one of its most active members. He did good work in many lines, being a man of scientific tastes and large public spirit. The society owes him a debt of gratitude for handing down to this generation portraits of its most illustrious officers and members. Mr. Peale rented a number of rooms, in the old house on Fifth Street, having his museum in the building, and bringing up there his family of artist children, Raphael, and Rembrandt, and Titian, and Vandyck, and Rubens, — names still known in American art, that of Rembrandt being the most distinguished. In 1796, Mr. Peale presented to the assembled philosophers a son four months and four days old, born in the building, requesting them to name him. The society, upon this, unanimously agreed that the child should be called Franklin, after their chief founder and first president. "Franklin Peale," says his biographer, "did not disgrace his sponsors. He grew up thoughtful and philosophical." His genius was in the mechanical line. He was one of the founders of the Franklin Institute, and for many years discharged with great ability the office of chief coiner at the United States Mint.

One of Mr. Peale's friends, who became an active and valued member of the society, was the learned Abbé de Serra, Portuguese Minister to the United States, who scandalized Mrs. Peale, a Quakeress, whose neatness was phenomenal, by appearing at her door so dusty and shabby (he was not a handsome man at his best) that the good lady waved him away from her spotless threshold, saying, "No, my good man, I have no time to attend to you now;" little thinking that the "good man" was the expected guest, in whose honor she had

put on her best satin gown, and prepared a savory repast, whose crowning triumph was a dish of asparagus from Mr. Peale's garden, then a greater rarity than now. The Abbé had been on a geological tramp with Mr. Peale, and when that gentleman rallied his wife on treating his friend and guest like a beggar, the excellent lady justified herself by saying that, after all, he could not be much of a gentleman, as he "helped himself to the asparagus with his fingers;" eating it, of course, after the French fashion.

Another *habitué* of Mr. Peale's house, and a frequent attendant at the meetings of the society, was Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino. He was the nephew and son-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, and while in America resided in a house on the estate of his uncle, near Bordentown, New Jersey. This young prince pursued his studies in ornithology in the United States, making important contributions to the works of Wilson. A man of wide scientific knowledge, and a member of nearly all the learned societies of Europe, the Prince de Canino gave a decided impulse to the study of natural history in Italy, which was his home, and while in Philadelphia was an active and interested member of the Philosophical Society, contributing original papers and making valuable donations of books to its library.

A few women of distinguished ability have been, and are now, members of the Philosophical Society: among these Mary Somerville, the English astronomer; Professor Maria Mitchell, of Vassar; and Mrs. Agassiz, wife of the late Professor Louis Agassiz. The earliest woman member was the Russian Princess Daschkaw, lady-in-waiting to the Empress Catherine II. A great traveler, for those days, the princess profited by all that she saw and heard in the countries which she visited. A student and an observer, the friend of Diderot in France,

and associating in Edinburgh with such men as Dr. Blair, Adam Smith, and Ferguson, she returned to Russia to become director of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and later to establish another academy for the improvement and cultivation of the Russian language. Of the manner in which the news of her election to the Philosophical Society reached her, the princess says:—

"I was at my country house, and was not a little surprised on hearing that a messenger from the council of state wished to see me. The case and letter were introduced, the former of which contained a large packet from Dr. Franklin, and the letter a very complimentary communication on the part of the Duke of Sudermania." These dispatches," says the princess, "were sent without any examination," and it was necessary to explain their nature at once to the despotic Catherine. "Accordingly I drove to town," adds the princess, "or rather straight to court; and on entering the Empress's dressing-room I told the *valet de chambre* in waiting that if her majesty was not then engaged I should be happy in having permission to speak to her, and to show her some papers which I had that morning received. The Empress desired I might be shown into her bed-chamber, where I found her writing at a little table. Having delivered into her hands the letter of the Duke of Sudermania, 'These others, madam,' said I, 'are from Dr. Franklin and from the secretary of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, of which I have been admitted a most unworthy member.'" The Empress made no comment on this matter; but after reading the letter of the duke, desired the princess not to answer it, to let the matter drop. She had no objection, it appears, to a correspondence between the princess and the octogenarian Franklin, on the other side of the sea; but with the Duke of Sudermania it was quite a different affair. The

duke was a brother of the king of Sweden, there was a coolness between the courts of Russia and Sweden, and, to complicate matters, his grace had admired the princess at Aix and Spa, who, with all her vast experience of life and long years of widowhood, was only a little over forty, and speaks herself of her *beaux yeux*.

From the time of the election of the Princess Daschkaw, in 1789, the society has always had a Russian membership, generally from among the members of the St. Petersburg Academy. In 1864, it was presented with a superb copy of the Codex Sinaiticus, published in St. Petersburg in 1862, from the parchment rolls found by Tischendorf in the monastery of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai.

A day never to be forgotten by the members of the Philosophical Society — and there are some persons living whose memory runs back to that period — was that upon which the Marquis de Lafayette was welcomed to its hall, on his return to America in 1824. No words can more fitly describe the emotions of the hour, certainly none can bring back more perfectly the aroma of that olden-time adulation, than the address of welcome pronounced, on this occasion, by Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll: "America does not forget the romantic forthcoming of the most generous, consistent, and heroic of the knights of the Old World to the rescue of the New. She has always dwelt delighted on the constancy of the nobleman who could renounce titles and wealth for more historical and philanthropic honors; the commander

renouncing power, who never shed a drop of blood for conquest or vainglory. She has often trembled, but never blushed for her oriental champion, when tried by the alternate caresses and rage of the most terrific mobs and imposing monarchs. She knows that his hospitable mansion was the shrine at which her citizens in France consecrated their faith in independence. Invited to revisit the scenes of his first eminence, the very idolatry of welcome abounds with redeeming characteristics of self-government. . . . They raise him before the world as its image, and bear him through illuminated cities and widely cultivated regions, all redolent with festivity and every device of hospitality and entertainment, where, when their independence was declared, there was little else than wilderness and war."

Could tongue or pen say more?

An old Philadelphia lady, who, in her youth, had the honor of walking to church with Lafayette, vividly recalls her keen disappointment when she first saw him, — short and stout, not by any means the typical hero of her romantic dreams. His son, George Washington Lafayette, was with him, and at a dinner given him, when called upon to respond to a toast, arose, and, struggling with his emotion, and his feeble command of English, placed his hand upon his heart, and said, "I am zo happy to be ze son of my fadder!" — words which so touched the sympathetic chord in the hearts of all present that they felt that the entire vocabulary of the language could have furnished him with no more fitting phrase.

Anne H. Wharton.

YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

XIX.

DIVERGENT PATHS.

MILTON stumbled forth, across the threshold and into the street, in a dazed and bewildered manner, and before the next evening he had transferred himself and his belongings to Yokohama, as I took sure measures to discover. This, then, was the end of the sorrowful drama, so far as that heartless miscreant was concerned. But for Yone, who could tell what the end might be? The day following the scene at my office was Saturday, when she usually came to me, if on no other errand than to ask instruction as to the treatment of some new invalid whom she had added to her private list of patients; but as she did not appear, I started on Sunday morning to walk to her residence, fearing she might have been prostrated by the excitement she had undergone, or by her endeavors to stifle and overcome it.

Near the Philipson school I overtook a small group of missionaries, including the ladies at the head of that establishment; Miss Gibson, the neophyte mentioned in the earlier pages of this narrative; and a few others, of both sexes. I was about to pass them with a silent salutation, but the leader of the party called me back.

"Doctor," she said, "I believe Miss Jackman looked in upon you the day before yesterday."

"She did, madam," I replied.

"I understand that she left you before she could explain the particular object of her visit. Do you know what it was?"

"It is not always possible to know what Miss Jackman's particular object may be. Her general object seems to be to make herself disagreeable."

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"She knows her duty," testified the earnest spinster, "and she fulfills it, no matter what suffering it may cost her."

"Or anybody else," I supplemented, ironically.

"Or anybody else," she assented, with matter-of-fact composure.

The younger sister now pressed forward.

"Pray tell me, Dr. Charwell," she began, "was not Mr. Milton also at your house?"

"I was about to make the inquiry," said the elder, in a tone of mild reproof. "But first I would ask the doctor if his *protégée*, Mrs. Santo, was in Tsukiji yesterday."

"I do not know, madam; I have not seen her since Friday."

"Oh, Friday," she repeated, significantly; "dear me, yes. I am aware that you saw her on Friday. Many persons saw her; too many, I might say."

"I am convinced of that, madam," I responded.

"Oh, quite too many," exclaimed Miss Kezia, obtuse to my fling of sarcasm, and intent upon her own point only, — "altogether too many; there can be no doubt of that, poor creature."

"As to 'poor creature,' I am not so sure," said the sour senior. "But — well, yes; on the whole, as we are in Japan, we will say 'poor creature.'"

"Good-morning, ladies," said I, endeavoring to move forward, out of range of their pestilent tongues. But they were walking in the same direction, and I could not escape them.

"Excuse me, doctor; one moment, I beg of you. I trust you will ease my mind on a serious matter. You cannot possibly know all that has happened, but I assure you we have learned sufficient to justify us in excluding that

young woman from our habitation, hereafter."

"Indeed; and from whom have you learned it, madam, may I ask?"

"From the best authority, sir, — from her own self."

"Her own self," iterated the younger sister; "she confessed everything."

"Confessed!" I ejaculated. "That's an extraordinary word to use in connection with a stainless woman. Do you pretend to say that she confessed in the sense of having a fault to reveal?"

They both hesitated.

"Pray answer; did she not come to acquaint you with a heavy misfortune that had befallen her, and to ask your sympathy and assistance?"

"Really, doctor, you put it in so singular a way."

"Was not that the way she put it?"

"I dare say she did; she was always a designing girl, — they all are," said the elder sister, who never lacked resources for a retort. "But what I more particularly wanted to say was, that I hope the severity we have found it necessary to exercise with her will not have the effect of depriving us of the service you have always so generously tendered."

"Oh, I will do what I can for the little ones," I answered; "but you have deprived yourselves of a healer who can do more for your sick than a dozen men like me."

"Ah, doctor, you do exaggerate so."

"Not I. Yone has kept life in many a drooping body which I could never have revived. She alone knew the secret of counteracting your" —

"Our what, doctor, if you will be so kind?"

"Well, your carelessness, your neglect, your ignorant treatment, your improper food, if you must be told. You can't build up sickly infants on imperfect nourishment and bad temper. Yone kept their little heads above water, in spite of all, God bless her. In rejecting

her you do more mischief to them than to the girl you persecute."

The exemplary lady was speechless with ire; not wholly to the dissatisfaction of Miss Kezia, whose opportunities for eloquence were few, and who promptly availed herself of the occasion.

"As to that, we do not know," she said; "that is in the hands of a higher power. Better, perhaps, that their sinful bodies should perish than that their immortal souls be corrupted by evil communication. We only know our duty. The inward monitor indorses our resolution not to receive her."

Murmurs of approbation affirmed the general confidence in so responsible a backer as the Philipsons' inward monitor.

"Not to receive her," I repeated. "That seems to recall a familiar phrase. 'Whosoever shall receive this child' — How does it run? I am a bad hand at quotation. You know all about it, Miss Philipson. It belongs to ancient literature."

Though still palpitating with indignation at my arraignment of her domestic system, she was not insensible to the flattery of being appealed to as a historical authority.

"To ancient literature," she echoed, — "to ancient literature. Let me consider. Classic, I presume."

An ominous whisper rustled through the procession. Heads were bent together, and a subdued warning buzzed along the line, until it reached the ear of Miss Sophia.

"Gracious Heaven!" she cried, as I suppose she might have cried if a scorpion had stung her. "This is too horrible! Much I could expect, and much I would endure; but that blasphemy should be thrown into my face, straight into my open face, on this sacred day, almost under the shadow of that sacred steeple at the next corner, — rank blasphemy, and in the public streets, — it is too much!" She sought relief, as was

her frequent habit when unduly excited, in a maze of metaphorical confusion. "The line is drawn, Dr. Charwell. A gulf rises between us. Here I cross over to the Rubicon. We will turn now, sister, and friends. Miss Gibson, I think you will do well to come with us."

"You know I cannot, madam," replied that young lady, gravely.

"Oh, good-day, then; *good-day!*" exclaimed the others of the party, as they moved toward the little church which constituted their stronghold.

"This is odd," I remarked, on finding that Miss Gibson and I were left standing alone. "May I ask if you are not taking their course?"

"There's a double meaning in that question, I imagine," she said, smiling faintly; "but at any rate, I am not taking their course now."

"If you are walking toward the river," said I, "I hope you will let me accompany you a little way."

"Certainly," she answered; "and indeed I think I shall ask you for some information, if you please."

I was so perplexed by the circumstance of her separation from her customary associates, and on a Sunday morning, too, that I failed to respond at once; but, presently recollecting myself, I said abruptly:—

"Yes, yes, by all means. Pray excuse me; I was taken a little aback by your sudden secession from our friends yonder. It's no affair of mine, Miss Gibson; I am well aware of that, and I won't offend you by referring to it again."

"There is no offense, Dr. Charwell; I may find it expedient to refer to it myself, rather openly. But I am more especially anxious to learn if Yone Santo's visit to the Philipsons occurred as you just now stated it."

"How do you mean?"

"Did she really go there in trouble, to ask for consolation and sympathy?"

"That is precisely the case. Will you tell me why you wish to know?"

"Certainly I will. I have no idea of concealing that, or many other things. Those ladies have been telling everybody that she came in a wild, despairing state, to make a confession of depravity which she could no longer keep on her guilty soul; and that she then ran away to rejoin her—her lover, I believe they said."

"Meaning Mr. Milton, no doubt."

"Yes, Mr. Milton, my fellow-townsmen. But you are not to think I accepted the story as unvarnished truth. I am sorry to say I know the Philipsons better than I did."

"If I were not afraid of making a breach between you and the heads of your mission, I would tell you exactly what occurred; for it all came authentically to my knowledge."

"There is no longer any question of making a breach," she began, sadly; but changing suddenly, she added, "No harm can come from my learning the real truth, provided there is nothing that ought to be left untold,—as to which Miss Philipson expressed many doubts."

"You shall judge," said I; and as we walked to the river, crossed the bridge, and proceeded toward Santo's house, I laid before her the incidents of the past few days, reverting also to a few details of Yone's earlier life, illustrative of her candor and simple uprightness. More than once, the warm-hearted American girl's handkerchief was lifted to her eyes, and I began to hope that my lonely sufferer would at last win a friend better suited to her wants than a grim, rugged, and stormy-tempered bachelor, more than thrice her age.

XX.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Perhaps you are going to her now?" suggested Miss Gibson, when I had ended.

"I am ; she did not come to our part of the town yesterday, and I am anxious about her."

"You have reason to be, doctor. Will you let me go with you ?"

"Gladly — joyfully," I replied ; but, thinking of Santo's rough ways and Yone's uncongenial surroundings, I considered it necessary to enlighten her on those points. This involved further allusions to Yone's undeserved misfortunes, to which Miss Gibson listened with amazement and indignation.

"The unhappy child !" she exclaimed ; "her life seems to have been one continuous sorrow. But surely the case is most unusual."

"Do not think so," I said ; "it is only too common. The mass of the Japanese women are condemned to similar mental trials, if not to equal bodily hardship. It is true that those who are utterly untaught escape the worst misery. They accept their degradation without inquiry or complaint, as the natural accompaniment of their lot."

"But I have heard nothing of these things before," she said, with startled eagerness.

"You have not been here long," I answered ; "and as for the elders of your body, I conclude that they are dumb and blind because they have no wish to be otherwise."

"This is dreadful, Dr. Charwell ; if you are correct, the more we try to educate them, the more they must suffer."

"For a time, unfortunately, yes ; it may be for a long time. But that proves nothing against continuing to educate them as thoroughly and rapidly as possible. It is a tangled question, Miss Gibson, which we cannot unravel in a hasty conversation. You shall know, however, that my judgment is totally against the system of missionary culture ordinarily attempted with Japanese girls. It is more likely to lead to their ruin than their redemption. But I am teaching you rank rebellion. What would those

best of ladies say, if they knew where I am leading your thoughts ?"

"They would have nothing to say," she replied, sadly ; "when I left them at that corner, I left them forever."

"Indeed ; was it so serious a matter ?"

"The matter itself was not serious. You would probably smile at it. But it was one in a series of difficulties which, sooner or later, would have worn me out. They were determined that numbers of Japanese laborers and mechanics — mostly of a low class, but none the worse, I dare say, for that — should join, each Sunday, in the musical part of our church service. Now I truly hope these converts are well-meaning people, and as full of good purpose as they say ; but their adoption of Christianity does not make musicians of them. They do not know, and in most cases never can know, one tone from another. To me, who have very strong feelings about religious music, it is an awful mockery that they should be allowed to turn the service into such utter ridicule as they do, merely to gratify some strange vanity of their own, or to indulge a wild fancy for making a senseless noise. It is profanation to think that the Deity can listen with approval to such barbarous uproar."

I fancied that the young lady might not have taken the matter so much to heart if she had not herself been a musician of no mean ability, and thoroughly qualified to direct, without interference, the performances of the choir. But her objections were sensible enough, as might be attested by any listener to the vocal burlesques which she condemned.

"You are quite right," I said. "Martin Luther protested against devoting good music to the devil. He would have flung his inkstand at anybody who said bad music was fit for the Almighty."

"Doctor, it may not be a very solemn subject, but I hope you will not laugh at it, for all that."

"By no means, my good young lady; you will never find me laughing at anything genuinely religious. I understand your feelings, and respect them; and I also understand the proceedings of the church managers, who in this instance desire to call attention to the increased number of Japanese in their congregations, — attendants whose sincerity, they will claim, is proved by their energetic participation in the singing."

"Energetic, indeed. But still it seems curious that these rough-grained Japanese should endure the tedium of a whole service — that is" (she corrected herself, with haste and blushes), "it must be tedium to *them* — solely for the sake of gratifying themselves in their extraordinary way for a few moments, now and then."

"It is not agreeable to break up your innocent illusions," I replied; "but you must remember there are many rival carpenters, shoemakers, grooms, applicants for domestic labor, and the like, in this neighborhood; and the missionary corps is large. Now, one way, at least, to secure patronage" —

"Say no more," she interrupted; "pray say no more. Can you discover *nothing* good to speak of the missionaries and those whom they strive to convert?"

I was silent.

"Tell me," she persisted, "have you not one friendly word to say of them? You would not, surely, venture to pronounce against them all."

"Miss Gibson," I said, with as much earnestness as I could command, strongly desiring to efface the slightest suspicion that I was capable of sharing a certain vulgar tendency among numerous foreigners to revile and discredit missionary enterprises, "I will tell you more on this head than I have latterly thought it desirable to tell any other person. During many of the years I have lived in Japan, I sought, with an earnestness I could hardly make you

realize, for missionaries whom I could hold in honor, whose characters I could unqualifiedly respect, whose methods of dealing with the Japanese seemed to me worthy of approval. It was for a long period that I pursued this investigation, with unswerving persistence. My objects were not always such as you would sympathize with, — at least not now; but I think they were disinterested and humane. I could have experienced no gratification equal to that of meeting a few good men, and especially a few good women, of your calling, in whom the loftier spirit of devotion, unselfishness, and willing sacrifice might be found. It seemed incredible that of all who came in this cause, none should be conscious of the broad and comprehensive duties that lay before them. But the inexorable fact was always staring me in the face."

"Do you mean that no single one of them equaled your hopes and wishes?"

"Not one, Miss Gibson, not one. If I sometimes thought I had encountered a simple, upright, well-meaning soul, I soon learned that it was steeped in ignorance more befitting the rudest peasant than a pretended teacher of religion. It is astounding to think of the numbers of illiterate men and women who are sent to the East charged with functions demanding the highest learning and wisdom. I could not ask coöperation from persons of this stamp, or seek to coöperate with them. Then there were many who came plainly in pursuit of gain, and with no other view. They were not of the stock I wanted. Once or twice, indeed, I have believed myself approaching a point of contact with individuals who seemed fashioned in a nobler mould; but they shrunk before such tests as I felt bound to apply, and their falling masks revealed the selfishness, or cowardice, or conceit which pervaded and dominated them. Hard disappointments, many of them, for me. It may be that I demanded greater

virtues and capabilities than mankind is commonly endowed with. I certainly looked for qualities which I knew I could not, myself, even approximately supply. But I must acknowledge to you that some years have passed since I hopelessly abandoned my efforts to make friends with any missionaries, excepting those that come to do medical work, whose studies have in most cases enlarged their understanding and endowed them with broader human sympathies. Those who appear here as clergymen only have long ceased to attract my observation. It may therefore be true that a different and worthier class has taken the place of those among whose ranks I searched in vain. I can only say that, in my time of exploration, I never caught a glimpse of success. The good material with which I might have wished to ally myself was completely nullified by the superstition, ignorance, prejudice, vanity, and presumptuous arrogance that stood in the way. You are a later observer than I. You can say whether the same obstacles still bar the way to substantial missionary progress."

In her turn, Miss Gibson was silent.

"Let us hope, then," I added, "that a change has taken place. But it is too late, in any case, for me to begin my labors over again. They must be resumed by other hands, if at all."

We were now drawing near Santo's work-shop and dwelling.

"Reflect, now," said I; "if you once go in, you break with the Philipsons for good and all. They will never forgive you."

"I will go," she answered.

"I should be sorry to persuade you to any action which might injure your prospects, and this may be serious."

"Have no fear," she rejoined; "I risk nothing. I am not irrevocably bound to them, like most of the others. I am only a volunteer, — quite free to leave and return home, if I find the work distasteful."

"Ah, then you are safe. And so, you will soon be going home. Poor Yone!"

"Thank you for saying that, doctor; but I am not sure about going home, just yet."

"My child," said I, unconsciously adopting the paternal style of address, and not exactly understanding why she began to laugh, "this is not the place for you. The real work that remains to be done in Japan is to emancipate the women and give them their rights, or a satisfactory share of them. All other tasks that women can take part in are now fairly provided for. Indeed, the Japanese have no claim to look for any more outside help, until they do justice to their own wives and sisters."

"Why cannot a woman like myself aid in bringing that about?"

"No, no; not for the present. The reform will hardly begin in my days. The most I hope is to see the foundations laid. Your youth can be given to other things, — perhaps to similar undertakings at home. When you reach a sturdy old age like mine, you may come again, and take on with the enterprise as it stands then."

"Doctor," she said saucily, as we entered the gate, "I do believe you want to do it all with your own hands, and get the whole of the glory yourself."

We were received by Santo, who had seen us drawing near, and was ready with gruff greeting at his threshold.

"You have come for Yone," he said, as soon as the ordinary salutations had been exchanged. "I will lead you to her. It is a new place, Doctor-san; you cannot find the way. The house is turned upside down. I do not like it at all."

He guided us through a passage with which I was unacquainted, and drew aside the door of a little chamber, at one end of which Yone lay upon a bed of cushions. Excusing herself for not rising, she begged us to occupy a couple of

cane chairs, to which she pointed with an air of peculiar satisfaction, at the same time inviting our attention, by a significant glance, to the unusual adornments by which she was surrounded. A table, covered with English books, was within her reach ; a tiny desk stood in a corner ; pictures hung upon the walls in what looked like profusion for a Japanese interior, and a mirror, ingeniously set in a silken frame, reflected a variety of dainty objects seldom gathered together in an Oriental dwelling.

"What part of the world are we in ?" I exclaimed, perceiving that a recognition of all this grandeur was expected.

"My husband allows it," she remarked, sedately ; "I have not thanked him enough. Indeed, he gives me no opportunity. Will it please you to enter, *dana-san* ?" she added, addressing him directly.

He stood at the entrance, a statue of stolidity, his countenance exhibiting various shades of doubt, distrust, and defiance. For a dull man, he certainly possessed a marvelous faculty of twisting his features into combinations of disagreeable expression. Before responding to Yone's invitation, he cast his eyes about the room, surveying the details with what I conceived to be an air of scornful superiority.

"Where shall I put myself ?" he demanded. "Do I look like a man who has learned to dance among eggs ? If I go in, I shall break something. It is like a foreign furniture shop. I suppose there was never such foolishness since the gods were on the earth."

"If you object" — I began, nettled at his manner.

"He does not object," Yone interposed, hastily. "If he objected, it would not be so. Why, doctor, is not that easy to see ?"

As I was not ready with an answer, she looked inquiringly at her other visitor, between whom and herself some signal of intelligent appreciation was

probably exchanged. It was too subtle for my capacity, but I observed that the girls smiled confidentially, without a shadow of annoyance at Santo's roughness. When I turned, in some bewilderment, to speak with him again, he had disappeared, and his heavy footsteps presently resounded, as he hobbled away, along the dark corridors.

"Joy go with you !" I cried ; at which the young folks smiled more contentedly than before.

"You take things very amiably," I grumbled.

"There is nothing to complain of, Dr. Charwell," said Miss Gibson, — "nothing at all."

Since they saw no cause of offense, it was not for me to incite sedition. Giving heed to the serious purpose of my call, I speedily discovered that Yone had fallen into a sad state of depression and feebleness. She had not left her couch upon the matting since her return home, two days before, and this unusual suspension of her active pursuits proved the severity of the shock she had undergone. But the coming of Miss Gibson was a better remedy than I could have provided for her. These two young persons were in closer acquaintanceship with one another than I had imagined, their meetings at the school having been frequent and their association almost intimate. For a little while I watched, with unspeakable gratification, Yone's reviving glow under the cheering influence, and then, leaving them together, I went into the boat-yard, where Santo was superintending his laborers with severity of language and gesture. It was his pleasure to assume a bearing of extreme and indiscriminate bad humor.

"This is a fine piece of work," he shouted, as I approached him. "Where is the young American man, and what am I to do with that ?" He pointed to the unfinished boat.

"Well, Santo, the American young man has gone to visit his mother in

China, like a dutiful son ; and the boat is to be finished with all the taste and skill and experienced judgment which distinguish the products of Santo Yorikichi's renowned manufactory."

"Yes, that is very ticklesome to the ear ; but who is to pay for it, I should like to know ?"

"He is to pay for it, Santo of the strong and dexterous right hand ; he is to pay for it, through me, your humble servant, in good paper money, which will be very ticklesome to the fingers."

"But he kept ordering alterations, which will make the bill very high. Do you know that ?"

"I know it very well. Everything will be paid."

"He is a strange man, that young American man. I do not understand him."

"As you say, Santo Yorikichi, he is strange, and probably it is not worth while trying to understand him. Therefore, the less we say about him, the better for us all. But everything will be paid, and if he does not return to take the boat, I shall know what to do with it. So I hope you are satisfied."

"No, I am not at all satisfied," he retorted. "There is my wife. She has been sick for a week, and the house is going to destruction."

"Pardon me, she has been sick only two days ; which I know particularly well, because I am her doctor. As to the house, it is, as usual, the neatest and cleanliest house in the empire of the Rising Sun."

"Why should she be sick, even for two days ? It is the most ridiculous thing."

"Of course, of course, Santo ; sickness is always a ridiculous thing. You were sick yourself, you know, desperately sick, not very long ago, and nothing could be more ridiculous than you were then."

The cross-grained fellow gave no other response than one of his comprehen-

sive grunts, charged, in his estimation, with as much meaning as a nod of the approved Lord Burleigh pattern. On this occasion it appeared to signify that while it might be perfectly legitimate and defensible that men should sometimes fail and droop in health, no justification could be pleaded for similar eccentricity on the part of women.

"Well, she *is* sick, Santo ; and she must have rest and change of some sort. Don't interrupt me ; I say she must. Now I know a party that is going to Hakone and thereabout, and Yone can go with them. She talks English excellently."

"And what good is that to me ?" said this pillar of contumacy.

"Why, she will be paid, no doubt ; you know she always is."

"I know she is not paid much, and I know she always wants half the money for children's reading-books, or medicine for strangers."

"This time," I urged, "she shall have double payment ; and I guarantee that she shall not ask for more than one third of the money, for the frivolous and unwarrantable purposes which you mention."

"I do not understand," he persisted, "why you all make so much disturbance about my wife. Look at the American miss, — what is it to her ? I might be on my back several tens of weeks, and nobody would be anxious for me, or cross the Sumida to inquire."

"You are entirely wrong, Santo, my friend ; it is undoubtedly out of respect to you that so many persons are interested in your wife. And you should consider that you might, indeed, fall ill again. What would happen to you, in that case ? Yone is in no condition to take care of you, as she did before. On your own account, you had better let her go and get well."

"There is reason in that. I do not altogether like it, but I will let her go. I should get no good of her, any way,

lying idle there," he grunted, in what might be the tone of a deeply injured and reluctantly resigned bear.

XXI.

AMONG THE WOODS AND MOUNTAINS.

The party of which I had spoken, in a sudden inspiration, was intended to consist of no others than Miss Gibson, Yone, and myself. I found less difficulty in putting it into practical shape than I had expected, since Miss Gibson was not sorry to have a reason for abruptly leaving her associates without apparent ill-will, and Yone needed no persuasions to cause her to cling with tender affection to the first friend of her sex, and proximately near her age, whom she had ever known.

In the lovely groves and valleys which lie at the base of the Hakone hills, my poor child passed the first hours of peaceful and unbroken enjoyment she had ever known. Miss Gibson, too, was delighted with her new companion, and set herself to playing a semi-maternal part with immense enthusiasm. For a beginning, she insisted that Yone should lay aside the garments of her people, as being cumbersome and ill suited to intricate sylvan explorations, and invested her with a loose robe of her own; protesting that the transformation was in the highest degree improving. Convenient it certainly was, but harmoniously becoming it did not appear to me, until the progressive American wrought a more complete change by abolishing the elaborate capillary structure which surmounted her friend's head. Intending at first to replace this by a foreign coiffure, she was restrained by the sight of Yone's descending rush of dark hair, which fell quite to her knees, and enveloped her like a mantle. Then the decree went forth that, during the country sojourn at least, the wavy mass should flow loose

and unconfined, without subjection to any of the fetters of an artificial civilization.

"Now, Yone," said Miss Gibson, "at last you *are* a pretty girl."

Yone accepted the eulogy with demure complacency. She had received similar assurances, on various occasions, from the same source, so that the value of the qualification implied by the words "at last" was not distinctly apparent. She was always pleased that those whom she liked should think her pretty. As a rule, she was not much interested in the question of her personal appearance. The women of Japan, for various reasons, give less heed to such matters than their sex in Western communities. The trivial consideration she had bestowed upon the subject probably led her to the conclusion that she was not, in strict truth, especially comely. It is next to certain that she had never been told so by any of her own race; and, indeed, the style which belonged to her was not at all in accordance with the Japanese traditional type of beauty. Even her hair, which just now called forth Miss Gibson's encomium, was slightly curly, — a defect which any Japanese girl who wishes to think well of herself will employ all sorts of expedients to remove. And it was not densely black, as it should have been by the native standard, but in certain lights exhibited the reddish under-tinge which so often puzzles foreign observers. As to her features and the outlines of her face, she conceived that it was necessary only to compare them with the ideals of feminine loveliness depicted by skilled Japanese artists, to discover that her endowments were not of a kind to merit approbation. On the other hand, she knew that her friends from afar must find some quality of fairness in her, as otherwise they would not put themselves to the trouble of saying so; and she was frankly gratified that anything about her was attractive to them. If we really liked it,

she would be delighted to wear Marian's dress, and let her hair swing free, until we should return to regions where conventional propriety exercised its critical sway.

It was with no superficial purpose that Miss Gibson desired to effect these changes of external appearance. She wished to make use of every expedient by which the afflicted girl's thoughts might be turned from the channels in which they had recently run, and to divert her, by various devices, from the contemplation of her past identity. The energies of the zealous American were presently devoted to awakening new interests in Yone's mind, and persuading her to look upon pure recreation and amusement as entitled to occasional consideration. In course of time she succeeded in developing a sense of humor in her companion, who, I presume, had never in her life before emitted a hearty laugh, and who, being incited thereto by her instructress, first fell into reflective astonishment at finding herself capable of such demonstrative mirth, and subsequently yielded unreservedly to the merry contagion, her voice ringing lightly through the woods, like the soft-toned bell-bird of the Japanese wilds.

But she could not be led to forego entirely the pursuits for which nature seemed to have designed her. Wherever we wandered, she found means of making herself acquainted with objects upon which to lavish thoughtful and kindly attention. Many of her busiest hours were passed in the village schools, and there was scarcely an afternoon when she was not called upon to administer solace to invalid pilgrims, who were quite as eager to secure a listener to the recital of their woes as to submit themselves to the healing influences of the baths. As we made the round of the watering-places, it was not long before Yone came to be regarded as the informal adviser and consoler of each little sojourning community; and I was sometimes

under the necessity of organizing excursive expeditions, solely to get her beyond the range of the popular sanitary resorts, and to free her from importunities which she was wholly incapable of resisting.

The days went blithely by, and we saw with delight that as our patient gathered bodily vigor and animation, her spirits rose to an even placidity which encouraged us in bright hopes for the future. I think that she was more clearly aware of our solicitude than we then supposed, and that some part of the vivacity which gratified us may have been assumed; but that was all to her advantage, in a way, since the consciousness of affording pleasure was sure to act upon her as a direct restorative. She enlivened our intervals of rest and leisure, often making them exuberantly merry by describing her personal adventures among the rustic populace and her interviews with health-seeking tourists, whose selfish garrulity did not by any means impose upon her good sense, though she was always tolerant of even their imaginary tribulations. Sometimes she had matter of graver interest with which to entertain us, for the region in which we traveled was rich in historical associations, and enabled her to recall many a tale of mediæval gallantry and daring. With all her gentleness, she was not insensible to the warlike glory which was once the revelry of her race, and the flash of her eye, the thrill of her voice, as she repeated the ancient legends of heroism and devotion, told us that in the depths of her quiet little spirit there were still some sparks of the fire that had burned in the souls of her ancestors.

While in the vein of martial reminiscence, she narrated, one evening, as we sat in the garden of an old inn at Dogashima, the story which for nearly three hundred years had been the pride of her family, and in which the valorous traditions of her forefathers had culmi-

nated. Through many centuries the house of Yamada had held conspicuous rank, its foundation and rise being authentically recorded in the remote ages preceding Nara. It was from an offshoot of this ancient stock that our Yone was directly descended. Her own pedigree dated from the memorable battle of Sekigahara, in 1600, when the privilege of creating a new line was conferred upon a cadet of the name, in reward for an act of precocious bravery. The Yamada of that day, a captain of prowess, on setting out at nightfall for the field upon which the fortunes of the illustrious chieftain Iyeyasu were to be finally established, left his youngest son at a village hard by, in charge of the few retainers who could be spared from the coming engagement. The lad had pleaded for permission to follow and observe the conflict, if he might not join in it; but his tender years—he was but thirteen—forbade the expectation that he could possibly be of service, and made it probable that his presence would be an incumbrance. His entreaties were disregarded, but as a solace to his disappointment he was authorized to proceed cautiously, on the following day, starting after the noon meal, to a point at which he might hope to meet his sire, returning victorious.

In the early hours of the eventful morning, the neighborhood was excited by divergent rumors from the scene of strife, but as the sun ascended reports of unvaried disaster began to spread dismay among the adherents of the Tokugawa champion. When these grew more darkly ominous, the child's anxiety became uncontrollable. With all his youthful energy he urged the little body of attendants to anticipate the time of departure, and to advance with him at once to the fighting-ground. Their inclination was as keen as his own, but the word of the master was their law, and they dared not to stir. Still the portentous tidings continued to expand,

until, in desperation, the boy flung out reproaches and taunts, accusing his loyal servitors of selfish indifference, and inflaming them with vehement appeals to the loftier sense of honor, beside which the merit of tame obedience was a dull and spiritless virtue. He pictured their lord in an extremity of peril from which a single bold stroke might rescue him, and warned them that if calamity should result from their inaction the shame would rest upon them and their memory forever. At last his passionate prayers prevailed. Mounting their horses in haste, they rode forth with shouts of fierce acclamation; and long before the tide of combat had finally turned, the chivalrous stripling had led them to the heart of the fray, where, with a silent obeisance, he placed his small reserve at his father's disposal.

The relief came at a critical moment, when the strength of half a dozen fresh men-at-arms was eagerly welcomed. An hour later, the enemies of Iyeyasu were flying in disorder to their strongholds, and numbers of his officers were directing the division of the spoils, and distributing rewards among their deserving followers. In the centre of a sombre group stood Yamada, his countenance wearing an expression of sorrowful dejection, in place of the proud exultation that had lighted it in the moment of triumph. Before him knelt his son and the four survivors of the party who had come to aid him in his greatest need. To them he owed perhaps his life, and assuredly the augmented glory which the issue of that day would bring to his house. But the rule of domestic discipline was not less rigorous, in that stern age, than the military law which governed public actions. Both had been violated when the paternal injunction was set at naught. The fame of the youthful hero and his gallant band would descend to the latest generations, but their bodies must be sacrificed to the immutable decree. They had known,

even while starting upon their errand of devotion, that, whatever service they might render their master, they were riding to their own doom. Death thus encountered, and inflicted by their own hands, had no terror for them. It was inevitable, and they asked only for authority to immolate themselves upon the field of valor, that their renown might be mingled everlastingly with that of the mighty victory. Already the swords were bared, when a messenger dashed into the circle, bringing orders from the supreme commander to arrest the proceedings. Seated on his camp-chair, at a little distance, and exchanging pleasantries with the nobles, as was his habit after each successful contest, the conqueror of all Japan had caught the story as it flew from mouth to mouth, and, with the impulsive generosity that nobly distinguished his character, resolved to interpose his fiat against the exaction of a penalty which, though demanded by conventional usage, he had the undoubted power to remit. At his command the harsh ordinance was suspended, and it was proclaimed that the four *samurai* should be held guiltless of the sin of insubordination; while the daring boy was further distinguished, after the manner of the times, by the award of a separate crest, and by elevation to independent knighthood. From this incident sprang the secondary branch of the family, whose sole remaining representative was now our gentle friend.

"Look at her!" cried Miss Gibson, as Yone stood erect in the moonlight, her whole bearing animated in an unusual degree by the emotions which her recital had kindled. "Look at her! She wants only a suit of armor to be the living image of the young cavalier, I do believe."

"You must not say that," Yone objected, in a tone from which all the vibrant resonance was suddenly banished, and smiling in deprecation. "I am only a woman."

"Only a woman, indeed! And what am I, madam, if you please?"

"You, Marian? Oh, it is different. You are an American. If I were like you" —

"Listen to her, doctor," laughed the cheerful Bostonian; "it sounds vastly like ambition, that little 'if.' The world is moving swiftly in this part of Asia."

"Ambition," repeated Yone, softly, — "may such a word be spoken by a Japanese girl?"

"Why not, my dear, — why not by you as well as by me?"

"Can you ask that? If I felt in my heart the wish to rise a little from the earth, how could I ever do it? You do not know, but I think the doctor has sometimes guessed — for he sees everything that is in me — that I have had my foolish dreams, my pictures of a real life, perhaps a useful life. Yes, I have thought what it must be to feel truly free, to have the right to be fearless, to look for a path of noble action and try to walk in it. You will not chide me, Marian; I know it is only my wandering, vain fancy. You would not tell it to anybody."

Understanding her character and her present needs better than her new companion, I took to myself the privilege of intruding.

"Who can say?" I suggested, in a matter-of-fact strain. "Your chance might come, some day. If you wait patiently, we may find a way for you to do something of the kind you wish."

"Why, doctor, I shall be provoked at you!" exclaimed Miss Gibson, impetuously. "What is she doing now, from morning till night, wherever she goes?"

"Playing, surely," said Yone, opening her big eyes. "I think of nothing but to enjoy myself, all the day long."

"Playing, you dear child!" responded Miss Gibson. "Oh, Yone, I would be more than content if my whole existence were made up of such play as yours."

"Yone is all right," I interjected ; "she has her fashion of amusing herself, and she is satisfied, I presume. She will have to be satisfied while we are here, for there shall be no hard work if I can prevent it."

But now our patient chose to be afflicted with compunctions.

"No, Marian, it is not fair," she protested. "How can you speak so of yourself? Think of where you are, and what you are here for. You have come thousands of miles from your American home to labor for the good of strangers, who can offer you nothing in return, and who hardly know how to thank you. It is beautiful to do that. No woman of my country can have such happiness."

She reflected a moment, during which we said nothing.

"I am sure it must be a happiness," she continued. "Why should so many come, if it is not their best pleasure to bring wisdom and learning from distant lands, and plant them among our people? And to give all so graciously, — what is there more noble in the world?"

I did not care to oppose her, and it was not easy to acquiesce in these ardent eulogies, so I bethought me of Santo's inarticulate vocabulary, and, borrowing his method, evaded responsibility by grunting, — a form of expression not at all satisfactory to Miss Gibson, who turned upon me with vivacity.

"If it gratifies her to believe so," she remonstrated, "why should we seek to harden her? For my part, I am thankful that she is willing to shut her eyes to unpleasant things."

"As you like," I replied, not in the most lenient humor. "Let us make a Juggernaut of the entire foreign system, and prostrate ourselves before it. How many would you wish to see crushed?"

Miss Gibson perceived that further discussion would vex me, and was considerably disposed to abandon the topic ; but Yone's mind had long been over-

charged, and, with a fervor which betrayed itself in the unsteadiness of her utterance, she presently broke the silence, addressing her words more directly to me.

"It grieves me," she said, "that any troubles of mine should cause my best friends to differ, even in the smallest trifle. I would far rather have them all forgotten. Nothing would make me speak of them but the fear that they are too harshly remembered by you who care so much for me. It is not right or respectful to set my judgment against that of one who has been my teacher and protector since childhood, and I should not dare to do it in any case ; but as he is always indulgent, he will let me ask if it may not be that his generous affection — which is the most precious of all his gifts — makes him more pitiful to me than he is just to others. These are bold things to say ; I am not used to be so forward. Do I displease you, doctor?"

"No, child, no," I answered ; "but this is holiday time. I wish you would bear that in mind."

"If I do not displease you," she resumed, "I hope I may tell you how I feel. It seems that you mean never to forgive those persons who have been ruthless to me ; that your anger will not die, but burns stronger every day. And I am the cause. If it were another who had been unkindly treated, you would not be so unrelenting."

"Come, Yone," I expostulated ; "if we must talk about them, let us keep within reason. There is no justice in straining charity so far as to cover the misdeeds of the Philipsons. That is my conviction, at any rate. You'll not expect me to overlook what they have done."

"That is not to be expected, truly," she admitted. "Have I not said that I should enter their house no more? It is a great support, it gives me courage and strength, that you do not overlook

what they have done to me ; and if I ever ceased to be grateful I should not be fit to live. But I am only one. Though they did indeed harm me, they have helped others. Many I know whom they have sheltered, and fed, and taught ; lifting them from ignorance and wretchedness ; nursing them when they were sick ; saving them from suffering, sometimes from disgrace. Shall I make myself blind to what has been done for them ? I look often with great wonder at those ladies, and all like them, who come across the oceans to offer comfort and knowledge and happiness to our poor and humble. You have no need to wonder, you and Marian, for you also are here for the same purpose. It is not marvelous in your sight, but it fills me with amazement and reverence. They may make mistakes ; oh, yes, who is there that can be always sure of doing right ? I am not likely to forget what has happened to me, but you would be the first to reprove me if I denied the charities and the blessings that they have lavished upon the children of my people. And yet you will acknowledge none of them now, because I have been hurt. It is as if I were to blame."

"I could answer you in many ways," I rejoined ; "but you are an obstinate infant, and I might never convince you. Certainly I shall not permit you to convince me. Cruelty is too ugly a thing for me to countenance or commend."

"Doctor, are you quite fair to me ?" she pleaded. "That is so much more than I have ever said or thought. To commend cruelty ! I do not know what it means. But for many actions that cannot be commended it is possible to find excuses, — to explain them in ways which make us judge them less severely. I do not wish to oppose you. It is not becoming that I should doubt anything you tell me, but you must let me believe that those who seem to show too little feeling for others are often moved by

their ideas of duty, and not by a desire to cause injury or pain."

"Oh, if you reason on that line, you can trace most of the crimes of history to false doctrines of duty."

"I have heard so ; and does not that take from them their worst sinfulness ? If duty governs, perhaps there is no crime. The wickedness should be in the intention."

"We know pretty well what wickedness is, Yone, and we can recognize suffering when we feel it or see it. I shall not tolerate the notion of a duty that goes against my honest convictions."

"If all people could be of one mind, it would be plain and simple," she proceeded. "The laws are so unlike in different cases. Yet if we may not trust the sense of duty that is strong within us, what is to be our guide ? There was Miura Kitasaburo. I did not tell you about him, the story was growing so long. He was the leader of the little guard that remained with my ancestor, and who left the place where he was ordered to remain. Will you listen to what befell him ?"

We cried out against the suppression of any part of the romantic legend, and Yone then went on to relate the sequel : —

"Miura was a hardy soldier, and had followed the flag of Iyeyasu through many wars. He was famed for his loyalty, and it was the habit of his companions to measure their constancy by his example. His friends boasted that he had never suffered a rebuke, and that, of all the retainers of Yamada, he was known as one whose faith had been as spotless as his sword and as unswerving as the thrust of his lance. Until he rode, that morning, to Sekigahara, his face had never turned from the line of strict obedience, and for the first time his courage fell as he advanced to meet his chief, who received him with words of flaming anger, casting reproofs at him for bringing the last son of the house

into deadly peril, from which it might happen that the proud family name would be blotted from the roll of living samurai. 'To you, Kitasaburo,' he cried, 'I gave the keeping of my hopes for future ages; and you have betrayed me!' Then Miura knew that his honor could be redeemed only by a solemn and terrible expiation. He fought with strength and skill, and all men saw that his arm was mighty in hastening the hour of victory. With a heart free from care, and eager to repair the fault that had been charged upon him, he made ready to offer his life in atonement, knowing that he would thus regain the favor of his lord, and win back his place in the world's esteem. When the command of great Iyeyasu came, relieving him and his comrades from the penalty, forbidding them to shed their blood, and declaring them free from guilt, he alone displayed no satisfaction. He stood apart, like one bearing a weight too heavy for mortal endurance. Throughout the afternoon he moved as if in a dark dream, — joyless, oppressed with gloom. At the moment of his expected doom his face had shone with cheerfulness and content, and it was only when the fatal decree was set aside that his spirit drooped and languished. For an hour, perhaps more, he disappeared into seclusion; then as the day was about to end, he came to the front of his captain's tent, and kneeling, with his eyes turned to the setting sun, he bowed his head, and swiftly passed from this earth, to join the brotherhood of stainless warriors whose renown could be dimmed by no breath of reproach, and whose glory would last unsullied so long as uprightness and fidelity should claim the homage of mankind. It was an act of rare nobleness, judged by the unflinching precepts of those days. Iyeyasu himself came to gaze upon the body, and the tradition says that tears were on his cheeks as he stood speechless beside it, for his soul was touched at the proof of

such true manliness, — as it was then regarded. A scroll was found fastened to the dead man's sword, upon which, in accordance with the practice on these grave occasions, he had written his last words, in poetic measure. The lines have not the form of Western verse, but this is their meaning: —

The steel corroded by poisonous vapors is
cleansed with the blood of repentance.
Let the rust of a moment be forgotten in the
lustre of a thousand ages.

Thus, in giving up his existence, the sturdy soldier left to his descendants a legacy which they have never ceased to cherish as their most glorious possession. The name of Yamada, which is my title to respect in my own province, had no surer foundation of merit than that of the more lowly born clansmen who served our house through all the years of peace, until the great earthquake of change came, a little after my birth-time, and the old ties of fellowship and vassalage were destroyed. While the feudal beliefs lingered, it was a custom in our part of Owari to connect my family with the remembrances of daring bravery which belonged to the past; and Miura's was associated with the sentiment of staunch and steadfast duty."

"Thank you for the tale, Yone," I said, when she had finished. "These recollections of old Japan give us plenty of matter for meditation. Are we to apply the moral to suit ourselves?"

"It is only that the influence of duty is too powerful for any of us to resist. In the sight of foreigners the conduct of Miura would seem extravagant and strained, and even among my countrymen the spirit which prompted it is said to be fading away. Nevertheless, it was the highest chivalry three centuries ago, and it will be long before the principle is wholly forgotten. The message which the faithful samurai left did much to mould the character of those who succeeded him. The sword, which they have sacredly guarded, has been their

symbol of integrity and devotion. I have myself known them to put it to fearful uses, in preservation of the family honor. No one has questioned the motives of their acts, and no suspicion of an unworthy purpose has fallen upon them, yet I have heard them condemned for carrying their convictions of what is right and needful to tragical extremities. I am an ignorant child; I have moved in narrow circles; my experience has no value. I can only think, and think again. I, too, must hearken to the bidding of my conscience, and submit to its instructions. Then, tell me, am I to say that others whom I meet in my little world are less honest, or true, or sincere than I? Would you be content with me if this were my belief? Dear doctor, you are learned and wise, and I look to you for the laws that rule my life; but it will be an affliction if you gainsay me in this, for I do not feel that I can here be wrong."

Her voice fell as she uttered these last words, and, for many minutes after, no sound but the gathering murmurs of the autumn night followed her pleading, tremulous tones. I did not attempt to answer her; I could not. The faint rustle of the forest trees, the ripple of hurrying streams, the hum of the busy insects, the plaintive breathing of the winds, all the intense and thrilling whispers of the wilderness, seemed, in my softened imagination, to echo and prolong the tender human appeal with touching and persuasive eloquence. Miss Gibson, who had taken but little part in the conversation, rose without speaking, and folded her companion's slender figure in her arms. It was with a strange

mingling of emotions that I at length roused myself to give the reply which was awaited.

"Let it pass, Yone. If I think you are wrong I shall not try to change you. Your own way is the best — for you; and for me it does not matter. Follow your way, my dear, while you can. All I wish is that you shall be happy. You know that we depend upon that a great deal, Miss Gibson and I. You must not lead yourself into excitement and worry, — that disturbs me. You are discomposed because you fear I am tempted to be revengeful with the Philipsons. Well, I promise that I will do nothing in revenge, either on your account or mine. That ought to satisfy you; and, in return, you will drive away all your anxious thoughts as quickly and completely as you can."

She came and knelt by my side.

"I was afraid, dear doctor, that I had made you offended with me, and now you are more kind than ever before. I think no other woman in the world has had such friends as I have, in you and Marian."

"When I first met Dr. Charwell," said Miss Gibson, in little broken fragments of phrases, striving with very imperfect success to be firm and coherent, "when he told me of you, Yone, what you were, what I should find in you, what I should learn from you, I did not dream how speedily and surely his prophecy would be fulfilled. He has been my best friend, too, in this land, for he has given me you, to love me better than I deserve, and to be loved with all my humble heart, my own true darling."

E. H. House.

CICERO IN THE SENATE.

"FOLLOW Nature, and take not the opinion of the multitude for the guide of your life."

Such, according to Plutarch, was the response delivered to Marcus Tullius Cicero, when, after his delightful year of travel and study in Greece, he inquired of the Delphic oracle whether he might better devote the portion of life that lay before him — he was then twenty-nine — to literature or to politics. The answer was worded with all the customary ingenuity of the oracle, and though it might have been, and in fact was, thought rather to favor a line of studious retirement, the inquirer was by no means deterred by it from returning forthwith to Rome, and plunging into that exciting career of the law-courts and the Forum, where he had already made a name, and in which, for a full generation to come, he was to play so prominent a part. Yet all through that life of keen action, up to its tragical end, there were intervals, as the world has reason gratefully to remember, when the philosopher reasserted himself. There were forced arrests and solemn pauses in the progress of his fate, when the man of affairs had leisure for reflection, — when the baffled patriot was fain to turn his eyes away from the flux of transitory things, and fix them upon steadfast realities; and in some one of these, especially toward the last, the fancy may well have occurred to him that there had been a mystical meaning in the deliverance of the antiquated god which he was far from suspecting at the time, and that, all unwilling and unwitting, he had actually in some sort obeyed the oracular injunction.

So, at least, it seems to the student of Cicero's mundane story, nineteen hundred and thirty years after its close.

He lived much in the eye of the multitude, indeed, and was tickled by its applause, — no man more so; but he instinctively disdained the many-headed monster, and over and over again, in the course of his public life, he openly and valiantly defied it. While of all the men of antiquity, and notwithstanding his frank and irritable personal vanity, he seems to us the least calculating and *poseur*, he remains the most entirely natural. We know him a great deal better than we know the men of our own day, who wear conventional masks, and use polite fictions in our presence. We know him better, perhaps, than a man can ever be known before his death. Our sense of intimacy is chiefly due, of course, to the preservation of so many of his private letters; but it is also true that the charm and value of the letters themselves depend on their inimitable *naïveté*. Thousands instead of hundreds of them might have come down to us, without affording that complete and brilliant mirror which we now possess of all the beauties and the blemishes of the writer's inner man. It is only a person of a certain rare moral and mental *style*, of an almost impossibly nice balance between wit and simplicity, candor and *finesse*, who can thus luminously reveal himself, even to his closest friends. Thackeray could; and we who have just closed, with a reluctant sigh, a meagre installment of the correspondence of our fascinating contemporary may get pleasure of a strikingly similar order from dipping yet once again into the letters of the famous Roman orator and statesman to Titus Pomponius Atticus, and others of his intimate friends.

These letters as we possess them — the larger and by far the most interesting portion of them were discovered by Petrarch at Verona in 1345 —

begin with the year 68 B. C., 686 of the city of Rome, and the fortieth of the writer's age. A full decade had elapsed since he consulted the oracle at Delphi. In the interval he had been married to Terentia, a lady of family and fortune, and he was now in the perfect prime of his manhood; while the period was an incomparably interesting and critical one in the history of the Roman state. Marius had been dead eighteen years and Sulla ten, but the popular and aristocratic factions roughly represented by their names were still struggling for the mastery of Rome, and the hour of subjugation and final dishonor for the old free commonwealth was near at hand. Cnæus Pompeius, born in the same year as Cicero, had fought with great honor in the civil wars, had conquered Spain, entered Rome twice in triumph, and received the title of Great. Julius Cæsar, who was six years younger, and of whom, at seventeen, the great Sulla had significantly said that "there were many Mariuses in that boy," was just coming into prominence as a democratic leader. Marcus Junius Brutus (καὶ οὐ τέκνον!) was in his eighteenth year, and Cato of Utica, whom he made his political model, and whose daughter Portia he married, was in his twenty-eighth. Vergil was a two-year-old infant at Mantua, while Horace was first to see the light at Venusia, in the Apennines, three years later, and Octavius Augustus, at Velletri, five years later, in the year of Cicero's own consulship. So much for the coincidences in time of the orator's life with those of his contemporaries, whom all the world knows well.

Born in the middle rank of life, but of parents personally refined, Cicero's childhood had been passed in a rural home of singular beauty, and the clever, delicate boy had been thoroughly educated by the very best Latin and Greek masters of the day. At the period when the letters begin, he was not merely the

head of the Roman bar, — only Hortensius having the slightest pretension to rival him as a pleader, — but he had held in succession all the great political offices for which his age had thus qualified him. He was quæstor at Lilybæum, in Sicily, at thirty-two, and managed the finances of that beautiful and much-plundered province with a degree of wisdom and fairness which thoroughly endeared him to its inhabitants. He had enjoyed his sojourn upon the island, also, for the opportunity it gave him of cultivating his own antiquarian tastes. The splendid monuments of Grecian art whose ruins overawe us yet were already old in Cicero's day; and that bygone day seems to draw wonderfully near our own, when we read of the enthusiastic Roman searching amid the vines and brambles of an abandoned cemetery, until he brings to light, and triumphantly identifies by the device carven upon it, the tomb of the philosopher Archimedes.

Cicero returned from Sicily, as he good-humoredly admits, exceedingly well pleased with himself and his doings there; and he tells with delightful relish, albeit at his own expense, the story of his intense mortification and disgust, when, on landing at the then fashionable watering-place of Puteoli (Pozzuoli), he was languidly questioned by an exquisite, whom he met lounging on the beach, about the latest news *from Rome*. Two years later, after his election to the ædileship of the next year (an office which conferred the superintendence of the public buildings of Rome, and the regulation of certain great games and shows), Cicero revisited Sicily, to collect evidence against Verres, whom he had himself impeached for his frightful maladministration as governor of the island. He was accompanied upon this professional trip by his beloved cousin Lucius, who had studied with him at Athens, and whose early death Cicero feelingly deplores in the first passage of the first letter which we possess from his hand: —

"Just as much pleasure as one man can derive from the sweet disposition of another I had from him. And I know that you [Atticus] will also grieve, both for my sorrow and because you too have lost a friend and connection, graced by every charm of person and manner, and one who loved you, not merely on my showing, but of his own free motion."

The Atticus to whom this was written, and to whom were addressed about half of the eight hundred odd letters of Cicero which have come down to us, was a rich Roman gentleman, long resident in Greece, where, beside a town-house at Athens, he had immense estates in Epirus. He lived abroad, as we should say, simply because he liked to do so. He was a neutral in Roman politics, a great connoisseur and patron of the fine arts, an Epicurean by philosophical profession, an uncommonly shrewd man of business as well, and "intimate with all the best Romans (of all shades of opinion) from Sulla to Augustus." Perhaps it is this very catholicity which causes one slightly to distrust him. Is it possible for so canny a person to have been altogether sincere? The contrast is great, at all events, between the wary, circumspect, and impartial ways of Atticus and the vehement and outspoken though continually shifting prepossessions, the sanguine temper, and heedless faith in every good fellow he met of Cicero himself. Pomponia, the sister of Atticus, a distinctly unpleasant woman, had married Quintus, the younger brother of Marcus Cicero, and the correspondents had therefore always those interests in common which depend upon close family connection. Domestic affairs hold a prominent place in the first dozen letters, which were all written before the year when Cicero was consul. Quintus and Pomponia have quarreled, and our Cicero is much dis-

turbed. Then they have gone up to the old family place at Arpinum, in the Volscian Mountains, and appear to be getting on better. Perhaps it was the death, at this time, of the elder Cicero, the father of Marcus and Quintus, which for the moment had drawn them together. He was an amiable and *mal-adif* gentleman, who lived always in the country, devoting himself to his books, and the embellishment of the ancestral home, and the care of his precarious health. He had no ambition, seemingly, but for his sons, to both of whom he had given fine educations, and every facility for making a figure in the great world. "*Tulliola deliciolæ nostræ*," — "My little darling of a Tullia's" name occurs in almost every one of these early letters; and the deepest joy, and, alas! the sharpest sorrow, of the father's life were latent, had he but known it, in these words. "*Tulliola* wants that present you promised her, and is dunning me as your bondsman. It will be safer for me to repudiate than to pay on your behalf." And again: "Little Tullia is going to have the law of you!"

Cicero acquires the villa at Tusculum at about this time; and who that remembers that incomparable site, the fresh airs and beautiful vegetation of the Alban mountain side, the great view Rome-ward and seaward, can wonder at his raptures over the place? "I am so delighted with it that I am delighted with myself the moment I arrive there." Now he can begin his letters with a flourish equal to his friend's own: "Being in my Tusculanum, I can say, as you say, 'Being in Ceramicus.'" He sends to Atticus lavish commissions for statues, bas-reliefs, and all manner of *objets d'art* to adorn the villa: "If you are able to lay your hands on any sort of gymnasiac¹ ornaments suit-

¹ Cicero was for carrying out all manner of Greek fashions in his new country-house. A *gymnasium* signified a place for philosophical discussion: a hall with marble seats, frequent-

ly with a fountain in the centre, and surrounded by an open colonnade, or walk planted with trees.

able for the place you wot of, pray do not fail to secure them." "Agreeably to your instructions, I have provided Lucius Cincius with 200,400 sesterii" (about \$8000) "to pay for the Megaric Marbles." "I am delighted with what you write me of the Hermathena.¹ It is exactly the sort of ornament for my academy: Hermes being the common emblem of all schools, and Athena of this particular one." "The statues which you sent before I have not yet seen. They are at my Formian villa" (at Caieta, the modern Mola di Gaeta), "where I am soon going. I shall have them all taken to Tusculum. If there are too many for my purposes, I will adorn Caieta with the overplus." "Consider, as you promised, how I am to manage my library." "Keep fast hold of your precious books, and do not despair of my being able, one day, to make them mine. If I could, I should be richer than Crassus himself, and should envy no man his houses and lands."

In the same year, the third of the correspondence, we hear that the little Tullia, then eleven at most, has been betrothed to Calpurnius Piso, the first and by far the worthiest of her three husbands. Also, the grandmother of Atticus has died, and Cicero remarks, with more than a suspicion of irony, that he must leave to Saufeius, a philosopher of the Epicureans, who held that death was no evil, the task of consoling his friend. "She died," he proceeds, in the same vein of *méchanceté*, "of her grief at the separation from yourself, and her fear lest the Latin festivities should not come up to time, and the proper sacrifices be performed upon the Alban mount." Cicero's respect for the fussy old lady was evidently slight, and he was at no pains to affect any such sentiment. Decorum was never his foible.

Cicero now held the last in the as-

cending grade of civil offices which it was necessary to fill before aspiring to a seat in the Senate. He was a *novus homo*, an epithet which undoubtedly conveyed something of the same odium that attaches to the word *parvenu*; although in the parlance of republican Rome it meant simply that he was the first of his family to hold any of those public offices which qualified for a seat in the Senate. For this reason he had been advised, the first time he was a candidate, to change the name of Cicero, on account of its bucolic association with the cultivation of vetches, and had repelled the suggestion with scorn. "I will make my name," he boasted, "as illustrious as the oldest in Rome:" and it must be owned that he kept his promise handsomely. In this year, therefore, 66 B. C., Cicero was prætor of the city. He presided as chief magistrate at all criminal trials, and now, for the first time, he might not merely occupy a chair of state² on public occasions, — which his office of ædile had also enabled him to do, — but he might walk the streets of Rome preceded by two lictors bearing the *fascēs*, or bundles of elm-tree rods, with an axe bound in and projecting from them, which had been among the insignia of high office ever since the hoary days of the kings.

In the middle of the next summer, 65 B. C., Cicero's forty-third year, we find him beginning systematically to canvass for the supreme dignity of the state, and as usual he pours out everything to Atticus: "I intend to begin *shaking hands* in the Campus Martius on the 17th of July, about the time that these letters get off. It seems certain that I shall have Galba, Antonius, and Quintus Cornificius for competitors. You may laugh or groan at these names as you will, but here is something to make you smite your brow in anguish:

¹ A tall marble pedestal, surmounted by a bronze bust with two faces, — one of Hermes and one of Athena.

² *Sella curulis*, an uncomfortable-looking marble stool, without arms or back, having two pairs of interlaced bronze legs.

there is talk even of Cæsonius!" Nobody knows what Cæsonius had done, but a more familiar name follows, an ominous one indeed for our candidate: "Catiline will undoubtedly stand, provided the judges decide that the sun does not shine at noonday!"

Lucius Sergius Catilina, the future conspirator ("Quousque tandem, Catilina, abutere patientia nostra?"), was at that time accused by Publius Clodius Pulcher — another name of sinister import for Cicero — of misappropriating public funds. He could not be a candidate for the consulate until acquitted of this charge, and we can see what Cicero thought of the evidence against him. Yet in the very next letter he says that he has been asked to defend Catiline, and that he is doubting whether he will do it or no! "We have the right judges" (jury), he naively says. He did not, as a matter of fact, undertake the case, but it is like him to have made no secret of his hesitation; and without doubt, he did, in the course of his life, defend others almost equally bad. Will any great modern lawyer cast a stone at him?

Political ambition is now his ruling motive, but his warm heart has abundant room for softer and more humane interests. He announces with playful formality that in this year, L. Julius Cæsar and C. Marcus Figulus being consuls, he has been blessed with a boy, and that Terentia is doing well. Also the Hermathena has come, and he is charmed with it. "I have it so well placed that it lights up the whole gymnasium like a sun."

The year 690 (64 B. C.) saw Cicero triumphant in his canvass, having been declared consul-elect for the year to come by an overwhelming popular majority. The other successful candidate was Caius Antonius, the second of the competitors named in Cicero's list, a personally insignificant and rather unprincipled man, uncle of the notorious

Mark Antony. These two were inducted into office on the 1st of January, 691. Antonius proved a nonentity in his high position: the glory of the year was all Cicero's. Before its close, he had received the honorary title of Father of his Country for the extraordinary courage and ability he displayed in discovering and effectually crushing the widespread conspiracy of Catiline. The stately old aristocrat Catulus had saluted him in the Senate as the saviour of the state, and at the close of that proudest of all his days he had gone to his home across the Forum accompanied by throngs of huzzaing citizens, and amid an improvised illumination; torches blazing on all the house-fronts, and even the Roman women and girls crowding the roofs and craning their necks to get a glimpse of the consular hero.

There are no letters extant of this culminating time. Atticus, who had come from Greece to further his friend's election, remained in Rome during his year of office, and we may seize the opportunity afforded by this break in the correspondence to gather from other sources a somewhat more precise idea of the state of parties in Rome, the general condition and aspect of the city, and the political and social position of Cicero himself.

During the season of anarchy and violence but lately closed, — the period of the Marian and Sullan wars, — the republic had in truth received her death-blow; but no good patriot — and there were still many in Rome — had more than dimly foreboded, in moments of unusual depression, that it might be so. The crisis of misrule was supposed to be over, the state recovering from the shock she had sustained, and in a fair way to regain her ancient robust health. The *optimates*, or aristocratic party in particular, the good conservatives whose stronghold was in the Senate, and with whom Cicero was thoroughly and by profound conviction identified, believed

that the unwritten constitution of Rome was a something eternal and indestructible; and that the salvation of society depended entirely on a restoration of those old constitutional forms, of late so frequently and grossly violated. They saw clearly enough the dangers that threatened the civic order from the encroachments of an irresponsible mob, as manipulated by desperate aristocrats and unscrupulous demagogues; and they were just now seeking to strengthen their position by a firmer alliance with the middle or equestrian class, which of late, through the enormous increase of wealth due to its peculiar financial opportunities,¹ had risen to a new importance. This coalition between the upper and middle orders was a principal feature of Cicero's own darling programme, his panacea for all the ills of the failing commonwealth. He, as well as the great Pompey, — the first man in Rome at that moment, as Cicero was undoubtedly the second, — had sprung from the equestrian class; and though so closely allied by education, association, and sympathy with the optimates, they owed much of their power over the masses, no doubt, to the fact that they were not of patrician birth. Cicero, in particular, had won the popular heart at the very outset of his forensic career by his fearless defense of some of the victims of Sulla's tyranny; and he still held the idle multitude enthralled, whenever he spoke from the rostra, by the incomparable magic of his tongue. Pompey had made great the Roman name abroad in a manner that ministered to the pride of the meanest citizen, and had refrained, seemingly of his own moderation and in the pure interest of law and order, from usurping that dictatorial power which the command of so many victorious legions laid ready to his hand. To afford a further illustration of the disintegration of parties and the subversion of

¹ The knights were the farmers of the public revenue.

time-honored precedents then rapidly going on, we may observe, in passing, that both Cæsar, who was presently to make Pompey the tool of his own ambition, and Clodius, who was to repudiate his birthright for the sake of more effectually crushing Cicero, to say nothing of the infamous Catiline and most of his crew, were all patricians *pur sang*, and of the oldest lineage in Rome.

As for the theatre on which these men played their famous parts, — the visible Rome of the last days of the republic, — we fancy that we know something of its general aspect. It was still the "city of brick" that Augustus found, and had by no means assumed that air of regal magnificence, never equaled before or since, that far-shining splendor of sculptured façade and gleaming column, doomed to dazzle the eyes and turn the brain of the invading Barbarian. The streets were not yet widened and straightened by the strong hand of imperial improvement. Many even of those which diverged from the Forum were narrow and tortuous; betraying by their devious and inconvenient course the haste and heedlessness of effect with which Rome had been rebuilt, after its destruction by the Gauls three hundred years before. The houses of the poor were wretched: tall, toppling, roofed with wood, the prey of frequent fires. But the Forum and the Capitol were already nobly adorned. There were long lines of imposing colonnades and statues, in the Greek style, in every circus, theatre, and square. That most excellent of the optimates, Catulus, had received some years before, and was executing with enthusiasm, the commission — his enemies called it the "job" — of enlarging and beautifying the supreme temple of the Capitoline Jove. He was now in process of overlaying its roof with plates of gold; but opinions were divided about the effect of this innovation, and it was thought in very bad taste, as the elder Pliny tells us, by some of the older folk. The slopes of the

Palatine were occupied by sumptuous private dwellings, with porticoes and perrons of richly tinted foreign marbles, one of the finest on the side toward the Forum being that which Cicero himself bought, at about this time, of the future triumvir, M. Crassus. On the other side of the city, in the quarter which embraced the Pincian, or "hill of gardens," Lucullus and Sallustius were building on a yet more lavish scale; and here, there, and everywhere, within the circuit of the walls, there were large open spaces reserved for lawns and groves. On one of the estates on the Palatine, the property of an elder Crassus, there were six magnificent lotus-trees, of so extraordinary an age and size that they were held to represent half the value of the place. The Rome of that day must certainly have had a touch of homelier pleasantness about it than the more gorgeous Rome evoked by the great transformation machinery of the Emperors. Outside the city lay a smiling campagna, well wooded still in many parts, and bright with the crops of continuous and highly cultivated farms down to the very border of the sea. The sweeping curves of the Tiber and the Anio did not lack the green shadows cast by abundant leafage; the mountains on the southern horizon were fair as we see them to-day, — and fairer they could not be; the great highways, now flanked by miles of half-obliterated ruin, were teeming with multifarious life; the arches of the great Marcian aqueduct already marched away to the hills in unbroken procession, stepping with all the vigor of youth.

So the memorable year of Cicero's consulship came to an end. Catiline, the arch-conspirator, had fled to the camp of the insurgents at Fiesole, to fall in arms only a few weeks later, near the modern town of Pistoia, while his principal accomplices had been strangled in prison, in the early days of December, by Cicero's own orders. There was a

doubt whether the act were legal; whether the senatorial decree — "*Videant consules ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat*," which was equivalent to the proclamation of martial law — did really confer upon the twin chief magistrates power of life and death over seditious citizens; and Cicero shows plainly enough, by the heat with which, on various occasions, he argues the question, that he had his own misgivings. Still, there are times when a brave ruler must be prepared to go beyond the law. The act had been loudly and gratefully applauded, not by the professed party of order merely, but by the people *en masse*, and it had unquestionably stayed off a revolution, and for the time being saved the state. Cicero was now a senator of the highest, or consular, rank, and was negotiating for the fine mansion upon the Palatine, to which allusion has already been made, as a residence suitable to his dignity. Of the two provinces to the governorship of one of which he had a right, as ex-consul, he had surrendered the richer, Macedonia, to his colleague, Antonius; and subsequently, the latter, that of Cisalpine Gaul, or Northern Italy, to Quintus Metellus Celer, with command of the troops that were sent out against Catiline. He was at the summit of his fortune, and a popular idol still, but sundry small specks were appearing in the heaven of his prosperity, and the letters of the ensuing year, 692 (62 B. C.), will show how rapidly these developed.

The first is to Cnæus Pompeius in Asia, and begins with a ceremonious congratulation on his final victory over King Mithridates, and the occupation of Judæa. There follows a passage worded with the same scrupulous politeness, but showing plainly enough that the writer was wincing under a sense of unappreciated merit: —

"I was gratified by the letter which you sent me" (in addition to his public dispatch), "although it contained no very

clear indication of your disposition toward myself. There is nothing from which I, personally, derive greater satisfaction than the consciousness of having been of use to my friends; and if, in any case, there seems to have been no fair return for my devotion, I am quite willing that the balance of benefits conferred should remain upon my side. If my own earnest zeal in your behalf has failed to attach you to me, I still feel confident that we shall be drawn and bound together by the interests of the republic."

Then, suddenly casting off the buckram which at all times irked him so, "Let me speak plainly, however," he goes on, "about the lack which I feel in your letter, as it is my nature to do, and as our friendship warrants. I did certainly think you owed it, both to me and the republic, to make some acknowledgment of my late services."

Of all men's applause for his great consular achievement, Cicero had most desired that of Pompey the Great, the first general in the world, and the recognized head of his own political party. Pompey afar off, reducing Spanish bandits to order and exacting tribute from Eastern satraps, was the hero of Cicero's imagination; the man who was to restore the tarnished glories of the commonwealth; the man with whom, of all others, he most desired to act in concert and appear in close alliance before the world. But the moment the two came into close contact, there was that in the cold and neutral character of Pompey which repelled the sensitive spirit of the ex-consul, and made havoc with all his illusions. Great he might be, but he was never generous. If he did not exaggerate his own importance, he had a dull dislike of distinction in others. Cicero more than half suspected him at times, even then, of coquetting with the democratic leaders; and we shall presently find him, in one of his *épanchements* to Atticus, giving pungent

expression to his private sentiments of disappointment and distrust.

When Cicero was merely a little nettled, he was apt, as many of us are, to be unnecessarily stately. In the case of a deeper affront, as the next two letters will show, his self-command was admirable; his manner at once became simpler and far more truly dignified. He gets a haughty and offensive note from that Metellus Celer who was commanding in the north, saying that he, Metellus, understands that Cicero has been saying sharp things in the Senate about himself and his brother, Metellus Nepos; and he thinks the position of *their* family (the Metelli were grandees of the first order) and what they have done for him (Cicero) should have prevented anything of the kind. Is he, the general of a province, *commanding an army in the field*, to be thus criticised by an upstart? "You have not acted rationally," the angry man goes on to say, "nor" (another fling at Cicero's extraction) "with the courtesy of the old *régime*, and it will not be wonderful if you come to repent it."

Seldom has a man been more consummately put in the wrong, upon every point, than was the blustering nobleman by Cicero's urbane reply. The truth was that Metellus Nepos, the general's brother, had offered Cicero a gross public affront, of which, however, the effect had been in a great measure foiled by the ready wit of the latter, who proceeds blandly to explain the circumstances. It was customary for a consul, on quitting office at the end of his year, not merely to take a formal oath to the effect that he had conscientiously discharged the duties incumbent on him, but also to address the people from the rostra, giving a sort of review of his policy. When Cicero, who had doubtless meant, and was expected, to make this a brilliant occasion, was about to speak, Metellus Nepos, newly elected a tribune, interposed to prevent his ad-

dress, on the ground that *he had put Roman citizens to death without a trial*. The adroit Cicero responded by merely giving a new wording to the oath itself. He swore that he had saved the republic from destruction, and sat down amid thunders of applause; but it is hardly to be supposed that he failed thereafter, as occasion offered, to employ against his new adversary the terribly keen weapon with which nature had provided him.

"It will thus appear," he writes to Metellus Celer, winding up his calm and perspicuous narrative, "that I have by no means taken the offensive against your brother, but merely repelled his attack; that I have not been, as you say, fickle toward yourself, but, on the contrary, so faithful that I have persisted in my friendship, even when deprived of your own good offices. And at this very moment, my answer to your all but threatening letter is, that I can not only excuse your indignation, but even approve it, for I know from my own experience the might of brotherly love. All I ask is, that you should judge with equal fairness my very natural anger at being so bitterly, cruelly, and causelessly assailed by one of your family. I hope you will conclude not only that I owe you no apology, but that I might even have invoked for my defense, in such a case, your aid and that of the army you mention." (Can we not see the slight curl of the writer's expressive lip, as he neatly rounds this paragraph?) "I have always desired your good-will. I have striven hard to make you understand how friendly was my feeling toward yourself. I am in the same mind still, and shall remain so as long as you will permit me. I would sooner cease hating your brother for the love of you than that my dislike of him should impair our good understanding."

The correspondence with Atticus is now resumed with zest, the next letter to the *alter ego* bearing the date of January 1, 693,—the day when the new

consuls, Calpurnius Piso and Valerius Messala, assumed office. The writer, not unnaturally, has had some little difficulty about raising the money—equivalent to some \$150,000—to pay for the new house on the Palatine. "As for your uncle Cæcilius," he dryly observes, "his own relatives cannot get any out of him at less than twelve per cent. I shall have to go to the Jews." But it is evident that he apprehends no very serious difficulty upon this head. What vexes him far more is a slanderous rumor, which he implores Atticus to ferret out and contradict, that he, Cicero, is going shares with his late colleague, Antonius, in the profits of the latter's abominable extortions in Macedonia. "Pompey," he writes, "makes rather a parade of friendship for me just now, and his divorce of Mucia" (who was a sister of the Metelli) "is generally approved." There were whispers about the relations between this lady and the gallant Cæsar, but since Pompey's next wife (he had five in all) was Cæsar's daughter Julia, and Cæsar himself, when he presently divorced Pompeia, with the famous flourish about being "above suspicion," made haste to espouse Calpurnia, the daughter of one of the new consuls, we may be permitted to suspect that political intrigue went for quite as much as wounded honor in these facile arrangements. Then, idly, casually,—as purblind mortals are forever touching on the subjects fraught with their fate, only to marvel, as they look back, at their own unconscious temerity,—Cicero proceeds to the highly seasoned latest bit of Roman scandal: "I dare say you may have heard that Publius Clodius, the son of Appius, was caught in women's clothes in Cæsar's house, while a solemn sacrifice was going on. A maid-servant protected and let him out. It is a miserable, disgraceful affair, and I know you will be very sorry for it."

If there were one among the gilded youth of that ominous day more disreputable

utable than all the rest, it was this same Publius Clodius Pulcher, whose effeminate beauty belied the real force and tenacity of his character, and who had vindicated his long descent from the ravager of Virginia by so living as to cover his ancient name with a new infamy. His sister Clodia, as bad as he, was also a celebrated beauty, the Lesbia of Catullus' dulcet lay; the wife, and almost certainly the murderess two years later, of that Metellus Celer whom we know. The sacrifice in question was the time-honored and mysterious rite of the Bona Dea, or Good Goddess, who gave fruitfulness in marriage, from which all male creatures were scrupulously excluded, and even the busts and statues of men covered during the ceremony. It was performed annually in the house of the Pontifex Maximus, and as Cæsar now held that august office, it devolved upon his wife and mother to conduct the function. Whatever of genuine reverence and sincere attachment to the tenets of the old religion yet survived in Rome appears to have clustered about this carefully guarded service; and while it seems unnecessary to attribute, as some were inclined to do, the impudent intrusion of Clodius to a special design upon Cæsar's wife, or to any motive save a general one of prurient curiosity, yet Cæsar made haste, as we have seen, to put the unfortunate lady away; and his noble mother, Aurelia, is said to have connived at the escape of Clodius, in the vain hope, doubtless, of staying the inevitable scandal.

Cicero himself, in the next letter, after describing the proceedings against Clodius, appears half inclined to wish that the deplorable affair had been allowed to die a natural death. But when the College of Augurs, in its capacity of ecclesiastical court, had taken it up and pronounced the deed a sacrilege, the Senate must needs follow suit, although Piso, the consul, on whom it was incumbent to bring in the bill against Clodius,

was pretty well known to be privately on the side of the offender. "I, myself," Cicero observes, in his debonair fashion, "was a perfect Lycurgus in the beginning, but I get cooler every day. It is Cato who keeps urging the thing on. What is the use? The better sort are apathetic; the baser defend the culprit. I am afraid great mischief will come out of it all to the republic. . . . As to that friend of yours, — you know whom I mean" (it was Pompey), — "of whom you once said that he never begins to praise until he dares no longer blame, he makes a great show of being on my side. He eulogizes me in public, yet shows plainly enough that in his heart he dislikes me. There is no chivalry in the man, no candor, no political magnanimity; nothing open, brave, and generous. But more of this another time; for, in the first place, I have really no sufficient proof of what I say; and then, I dare not trust a letter containing such important matter to a bearer of whom I know nothing, — a *terræ filius*, a fellow dropped out of the sky. . . . Of course I liked the passages in my oration which you praise, but I did not venture to say so before. Now that you have approved them they seem to me more Attic than ever. . . . Had I anything else to tell you? Let me see. Oh, yes! Messala, the consul, has bought Atranius' house for 3,400,000 sesterces" (about \$136,000). "What is that to me, do you say? Why, at least it shows that I made a good bargain for mine."

It certainly seems to have been a species of fatality which forced Cicero to come to the front in this unsavory business, and to concentrate upon himself all the animosity which the prosecution of Clodius aroused among a certain worthless and yet powerful clique. But there was no help for it. Cato, the incorruptible and impracticable, would absolutely have an example made. Whatever was decent in Rome rallied to that side, while Clodius organized on his own

behalf the dregs of the Catilinarian conspirators, together with all the young debauchees of his especial set, who objected to having their amusements interfered with, and who were, unhappily, in a position, many of them, to bribe enormously. The affair became a political one, dividing the optimate and democratic parties, and absorbing the attention of Rome for the entire winter; while the coming man, Cæsar, under the cover of this unwholesome excitement, was working industriously for his own ends. All the moves and counter-moves, just so far as his restless eye discerned them, are set forth by Cicero to Atticus in a sort of Essence of Parliament, with abundant persiflage, yet with a dramatic power which brings the whole scene before the reader's eye. Gradually he himself warms up to the business from which he had shrunk, and puts forth his whole power as a speaker. "You know," he writes playfully to his friend, "of what thunders I am capable. I need say the less about them, since I think you must have heard me there in Greece."

As for General Pompeius, now returned from his Oriental wars, and living outside the walls, in the direction of Monte Mario, while he made elaborate preparations for the third and most gorgeous of his triumphal entries into Rome, no power could get out of him a clear expression of opinion on one side or the other. The Senate, as a precaution against bribery at the trial, had voted that the jury in Clodius' case were to be selected by the prætors, not chosen by lot, as was customary; and Pompey was asked to speak before a huge public assembly in the Campus Martius on the constitutionality of the measure. "He delivered," writes Cicero, "a long-winded harangue, altogether in a lordly manner, to the effect that he held, and always had held, the authority of the Senate to be paramount in all things; and when subsequently appealed to in the

Senate itself" (after his triumph) "to define his position with regard to the sacrilege and the bill which had been introduced, he replied by extolling, in a general way, all the senatorial decrees, remarking, as he sat down beside me, that he believed he had now said all that was necessary, even about my act."

Surely there is a strangely familiar ring, to one who follows the English politics of to-day, about this majestically ambiguous oratory!

When, after the Ides of March, the trial at last came on, all seemed at first to be going well. The court professed, indeed, to apprehend violence, and required of the Senate a military guard; and Cicero says briefly of the jury as finally constituted, that a worse lot never assembled around the table of a gaming-hell. Still, at the outset, the legal forms were observed. Cicero himself, as principal witness, upset the *alibi* of Clodius, who proposed to prove that he had been at Interamna on the night of the sacrilege; and Hortensius, the great lawyer, often the forensic opponent but always the political colleague of Cicero, declared that a "sword of lead" would be sharp enough to cut the throat of the accused. Nevertheless, when the decisive day came, the vote stood thirty-one for acquittal, against twenty-five. Nobody had any doubt as to the means by which this iniquitous verdict had been secured. "Was it because you were afraid of being robbed of your pay that you wanted a guard?" scornfully inquired of one of the jury the fine old optimate Catulus.

Cicero is disgusted and disheartened, yet for his life he cannot help chuckling over the keenness of his own wit in the numerous verbal duels which came off in the Senate, that spring, between himself and Clodius, after the shameful reinstatement of the latter. His repartees were sufficiently stinging, no doubt, but some of his favorite jokes miss fire for us, and there are some into the full

meaning of which we do not care to inquire. "My pretty boy" (*pulchellus*; Pulcher was the family name of Clodius) "gets up and twits me with frequenting the orgies at Baia. A lie; but what is that to him? 'You make as much of it,' I replied, 'as if I had intruded on a secret rite.' 'So you have bought a palace!' he sneers. 'At least I have not bought a jury!' 'Jury indeed! Why, they would n't believe you on your oath!' 'Oh, I beg your pardon! Twenty-five of them did believe me, but there were thirty-one who would not believe you until they had their money down!'" A new law concerning bribery was proposed, one clause of which provided that he who had merely promised money was exempt from penalty, but if he could be proved to have paid he should incur a heavy fine. "I made the remark," Cicero says, "that Clodius had obeyed this law by anticipation, it having been his regular practice to promise and not pay." And so on: "Quid multa?" as Cicero says. There is, however, no mystery henceforth about the deadly spite of Clodius Pulcher against this brilliant debater and facetious correspondent.

A letter of December 7, 693, the last of this year, breathes a very different spirit. It is full of the most earnest and touching protestations of Cicero's regard for Atticus, and his reliance on the unalterable friendship of the latter. There had been a slight misunderstanding, it appears, between Atticus and Quintus Cicero. Quintus, who was following his brother, step by step, through the regular succession of public offices, had gone as proprætor to Asia Minor, and had invited Atticus to accompany him as legate. Marcus had very much hoped that Atticus would go, for he dreaded, and evidently with good reason, the effect upon the Asiatics of his brother's hot temper and imperious fashions, and he could have relied on the placid Athenian to tone him down. But Atticus had declined the honor, and

Quintus took umbrage at his refusal; wherefore Marcus uses his utmost powers of persuasion to make up the difference between them.

"If you will only consider," he says to his friend, "that irritable creatures like my brother are often really the best and most placable of men; that quickness and what I call sensitiveness of disposition are usually the signs of a good heart; above all, that we are bound to bear patiently one another's little defects, humors, and even offenses, you will, I hope, feel less disturbed. Try to look at it in this way. It concerns me so deeply, who am fonder of you than of all other men, that my people should both love and be loved by you. . . . I do not think there was ever any disagreement between you and me, except as regards the careers we chose; my ambition impelling me to contend for public honors, while a different but no less praiseworthy theory of life led you into dignified retirement. . . . I know, oh, I know and thoroughly appreciate, how, in all the vicissitudes of my career, you have shared my joys and sorrows. . . . Now that you are away, I have not only no one to advise me, which you can do better than all others, but I have no one to talk with freely, as it is my delight to do with you. . . . The state of the republic is miserably precarious and infirm. I fancy you must have heard that there has been an almost complete break between the Senate and the knights. Cato is, after all, our true hero. . . . I intend to keep on the very best terms with Pompey. I know what you will say, but I shall be on my guard." Then follow a few words about the consular candidates, among them almost the first direct mention of Cæsar which occurs in the correspondence; and then, "Do you laugh? Believe me, these are no laughing matters."

The winter of 694 (60 B. C.) was again a troubled and exciting one. "The old year," Cicero writes in January,

"saw the fall of two props of the state toward whose maintenance my own solitary efforts had always been directed. The Senate has both flung away its own prerogative and broken its compact with the equestrian order." Cato was as unmanageable as ever; honest and loyal, but without a particle of tact or discretion. Pompey continued inscrutable. "We have not so much as the ghost of a statesman. Our friend who might have been one — for Pompey and I are friends, understand — sits and looks at his embroidered toga, and says nothing."

Pompey was undoubtedly in a somewhat awkward position. In the plenitude of his grandeur, he had promised a distribution of the public lands among the soldiers whom he had disbanded at Brundisium on his return from the East. An agrarian law, known as that of Flavius, had been introduced for the purpose of securing these grants, and Cicero himself had spoken in its favor; but there was violent opposition to it in the Senate, and the bill was defeated. Then there was one section of the conservative, or optimate, party, represented by Lucullus and Hortensius, whom Cicero sarcastically describes as entirely absorbed in their fish-preserves. "If they can only get the bearded mullet to come and feed out of their hands, the republic may go!" As for the new consuls, "Metellus" (Metellus Celer) "has distinction, and is friendly enough to me; but Afranius, — oh, heavens! One must be a philosopher indeed to tolerate him! . . . What I want more than all things else is that man — yourself — to whom I can confide my every anxiety; to whom I can talk without fiction, circumlocution, or reserve. My best beloved brother is far away, and Metellus, — Metellus is not a man at all, but an empty waste of sea and shore and sky, as one may say."

There was good reason, indeed, better than Cicero himself knew, for his grow-

ing sense of isolation. Dimly through the chaos of events and the strife of contending interests, he already apprehended the beginnings of two sinister movements: one directed mainly against himself; the other of broader import, aiming at the subversion of the last lingering liberties of the moribund state. The first was the revengeful design of Clodius to get himself made a tribune of the people (for which purpose he must be adopted into a plebeian family), and so secure a vantage-ground from which he might more easily compass the exile, possibly the death, of Cicero. The other comprised the preliminaries of that famous coalition known in history as the first triumvirate; an arrangement whereby Cæsar, whom Cicero feared but little as yet, only because he knew him so little, was planning to make use both of the prestige of Pompey and of the colossal wealth of Crassus for the furtherance of his own far-seeing designs. Yet even now Cicero is not so deep in the toils of his political fate as to be unmindful of his literary fame. "I have sent you," he writes to Atticus, March 15, 694, "my own commentary on my consulate in Greek. If there be anything in it which appears to a man of your *Attic* taste" (the old joke) "unclassical or un-Hellenic, I shall not say, as I believe Lucullus said to you at Panhormus of his history, that he had introduced certain barbarisms and solecisms for the very sake of showing that it was the work of a Roman. No, indeed! If you detect any slips of that kind, be sure they are there without my knowledge or will. When I have finished the Latin translation, I will send you that too."

Returning to Rome from a visit to his Pompeian villa, on the 12th of May, Cicero finds letters from Greece, in which Atticus appears very seriously to have counseled him not to trust Pompey too far; but our mercurial friend is just now in the mood to take the warning

lightly. "I assure you," he says, "that I have bated nothing of my dignity. I have not ventured into another's camp without a guard; . . . and if the course I have pursued has perhaps conduced to the tranquillity of my own life, by Heaven! it concerns the republic much more than it does myself that the attacks of scoundrels upon me should be repelled." Then he digresses to pleasanter themes. He has had a magnificent gift of books from one Papirius Pætus, who had inherited the same; and the books are at Athens, having been consigned, probably, to the care of Atticus, who is conjured to look after their safety, and to enjoin it upon his "friends, clients, guests, freedmen, and slaves that not a leaf be suffered to perish. . . . More and more every day," he says, "I find relaxation from my forensic labors in studies of this kind."

Civic interests are paramount with him once more, however, in the beginning of June. The summer appears to have been as active and interesting a time, politically, in old Rome as it is in modern London. Even those who went away "for a change" in the spring, as Cicero did in the ensuing year, made a point of returning for the great popular elections at midsummer, when the tribunes were chosen. There has been more sparring in the Senate, and Cicero has been provoked into making an allusion to Clodia (the wife, be it remembered, of Metellus) which will not bear translation. "Not a very consular speech, you will say, and I own it. But *ego illam odi*, — I do detest that woman! She at least is unfit to be a consul's wife. . . . The excitement over the agrarian law seems to have cooled down. You keep touching me up about my familiarity with Pompey. Now pray do not think that I adhere to him in self-defense. The case is simply this: a difference between us would involve a terrible discord in the body politic. . . . He declares openly," Cicero goes on, always

unfortunately susceptible to flattery, "that while he has fought well for the country, I have saved it. How far this may prove of use to me I do not know. It certainly is of use to the republic. . . . What," cries the sanguine soul, "if I were to make a better man even of Cæsar, who has the wind in all his sails just now! Would that, think you, harm the state?"

The most important letter of the remainder of this year is a very long one addressed to Quintus Cicero in his province. Quintus had been governor in Asia since 692, and his term of office had recently been extended by a year; but Marcus had been made anxious by rumors of the unnecessary severity of his brother's rule, and his letter of remonstrance and advice is extended until it takes the form of a complete and very noble manual of provincial administration, too elaborate to be analyzed here.

The year 695 (59 B. C.), the forty-ninth of Cicero's age, opens with Julius Cæsar and Calpurnius Bibulus consuls, and with a virtual acknowledgment of the informal alliance between Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus. But Cicero himself was, for the moment, out of the turmoil. Whether his health, never strong, was such that he absolutely required repose, or whether his friends, who understood better than he did himself, perhaps, the peril in which he stood, had contrived to get him away, we find him in February at the Tusculanum, writing to Atticus in Rome. He has taken up the project, apparently at Atticus' own suggestion, of composing a work on geography, and seems to have sent to his friend for authorities on the subject. "I am exceedingly obliged," he writes, "for the work of Serapion, of which, between ourselves, I scarcely understand the thousandth part. I have given orders that you are to be paid for it *in cash*. It is not to be set down under the head of your gifts." A rumor has reached the absentee that Clodius is going as ambassa-

dor to King Tigranes. Cicero is quite willing. He intends to give himself unreservedly to the Muses. "I shall do my best to satisfy you about the geography, though I can promise nothing. It is a great undertaking, but since you bid me attack it, I will try to have something to show you for this excursion of mine. Tell me, meanwhile, of the aspect of political affairs, and in particular who are to be the next consuls. Not that I am very curious. I have resolved to think nothing whatever about the republic. . . . I have gone over all Terentia's woodland. Except for the Dodonean oath, I do not see why we should envy you Epirus. By the first of next month, I expect to be either at my Formian or my Pompeian villa. If I am not at the Formian, come to me in Pompeii. It will be a delight to me, and not at all out of your way."

Tusculum, Pompeii, Terentia's woodland! O country of all enchantment! O shades of ilex, and beech, and pine, with the first breath of the slow Southern spring astir among them, the first anemones kindling on the ground! Surely there, if anywhere, the vexed statesman might have "reposed from Rome"! But no, the news of the great world and the cares of it pursue him from one resting-place to another, down even to his exquisite retreat at Antium (Porto d'Anzio) on the coast below: Antium, with its fair prospect of the Mediterranean littoral from Ostia to the promontory of Circe; Antium, where, he tells us in one place, he likes nothing better, when fishing is out of season, than to sit still and count the waves.

A rumor comes that the triumvirs are going to offer Cicero an embassy to King Ptolemy Auletes; by way, probably, of politely removing him from the scene. "Now," he writes, "I have long wished to see Alexandria and the rest of Egypt,

and I should not object to getting away from the men who are tired of me, and remaining till they had begun to feel my loss. But just at this moment, and at the bidding of these individuals, — I think not. In the words of Hector to Andromache, 'I revere the men of Troy, and the long-robed Trojan dames.' What would the optimates say of me? — if, indeed, there are any optimates left! Surely that I had been bribed to surrender my principles. 'First of all I must bear the reproach of Polydamus,' — I mean our Cato, who, after all, is a man of a hundred thousand. What would be the verdict of history six hundred years hence? For I regard that far more than I do the tittle-tattle of my contemporaries. By the way, now that Nepos¹ is off to his province, who will have the vacant place in the College of Augurs? This is the only bait with which I could be tempted. You see how highly I rate myself! But why do I keep harping on these things, when I have resolved to abjure them all that I may give myself wholly to philosophy! I protest I have! I wish I had done so from the beginning. . . . Tell me, however," he adds a few lines later, with his own delightful inconsistency, "what is doing about Clodius."

He might well ask. Events were moving fast at Rome, while Cicero strolled along the beach at Antium, reveling in its provincial calm ("How can there be a place so near Rome where they never even heard of Vatinius?"), or marked Terentia's trees for the woodman. The farce of Clodius's plebeian adoption had been accomplished and formally proclaimed. The law providing for such cases had been violated in every particular. Fonteius, the adopted father, was a dozen years younger than Clodius; he was married to a woman of his own station, and likely to have a large family.

tioned. The seat in the augural college would naturally have remained in the family.

¹ Metellus Nepos, the brother of Metellus Celer, the late consul, who had just died, under the suspicious circumstances before men-

Still, the deed had been done with the tacit consent of Cæsar and under the open patronage of Pompey, who had taken the auspices upon the occasion. In vain, as these facts become known to Cicero, does he try to explain them away, and to prove to the satisfaction both of Atticus and himself that Clodius and his works are alike held in contempt by the usurpers. The usurpation itself, as Cicero very well knows, is a thing of the most sombre import, and the thought of it weighs upon his spirit even more than his personal danger. He grows feverishly impatient for the letters of his friend. "Last evening, as usual, I was on the lookout for your missive, when up comes a messenger with the tidings that your slaves are here. 'Any letters?' I shout, the moment they appear. . . . 'No letters.' 'What's that you say? Nothing from Pomponius?' Then they begin to look scared and to stammer, and finally confess that they did have letters, but have lost them on the road! What would you have? I promise you, I was angry! It was so long since a day had passed without either a useful hint or a pleasant word from you!" However, Cicero goes on to say, he has just had a visitor at Antium, who has put him in somewhat better heart about public affairs. It is Curio, a young nobleman who had once been attached to Clodius's faction, and whom Cicero had then mentioned contemptuously enough as "a slip of a girl." Now, however, the youth seems to have waked up to a sense of his political responsibilities, and to be exerting himself actively in the conservative cause. "He is in great wrath with our haughty kings" (the triumvirs), "and he tells me that the other young men of his class are equally incensed, and will not endure it. If there is indeed hope in the rising generation, all may be well." Then there is a word concerning the family plans. There are to be games at Antium the first week in

May, which Tullia wants to see. If they stay for these, they will go directly afterward to Tusculum, thence to the old place at Arpinum, and so on to Rome by the first of June. Atticus is once more pressingly entreated with messages from the ladies to join them *somewhere*, at Antium if possible.

A few days later, the cloud of apprehension has again settled heavily upon the spirit of the writer. The revolution, he says, is accomplished. "Gayly, and with less grating than might have been anticipated, the wheel of the republic has turned quite over,—with bewildering rapidity, too, thanks to the obstinacy of Cato and the bad faith of those other men." Once more young Curio runs out from Rome, meets Cicero at the Three Taverns, and tries to persuade him that the triumvirs are becoming very unpopular. The lad had plainly fallen under the spell of the great man's personal fascination; who liked him too, and was always popular with the young, thanks to a something eternally supple and juvenile in himself. But there was a packet from Atticus lying unopened while the young politician discoursed, "and so," says Cicero, "I embraced him and sent him off, and hastened to your letter, from which I learned much more about what is doing than from his talk. So much for *viva voce* information!"

A day or two later: "Appii Forum, ten A. M. Please to applaud my firmness. I am not going to witness the games at Antium, after all. It would be a blunder in one who wishes to avoid all suspicion of fast living suddenly to appear in the character of a man traveling for pleasure, and rather foolish pleasure, too."

So he digressed to Formiæ, which lay in the next large curve of the lovely coast, about half-way between the Circean promontory and Cape Misenum. Tullia had lost her treat, but the letters of this time of suspense are full of the

gayest and fondest allusions to every member of his family: "Terentia desires her very best love." "Terentia is charmed with your letters." Also the small Cicero, aged six, that "honey-sweet child," that "excellent little conservative," sends brief messages in Greek, which he was no doubt beginning to learn. He may even have scrawled his greetings on the paper or the wax, in bulky and uncertain characters.

At Formiæ, Cicero felt himself out of the world at first, but had presently only too much company; being simply overwhelmed by the attentions of his provincial neighbors, one or two of whom he sketches irresistibly. "I fancy from what you say that it is rather quiet in Rome just now, but here in the backwoods, — by Heaven! it is not at all quiet. The backwoods would not tolerate the tyranny you live under. Just you come to Lastrygonia" (the ancient name of Formiæ), "and you shall hear how men storm; how indignant they are; how they detest our friend the Great, whose cognomen is becoming as unpopular as that of Crassus the Rich. I assure you, I have not met a single man who takes these things as tamely as I do."

"I seem to be living in a basilica rather than a villa, so beset am I by the men of Formiæ. . . . My nearest neighbor is Caius Arrius. Just at this moment, in fact, he is my bosom-friend, and professes to be staying away from Rome for the mere purpose of talking philosophy with me. On the other side, if you please, is Sebosus, the friend of Catulus. Now which way can I turn? I swear I would go straight to Arpinum, if I did not think it would be more convenient for you to come to me at Formiæ. But I'll not wait beyond May 6, in any case, for you see the sort of bores who take up my time. Oh, if anybody wants to buy the Formian property, let him come on! He would have a rare chance at a bargain while these men are about!"

"Give me out-and-out rustics," he says in another letter, "rather than these provincials with their citified airs. I positively will run away to 'the cradle of my race among the ancestral hills'" (quoting a line of poetry).

After all, and in spite of the country fare and plain fashions of which Cicero had warned him, it was at Arpinum that Atticus decided to visit his friend. Atticus had always a special admiration for Arpinum: the spacious and comfortable though unpretending old manor-house on its bowery island, between the rushing streams of the Liris and the Fibrenus, with the Cyclopean walls and gateway of the ancient Volscian citadel towering in air from the opposite bank, exactly as they do to-day. But the times are so exciting that even in the brief interval before the friends meet they must still exchange daily letters.

"I had dined," writes Cicero on the last day of April, "and was just falling asleep, when yours concerning the Campanian lands was brought in. Do you ask how I took it? Well, not so very hard, but it set me thinking sufficiently to banish slumber." This refers to the passage of a law providing for the free distribution among Cæsar's troops of the public lands in Campania, in allotments of ten *jugere* (about six and a half acres) each. Even so, as Cicero observes, it would only support about five thousand of them, and what was to become of the rest? Pompey, as we know, had proposed an agrarian law for the benefit of his disbanded army, only a year before, but the measure had been defeated. He was no longer the man of the hour. "Well, my mighty Pasha," cries the lively correspondent, unable to resist a jeer at Pompey, and using one of the many Oriental nicknames which he was fond of bestowing on the hero of the East, "what will you say now?"

Not later than the next day, Cicero recurs to the subject in a much graver tone, having evidently received from

Atticus overnight a letter with fuller details. "I think as you do, that the Emir is plotting mischief, and that we have everything to fear;" and he adds a Greek phrase, which means, in substance, he is getting up a *coup d'état*. "What else can be the meaning of this sudden tightening of the bonds of relationship" (by Pompey's marriage with Julia), "of the Campanian land affair, and the enormous outlay of money? If this were all, it would be bad enough, but in the nature of things it cannot be all. These arrangements are not in themselves desirable. They" (the triumvirs) "would never have gone so far, were they not paving the way for something yet more iniquitous. O ye gods! where will it end? Well, as you say, at Arpinum we will, not weep over things, for that would belie our philosophy, but discuss them calmly. It is not now, as formerly, my hopefulness that sustains me, but my nonchalance. Moreover, that little strain of self-conceit which is in me (it is well to know one's faults) is gratified. It used to annoy me to think that the services of the Grand Pasha to his country might seem greater to posterity than mine: but I am relieved of all anxiety on that score."

That the friends did really meet among the hills we may infer from the short break in the correspondence which now ensues. To the spot where his life began, from that on which it was to end, Cicero proceeded once more, traveling leisurely and with state, no doubt, as rich and important folks are wont to do; anxious and foreboding of the future, but, after all, with a more buoyant spirit than he would ever carry over those pleasant ways again.

When the letters are resumed, in June, Atticus is far on his way to Epirus, and Cicero, with his family, is back in the grand mansion on the Palatine. The triumvirate is all-powerful. Bibulus, the colleague of Cæsar in the consulate, is a mere cipher. He has shut

himself up in his house, and refuses to sanction the consular enactments; but to what end? The wits only laugh at him for sulking, and say that the consuls are Julius and Cæsar. Clodius has thrown off all concealment; has roughs enough in his pay to organize a riot at any time, if the ends of justice cannot be otherwise defeated; and swaggers openly about the blow he will deal Cicero as soon as he has won his election to the tribunate in July. Young Curio, indeed, that enthusiastic neophyte, remains loyal, and fights his hero's battle stoutly; and Cicero tells Atticus that, in spite of the general intimidation, he finds men talking more freely at the clubs and in society than before he went away. "Indignation is carrying it over fear, simply because every one is growing desperate; . . . but I will say no more about the republic. The subject is too painful." Cicero then alludes to the overtures which Cæsar had made to himself. The future dictator had always liked our friend personally, admiring his genius with a magnanimous cordiality peculiar to the man, and fit to cover a multitude of his sins; and he would have given much to attach the eloquent senator to his own cause. We have it on Cicero's own authority that the triumvirate might have been a quatuorvirate, had he so willed. Even now, Cæsar was ready to give him a chance — nay, two chances — of escaping from Rome until the gathering storm should have blown over. Cicero was given to understand that he might either go, at the end of the year, as Cæsar's own legate to Cisalpine Gaul, or have what was called a "free embassy," — a legal fiction, by virtue of which a senator might travel in the provinces, on his own business, at the public expense. "I have actually this permit by me," he writes, "but no one knows anything of it, and I do not intend to use it. I would rather fight than fly." A little later, "I am not much perturbed by the

threats of Clodius, and the struggle which is impending. I think I shall be able either to meet it with dignity, or to evade it with ease. ‘Oh, *dignity!*’ methinks I hear you say. ‘Dignity is as much out of date as acorns were after the discovery of corn. Pray, look out for your safety!’ Ah, me! Why are you not here? . . . The worst of all, to me, is that my old friend Pompey has covered himself with shame;” and Cicero illustrates by a striking anecdote. “The theatre or the circus is the place for really getting at public sentiment. Now, in the gladiatorial shows, both the master and his supporters¹ have been riddled with hisses. In the Apollinarian games the tragedian Diphilus attacked Pompey sharply. The phrase, ‘*Nostra miseria tu es, Magnus,*’ — ‘Thou, O great one, art the cause of our woes, — was encored again and again; and at ‘The time is coming when thou wilt bitterly lament thine own exploits,’ and other such phrases, there were rounds of applause all over the theatre. Really, you would have said that the passage beginning, ‘If neither law nor custom restrains thee,’ had been written for the occasion, and by a personal foe of Pompey. These words were pronounced amid a perfect frenzy of shouts; and just as the tumult was subsiding, in walks Cæsar, and after him young Curius. The latter was hailed Saviour of the Republic, just as Pompey used to be. Cæsar was very angry. They say that he sent off letters post-haste to Pompey in Capua.”

Before the end of July, the mobile spirits are flat again. Clodius has won his election. The outlook seems very bad. “Why should I expatiate on public affairs? All is lost, and things are worse than when you went away by just so much as this: that then the op-

pression under which the state was laboring appeared, at least, to be agreeable to the lower orders, and, if hateful, still not actually perilous to the better sort; but now the condition of things has all at once become so odious to all parties that I shudder to think what sort of an explosion may be preparing.”

The sight of Pompey’s increasing subserviency to Cæsar, together with his feeble and shuffling attitude before the people, filled Cicero with mortification, and sickened him by its contrast with the past. “Call it weakness, if you will; but I could have wept when I was listening to his speech of July 22d on the edicts of Bibulus. He who used to bear himself so magnificently in that place, the darling of the populace, admired by all, now deprecating, depressed, as ill-content with himself, evidently, as others were with him! It was a sight which none but Crassus can have cared to see. So fallen from the stars was he” (“O Lucifer, son of the morning!”) “that it seemed to me as if he must have tumbled rather than walked into the triumvirate; and I experienced the same sort of anguish at the defacement of the image which I had once painted in such glowing colors, and adorned with all the resources of my art, as Apelles must have felt at seeing his Venus defiled with mud, or Protogenes his Ialysus. No one would pretend, since the part he took in Clodius’s adoption, that I owe any allegiance to Pompey; yet such was once my devotion to him that no amount of injury can wholly exhaust it. Meanwhile, Pompey says, and repeats, that Clodius will do me no personal harm. It would be dangerous to believe him, and I must prepare myself for resistance.”

“If you had but stayed in Rome!

¹ The critics cannot decide whether the *master*, in this case, means Cæsar or Pompey. The *supporters* were, of course, the other two triumvirs. It seems to us as if it must have been

Cæsar, because we now know him to have been so much the greatest man of the three, but it is by no means certain that a contemporary would have thought so.

You would have done so had we guessed how things would go. . . . I try to keep out of politics. I immerse myself in professional business, and work diligently at my cases; a course which I believe to be not only profitable to my clients, but generally approved. My house is famous and much frequented; the memories of my consulship are kept alive; a great deal of zeal is displayed in my behalf. I am so heartened at times that I think I would not, if I could, avoid the coming crisis. What I need now is your advice, your love, your loyalty. Wherefore, fly to me! Everything will be easier if I have you. My friend Varro¹ can do a great deal for me, with you to support him. And there are many things to be got out of Clodius; many things desirable to be known which you could not fail to know; many — But how absurd to particularize! I need you for every reason. All depends, however, on your coming before he enters upon his office."

The next letter but one ends mournfully enough: "An immense amount of good-will is shown me, but I am tired of life. All things are so full of all sorts of misery! A little while ago, I seriously apprehended a massacre. The speech of stout old Q. Considius has dispelled that fear, but a fresh danger has arisen, one that threatens me daily. What would you have? I am the most unhappy of men, and Catulus the most fortunate, to have died so opportunely with a reputation all untarnished. . . . I should breathe more freely if I could see you."

Atticus must have yielded to his friend's passionate entreaties, and returned to Rome; for, with the exception of one short note, there are no more letters to him during the remnant of this troubled year. Late in October or early

in November, Cicero wrote to his brother Quintus, still in Asia, a long epistle, full of affection, as were the letters of both brothers always, but containing fresh remonstrances on the excessive severity of his government, and the overweening influence which Quintus had allowed a certain slave named Statius to establish over him. There is a single paragraph at the close about Marcus's own affairs. He tries to write hopefully, evidently for his brother's sake. "It does not look as though my cause would lack friends. The way in which men come forward with their offers and protestations is quite wonderful. . . . Our old conservative phalanx is staunch and devoted. Pompey and even Cæsar make profuse promises, but I do not trust them to the extent of omitting any precaution."

In this, as the event speedily proved, he was altogether wise. Clodius was inducted into his new office in December, 696, and before the end of the winter, after several preliminary measures, designed to ingratiate himself with the lower orders, and so strengthen his position, he brought in a bill providing that whoever had put Roman citizens to death without a trial should be *prohibited from fire and water*; that is to say, outlawed.

Cicero was not named, but all the world knew that he was attacked. It was open to him even yet to remain and defy his adversary, hiring bravos to fight it out in the streets with the organized bands of Clodius. This is what Cæsar would have done in his place, — what Cicero afterwards professed to wish that he himself had had the nerve to do, or else to take the — to a Roman — always honorable alternative of suicide. But the move could hardly have succeeded. Though Cicero's friends were active

¹ M. Terentius Varro; related, probably, to Cicero's wife, — "the most learned of the Romans," author of about five hundred books and treatises. He was ten years older than

Cicero, and lived to mingle with the literary set that gathered about Augustus. He died in his ninetieth year, B. C. 28.

and socially powerful, though deputations poured in from the Italian towns to remonstrate against the attainder of so great a patriot, the coalition against him was too strong. Cato, whose wrath it would have been impossible to silence, had been adroitly got out of Rome, on the pretext of an embassy to Cyprus. Cæsar, when he left for his province at the expiration of his consulate, had virtually abandoned Cicero to his fate, and Pompey, when Cicero went out to him, in his Alban villa, and made a last appeal on the ground of their long alliance, replied coldly and meanly that he could do nothing without the sanction of Cæsar. Plutarch says that Pompey stepped out by a back door of the villa, when he saw Cicero coming, and would not see him at all.

Cicero had already put on the mourning dress, in which those accused of high crimes and misdemeanors were wont to appeal to their fellow-citizens. He now yielded to the entreaties of Atticus, Hortensius, and his family, and decided on leaving Rome. Before he

went, moved by some sad and obscure impulse of national piety, he took a small antique image of Minerva, an heirloom in his family, and set it up in the temple of Jupiter on the Capitol, as though he would have placed the city of his love, before he left it, under the protection of the Goddess of Wisdom.

No sooner was his flight known than he was publicly accused by name, and forbidden, on pain of death, to remain within four hundred miles of the city. That very night the great house on the Palatine was plundered and burned, and the villas at Tusculum and Formiæ shared the same fate upon the morn. The wife and children, so tenderly cherished and so profusely pampered, were left behind, not merely in pecuniary straits, but in personal danger, for a time at least, from the exile's implacable foes. Life was not really over at fifty for the Father of his Country, but a person of a less mercurial and sensitive spirit than his might well have bowed his head in momentary despair, under the conviction that it was so.

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

IX.

It was indeed before the dawn that Teck Jepson set forth on his journey. Upon the ultimate heights of the zenith midnight had poised, and had thence flitted away into those unrealized spaces whither all that has been goes at last. Constellations that he lately knew as familiars of the meridian hung low, in this unaccustomed hour, about the western horizon. Unwonted influences were astir in the brain. A sense of spiritual freshness, of bodily renewal, of aloofness from the world, possessed the hour, — a freedom from the dominant mun-

dane spirit that had swayed the day before. The dark earth lay, as it were, uncreated in the immense voids of the night. The soul seemed nearer its nativity, fresh from the hands of the Creator. In this isolation of identity, this perfect poise, this reverent cognizance of high solemnities, it seemed that one's lips might be opened, that one might prophesy or sing some psalmodic inspiration, so replete with the sense of fine bestowals was the time.

The day was still afar off. The cattle slept as he went out to the pinfold by the light of the stars, but the patient creatures roused themselves, and came

forth with quiescent obedience; a calf bleated, running to overtake its dam, the dominant sound in the stillness, and the sheep huddled together in chilly guise as they went. There was a light presently in the windows of the house, yellow and lucent, but Jepson did not go back when once he had quitted the cabin; the farewell to the children would be rather pain than pleasure; there was even a pang in parting with the old dog, who persisted in following him for a time, driven back at last with harsh words and a purposely ill-aimed stone. Jepson could not see, but he knew how the creature crouched in the darkness, with its reproachful and surprised eyes; then turning, and coweringly running back to the doorstep. The half-grown puppy watched the departure with the intense interest elicited by so unusual a proceeding, then affecting to misconstrue the whole incident, and with an elaborate ignoring of old acquaintance, he barked furiously into the darkness, not desisting when a shrill yelp betokened a reproving kick from Bowles, but continuing his clamors of threatening distrust after he had sought a refuge under the house, where no interference could reach him. Far down the mountain his callow tones could be heard, as Jepson rode at the rear of the little group of cattle and sheep.

The wind was awake, inconceivably fresh, albeit hardly a leaf stirred, so light of foot it was. A fragrance like some fine elixir was distilled from the wayside flower hidden in the gloom. The morning star, so luminously still, so splendid, looked over the mountains as he journeyed with his flocks. A vague illumination was about it; one might see that this sky wore an ineffably poetic tint, did it but care to doff its sombre cloak. How massive the mountains, — how glooming and austere their summit lines, against the dark instarred skies! And suddenly a bird is moved to sing, — a note of supreme gladness, of joy-

ous augury? For what does the night signify but that the morning is on the way? So close was Jepson to the tree whence this herald proclaimed the day that he could hear the rustle of the wings as the creature plumed them, and anon a low twittering as it settled down upon the bough for a little waiting, — a little waiting yet. And lo! the light comes, gray with vapor, and pale, and pensive, only to be won to flushes and to smiles when the great sun, riding hard upon the first glimmer, — for the September dawns are short, — showed its vermilion splendid disk, hung about with amber and violet vapors, in the gap of the mountains, urgent to look upon the world before their utmost heights were scaled. How purple the slopes; how the pearly mists slipped down; and what long, burnished, yellow slanting rays shot athwart the world to touch Chilhowee, — nay, the far-away dim summit of Walden's Ridge, — while the vast stretches of country beneath, in a still amethystine shadow, lay motionless and waited! And here, alack, was his own old identity, full of perplexed thoughts, and troublous forecasting, and vain regrets. Here, too, as if the sun had brought it with the sight of the familiar world, was the sense of vicinage, close, imperative, not to be evaded, with the events of yesterday the one coercive factor of to-day. Mrs. Bowles might have wondered to know the direction he took, — not, in fulfillment of her disparaging prophecy, across the line into North Carolina. Straight down the mountain he was going, — straight into Broomsedge Cove. How fast those coursers of the sun did speed, already there, be-times! Albeit so far away as the miles counted, Jepson could see from the great heights of the slopes the red gold flare in the deep gulf of the purple range, where the lucent fresh light struck upon the long-abandoned spaces usurped by the tawny-tinted growths of Broomsedge Cove. His face wore no longer that

wide-eyed, uplifted, meditative look it had in the earlier plastic poetic hours. It was introspective, pondering; it bore anew the inscrutable script of experience, of emotion. Once or twice only the cattle called for his attention; with a turn of his horse on the flank of the column, and the loud remonstrant barking of his dog harassing the stragglers, they were back once more, and jogging along the accustomed way. At length, however, the foremost of the company came almost to a stand with a suppressed low of surprise, and then, insistently burly, the animals occupied the whole path, leaving a man they had met to stand and wait by the wayside. He held one palm over his eyes, for the sun came directly into his face, and gazed unrecognized at the equestrian figure at the rear of the column. But Jepson had noted him, and the recognition became mutual as he drew rein beneath the great ledge of the rocks where Baintree stood. As he looked up at the horseman, there was so shocked a disappointment on his face that it seemed wonderful that an emotion could be so definitely expressed without words.

Jepson waited a moment for him to speak. But Baintree, still silent, gazed at him. "Ye 'lowed, up yander ter Bowles's yistiddy," said Jepson, "ez ye be powerful glad I war arrested, — I ain't been yit, — an' ez ye 'd like ter see how I 'd look in a cage like Dan'l."

Baintree made a feint of denial. "Did Mis' Bowles 'low I said sech?" he demanded. "Waal, I jes' tole her the fust thing ez kem ter the tip o' my tongue. She 'peared so sharp set fur the news."

Jepson looked casually down at him, then away at the far blue horizon. "I 'm goin' ter Brumsaidge now, an' ef they wanter arrest me they kin an' welcome; an' though I ain't yit got the Lord so ez he sets ez much store by me ez he done by Dan'l, I ain't no mo' 'feard o' nuthin' 'n him. I be ekal ter an-

swerin' fur all I done, an' I be more 'n willin'."

There was something splendid and imposing in his boldness, and in his stalwart pride in his courage. He turned his unflinching gaze down to meet the intelligent and crafty albeit vacillating eyes of Jake Baintree, in which there was a sort of reluctant envy, despite the rancorous enmity they intimated.

"Ye hev got ter try it fust," he said significantly, remembering the stress of his own ordeals, and that this was but the valor of prognostication. The facts would probably soon alter the outlook. He nodded his head convincingly.

"Sech ez I do," said the valorous saint, "air done afore the Lord! An' I ain't keerin' what men say ahint my back, so long ez they take powerful keerful heed o' thar words afore my face; ef they don't, I know how ter make 'em wish they hed."

Jake Baintree failed, apparently, to comprehend the spirit of this challenge. He looked absently at the red cow cropping the grass in the niches at the base of the cliff that towered above their heads, and then his restless eye followed the silver-tipped wings of a bird, flying in the sunshine, upward, upward, with open beak and a joyous matutinal cry, cleaving the mists with a glancing line of light, and seeming bound for some haven in the splendid placidity of the blue sky, so serene and so high. The dew exhaled incense. Far away a fawn bleated, where doubtless it lay with its dam in the thick coverts of the laurel. The balsam firs, all a-glitter, gave out a sense of strength and infinite freshness, and of all the finer values of respiration; in such air it was a definite joy to be endowed with the sheer capacity to breathe. As his wandering glance came back he caught Jepson's eyes upon him, and he was vaguely embarrassed for the moment. He put one foot on the blade of the spade that he had in his hand, and leaning upon the handle

he looked up, his inscrutable eyes narrowing and full of close and guarded thought.

"What war ye a-layin' off ter say ter me? Jes' that?" he demanded.

"I never laid off ter say nuthin' ter you-uns," said Jepson loftily. "Ye happen ter be in my road. I ain't keerin' ef ye onderstan' or no sech ez I am mindin' ter say an' act. I render an account ter the Lord, an' I walk afore him! I be goin' down ter Brumsaidge ter meet the days ter come. I feel ekal ter 'em, — ter what the Lord mought send."

A sudden anxiety flickered over Baintree's face; for the first time he noted the household gear packed in a tiny wagon that was drawn by an old ox, guided only by his master's voice as he rode alongside, and the number of cattle and sheep. This was evidently a permanent removal.

"Whar be ye a-goin' ter live in the Cove?" he demanded suddenly.

"Whar ye reckon?" retorted Jepson, resenting the supposed curiosity impelling the question. "Ye may be sure in the fear o' the Lord, an' in the light o' his face, ef he will turn it on me."

He lifted his head with a most mundane pride and called aloud to his cattle, his robust, mellow voice echoing along the savage steeps. Then, with the whole pastoral train once more in motion, he rode on down the rugged mountain ways, sitting his horse with a proud erectness, — the lingering influence of his arrogations in the conversation, — his broad hat pushed back from his brow, his spirited face full of resolution and confidence again, and with that imaginative, meditative look once more in his deep eyes; for, urged by his contempt for the man from whom he had just parted, it cost him no effort to discharge his flexible mind, almost his very memory, of the conversation and of the existence, of his late companion. But he could not keep his thoughts upon congenial themes. Over and again, to be sure,

he reverted to the trend of his habitual meditations. It was thus, he reflected, that they of old had journeyed with their flocks under the open sky. He saw Jacob's cattle instead of his own slowly tending down the defiles; now and again he passed a bubbling spring, full of tinkling tremors of sound stealing out into the silence of this richly luxuriant land, and to him it was a "well of springing water in a desert place;" sheep they had of old, and kine, and horses, and he marveled much what a camel might be. Then suddenly, with a deep sigh, he was again striving with the pursuing pack of remorseful, sharp-fanged regrets, falling upon him anew, with a freshened capacity to tear and mangle, recruited in that short respite. With the veiled future before, that no prescient eye might even vaguely discern; with an urgent sense of justification, that nevertheless could not justify his deed to himself; with a self-effacing desire to atone for what he felt was no fault of his, as if the sacrifice could restore all as it was at this hour of yesterday, he reviewed the scene, burnt as it was into his brain, and shrank once more in every sensitive fibre from the barbed reproaches of Marcella's soft voice, and again turned aghast from what might perchance befall Eli Strobe.

And then he vibrated to that other mood, his splendid physique rebounding from the harassments that sought to fix upon his strong nerves. His habit of robustly ignoring aught that did not jump with his humor; his imperious and independent poise; his impassivity to argument and the opinion of others; his arrogant arbitration of all matters according to his own absolute judgment, that recognized no alternative, no higher appeal, save his tyrannical interpretations of the Lord's will, all renewed their tenure. His dominant individuality and the elastic vigor of his mind were reasserted, and he was anew open to the influences of the present. Here and there

his receptive fancy was struck by a great cairn of stones, fragments of rock split from the crags above by the riving frosts of immemorial winters, and he was reminded afresh of the altar that Jacob piled, and of the resting-places — which surely the Lord frequented — of this journeying man of eld.

"Jacob hed powerful strange 'sperience," he broke out. "He did dream s'prisin'. An' the Lord's voice mus' hev sounded in his ears, wakin' an' sleepin', arter he once hearn it. I could n't holp feelin' sorry fur Esau, though."

He mechanically noted how the golden-rod showered its yellow hoard, as his stirrup-irons struck into the thick way-side growth, how the blooming "mountain snow" brushed his mare's fine coat.

"It never did 'pear ter me so scandalous redic'lous ez Esau war hongry arter he kem from huntin'. This air a powerful rough country, an' the air is brief, — I fund the diffence out whenst I went down yander ter them valley towns, time Jake Baintree war tried. The Bible 'lowed Esau war a powerful cunning hunter, but never said nuthin' 'bout what sorter dogs he hed, — mought n't hev been trained to trail, an' time he hed pulled 'bout'n the mountings with a pack o' wuthless hounds arter deer or b'ar he war bleeched ter been hongry; But he ought n't ter hev sold his birth-right fur a pot o' soup."

He shook his head reprehensively over this ancient transaction. "Esau ought n't ter hev done that," he said, as if it had happened yesterday.

The mare suddenly shied from a pallid, lightning-scathed tree showing abruptly close at hand as the path curved. He paused for a moment, but the interruption did not divert the current of his reflections. "Jacob," he said, "served seven year fur Rachel, an' 'lowed 't war like one day. He b'lieved in Rachel. The Bible 'lows she war plumb beautiful, — but I'll be bound she warn't nowhar compared ter Mar-

celly" — He broke off with a bitter sigh; his face clouded; the far-away look in his blue eyes, that was so inconsonant with the force and boldness of his features, was gone with the effect of a sudden metamorphosis, — absolutely unrecognizable. He gathered up the reins that he had suffered to lie loose on the mare's neck, and lifted his voice in a melancholy hymn, and sang aloud as he rode. Now and again the mingled cry of the flocks rose to Jake Baintree's ears, and once as they emerged below the wealth of foliage into a rocky space he saw them again; the animals running at speed down the declivities, the mare cantering after, while the rider sang aloud, the sound vibrating back and forth in swinging vigor of rhythm, and with the multitudinous echoes seeming as if the whole morning were voicing the solemn measure of an anthem.

The man, as he leaned on his spade, his trousers tucked into his boots, his hat pulled low over his uncertain and lowering eyes, had an expression altogether at variance with his humble rustic garb, so crafty, so keen, it was. His face was lined with anxiety for a moment. Once he started impulsively after the horseman, then checked himself abruptly. "He'll git thar 'fore I kin," he remarked. "It's down hill all the way, an' they'll keep that gait, I reckon."

Already the song was faint; already the echoes were fitful. The wind was harping in the pines above his head; he glanced up to see them gently stirring; a great buzzard majestically circled in the blue sky; a mist on the mountain side was caught up in elusive evanescence, as the broad flare of the sun encountered its ethereal pallors, like some belated ghost that in these solitudes had braved the monitory cock-crow.

"He'll be powerful s'prised when he does get there," he muttered, "an' that's all!" He spoke aloud, his anxious canvassing resulting in reassurance. He

laughed a little, his thin lips curving. "He's a mos' survigrouous fool;" he shook his head in contemplating the strength of the folly that Jepson harbored. "He ain't goin' ter sense nuthin'. He'll bound round hyar an' talk 'bout the Lord, when he air so fur from heaven ez the Lord hisself can't hear him. An' ennyhow, he'll git 'rested so soon that he won't hev much chance ter wonder an' talk. An' I'll light out ter let the folks in Brumsaidge know ez he be a-travelin' round an' a-purtendin' ter be a-goin' thar, fur mebbe he won't go ter his cabin arter all."

This cabin of Jepson's was well out of sight from the Settlement, and was in fact some miles distant. It lay on the slope of the deep trough in the mighty range which was called Broomsedge Cove, but the characteristic topography of the locality had given way, and the torrent that, long and sinuous, was a feature of the broader spaces wound here in the chasm of a valley so narrow that the stream wore the semblance of a lakelet in the abyss below, so completely did jutting spurs of the mountain conceal its further vagrant course. It was a wild spot on the slope, with its rocky bit of pasture, its "gyarden," its slanting fields. Above the little log cabin the great, wooded, gray, craggy steeps towered immutably; below, the abrupt declivity slanted to the clifty banks of the simulated lake in the gorge. In certain states of the atmosphere, one standing in the weed-grown garden might think to put forth a hand and touch that purple-bronze mountain opposite. And again the neighboring heights sought a sophistry of distance, and were blue and vague, and shimmered elusive through a fluctuating haze. The water in the chasm had too its variant guise: at times it was a burnished yellow with the emblazonment of the sun, or under a dull sky it glittered with a steely lustre, like some keen blade that, finely tempered, can be bent and writhen

into an unwonted sinuosity; under a lunar spell it trembled and shoaled with violet tints, and glancing pearly shafts, and anon a silver gleam. On dark nights the stars registered one by one in these lucent currents, sequestered by the forest and the rocks, and held in the deep, deep heart of the mountain.

Jepson felt a sudden poignant pang when first he caught sight of the crystal depths, of the little gray cabin, of the weed-grown wastes above, and of the mountains opposite and those that clustered round. Ah, what does an old home house! Such troops of memories, gay and grave; such palpable fancies arrayed in the guise of those that once it knew; the sound of voices that speak no more, scenes reenacted at will, — morning, noon, and night, these tenants flit in and out of its portals and busy themselves as of yore, despite whomsoever it shelters now, and find no lack of space. Hospitable roof-tree! He could not enter at first; he did not even have the heart to meditate on the policy of its desertion and of his return. He unsaddled his mare, and watched the cattle take their way into the old pasture and to the tumbling shanty of a barn, noting indications of their dumb recognition of the locality. He wondered if they were aware of the change, and how in their dull and half-developed reasoning processes they accounted for it. Old griefs, seared over by time and distance, began to ache again in conscious bereavement. It smote him like a blow in the face to note the weed-grown spaces of the garden, — how bravely the prince's-feathers flaunted, how the tiger-lilies flared! All of the utilitarian growths had succumbed; there might be "volunteer potatoes," perchance, under the fennel, and the broad-leaved mullein, and the long tangled crab-grass, but naught showed of the old-time grace and plenty but the flowers that his mother had planted, still keeping tryst with the seasons as of yore.

"How she did love ennything ez hed a strong color onto it!" he thought wistfully, remembering this primitive half-realized relish of beauty of contour and of tint, and watching a row of tall hollihocks, all their straight, shaft-like stalks studded with blossoms as they waved back and forth in the wind, by the doorstep, where she used to sit and watch them, while she listened to the deep, musical flow of the stream in the abyss below, or the blare of the wind in the pines, or the heart-felt lay of a bird singing from the orchard bough. "Waal, waal," he sighed as he lay at length amongst the clover, his hat upon the ground and his hands clasped under his head, gazing at the little gray cabin, "she hev got a better house 'n that one now, — a house not made with hands."

For all his imagination he could not see it, and so he sighed again.

It was nearing noonday: the scent of the clover was dry and warm; a bee went droning by; the shadows of a few scrubby fruit trees, by courtesy an orchard, had almost collapsed about the roots, far different from their long, slanting matutinal habit. Autumn was abroad in the land, although its signs were scant. On the great slope behind the house a single sour-wood tree on a bold crag flaunted, a deep, rich crimson color; it contrasted sharply with its own white tassels, and with the gray of the rugged rock, with the green of the pines hard by, with the delicate, indefinable blue of that slow up-wreathing smoke.

Smoke? Whence should it come? He lifted himself upon his elbow and stared, his eyes startled and intent, as if he scarcely believed their testimony. For this vague and vagrant tissue was curling up from the old stick-and-clay chimney of the deserted house.

He did not move. He lay watching this illusion, as it were, this guise of former days, wondering that the little cabin, gray and aged and trembling on the verge of dissolution, should lend it-

self to this fraud of vision, spuriously advertising itself a habitation, when he knew how gaunt and bare it was within; how dark were the corners, where the spiders wove their time-thickened webs; how dilapidated a rift was in the flooring, where a puncheon had rotted and fallen through. Ah, looking at the graves in the little forlorn burying-plot among the crags, high on the slope in a square inclosure of gray palings, and remembering those who had quitted the cabin and the humble home ways forever, to lie out there in the silence of the mountains, — with the rain, and the mist, and the wind, and the snow to come and to go unheeded, while they waited the sound of the promised trump, which even the dull ear of death shall heed, — one might realize how well it behooved that hearth-stone to be dark, and silent, and solitary; how strange a freak it was that this vaporous attestation of warmth and glow should deceive his senses.

The smoke bent before the wind; it wafted toward him.

He rose suddenly, with a changed face.

"Somebody air in thar," he said, with mustering indignation; "they hev got a fire, an' they air a-burnin' of green wood."

The smell of the smoke from the green wood, with the pungent, aromatic suggestions of its sap, was still stronger as he stood by the door. He hesitated for a moment; then with a muttered "I hev got manners, ef ye ain't," the owner of the house knocked, rousing such a sound in the cavernous stillness that his heart gave a great throb as he heard. Precipitate feet seemed to hastily plod to the door, failing somehow when reaching it, and waiting in silence, while fainter footfalls followed and paused also. It was only when he knocked once more that he realized that this was but the echo of his summons on the frail battens. There seemed no one inside, but as he tried the latch he discovered, to his infinite surprise, that the door was

secured by a padlock and chain, the fastenings within.

"A body would 'low fur sartain ez thar war folks inside," he said in doubt.

His eyes, with a certain freedom characteristic of the proprietary glance, turned with a canvassing attention now to the walls and chimney, and again to the closed batten shutter. The hollyhocks that his mother had planted — how they had grown! — rapped against it with peremptory iteration, as if insistently summoning her forth to see how they throve and rewarded her early care.

"Jes' ez ye say!" he remarked loudly, for the benefit of the supposed occupants. "Ef ye don't let me in, I'll let myself in."

Still there was no response save the hesitant striking back of the tones of his voice from the walls, seeming intrusive and strident in the utter silence.

He began to feel as if he were dreaming. He looked over his shoulder to see the scattered kine in the clover; his claybank mare standing unsaddled by the old rail fence, her bronze flanks glistening in the sun, her black mane tossing as she thrust her head over the high topmost rail, gazing with full, lustrous eyes down the slope, and snuffing with satisfaction the fresh breeze. He was awake, — very wide awake indeed, one might have thought, to see him take his pistol from the holster of the saddle on the ground and slip it into the long leg of his boot; for his faith in the efficacy of a "shootin'-iron" was hardly less pronounced than his faith in the efficacy of prayer. He walked in gingerly amongst the tall, slim rods of the hollyhocks. "I hev ter be powerful partic'lar 'bout tromplin' these hyar high weeds ez mam sets sech store by," he said, his tongue repeating an old formula, familiar to it of yore, and only his mind distinguishing in the words, after they were spoken, the sarcasm of the present and the past. Even in that urgent moment of action and of caution he

sought to reflect that for her flowered the unfading splendors of the gardens of heaven, and he had a sudden close realization of the solace she must have found in that bloomful Paradise. A vague vision of vast multiplied fields of the Chilhowee lily was before his eyes; of these white ethereal glories were the heavenly borders, he knew. He paused as he stood; the white hollyhocks, with their garnet centres, touched his cheek. He laid his hand on the shutter, breast-high from the ground. It too was fastened on the inside. One sudden violent wrench, and it was torn from its hinges. The next instant, with the supple agility of a mountain panther, he sprang through the narrow aperture, and landed on his feet in the middle of the square, low-ceiled room. Empty, — quite empty. He stood amidst the clustering shadows, and gazed about with a dilated, excited eye. A square of yellow sunlight lay on the dusky floor beneath the window, and in the slanting rays the motes were dancing. A new puncheon had replaced the rift in the floor; in the chimney-place were heaps of ashes, and amidst them red coals smouldered. The fire had been providently covered to last, but the task had not been well done, or the draught was stronger than usual, the wind being favorable; for a remnant of the green-wood log had begun to burn afresh, although only a timorous blaze now and then showed itself, flickering out in the steady column of smoke slowly tending up the chimney. There were pipes on the shelf that served as mantel, a rough pallet in the corner, and a few rude utensils on a bench. As he looked about in increasing surprise, he noted a variety of fragments of rock, systematically ranged on the floor beside the walls. A strong spade and a pickaxe with one point broken off stood in the corner. With a mind void of even a speculation, he investigated the shed-room; then ascended to the roof-room, where the window by the chimney was

open to the air. It looked out above the low branches of the orchard, where the sunshine and the shadows still alternated in the old vogue known amongst the leaves since light first dawned upon the world. It showed, too, the great dark mountains hard by, with the deeper shades amongst them that betokened ravine and chasm below the level of his eye; and there was a range afar off, appearing above their massive summits, faintly blue, known by sight only, as it were, for its name was unfamiliar, and its relative position to the other steeps was such that it could be seen only from the window of his old room. A dead tree close at hand, denuded of leaves and bark, tall and blanched to a silver tint, showed its dendritic symmetry in pallid glistening lines against the soft blue of those far slopes, and the sense of distance between the two, the leagues of sunshine, was immeasurable. The sight of the mountain, so long unseen, with the overpowering recollection of the past, had its indescribable effect upon him. His face was wistful, his nerves grew tense, his hand trembled as he leaned upon its palm on the window-sill. Another man, feeling thus, would have wished that he had not come, and would have upbraided himself, perchance, that he had been so ill content, placed as he was of late. Jepson rarely, indeed, questioned the wisdom and the policy of his own decrees. He turned himself about with a long-drawn sigh, quivering, it seemed, through the very flesh of his heart that ached physically, tramped heavily down the stairs, and without a moment's hesitation addressed himself to removing the stranger's effects; piling them all in a heap outside of the boundary fence, where the owner might come and take them or leave them, as he saw fit.

"Ef he hed kem an' axed me, whoever he be, he'd hev been welcome ter bide ez long ez he wanted ter," he observed, the sentiment of the proprietor

strong within him and affronted by this lack of formality. "I hain't been outer reach noways, ez I knows on. An' ef my kin be dead, I ain't."

As he proceeded to put his own household effects into that perfunctory and curious disarray which the masculine mind accounts order, he glanced out of the window now and again, thinking to see the evicted tenant returning to find his household gods thus upset, and heaped together, and cast out.

So bent was he upon this that after his expeditious settlement of his household affairs he seated himself on the step of the little porch, and smoked, as he leaned, with his hands behind his head, against the post, and watched the meagre treasure with intent eyes. He did not recognize his resolution in any sense as softening, but when the unknown intruder should come back, and thus learn this pointed lesson of the absolute rights of ownership, he held in contemplation the return of the cast-out gear to the house, and an invitation to abide for a time.

As he sat there the river sang, — sang aloud to the listening, silent mountains, an archaic lay, so full of a sentiment of a vital individuality, an undying spirit, that it must have been voiced by some finer essences than are known to our dull modern density. He could hear the woods declaiming in vibrant periods, although he could translate none of these dryadic tones that came from the trees. The bees droned about his mother's flowers; a butterfly, more splendidly caparisoned than any blossom, dandered about the old neglected garden and took to wing. And as he watched, naught came down the path but the reddening sunlight, loitering along to its home in the west.

X.

It was soon bruited abroad throughout Broomsedge that Jepson had come

back to the Cove to live, and to those who declined to give credence to this new instance of his arrogant boldness — having entertained the opinion that he would skulk indefinitely amongst the hidden nooks of the mountains, continuing a reproach to the denizens of the Settlement for their failure to detain him — further evidence was promptly furnished by his reappearance in his old haunts. No one sought to compensate now for the previous dereliction of the community, and he was proof against the cold shoulder and the look askance, so completely did the influence of his own individuality dwarf the opinion of the disaffected. A new view of the accident began to be entertained, and there were not a few disparaging comments, especially among the adverse political faction, on Eli Strobe's methods in office, and his own responsibility for the disaster which had befallen him. Had Jepson been a philosopher or a student of human nature, he might have found material for interesting analysis in the conduct of his ancient cronies as set forth in sundry confidences that came to his ears of what had been said in his absence, and thought, and threatened, and thus have sown the seeds of permanent misanthropy. He evidently gave the gossip little heed; he flouted its infinitesimal consequence. He was so validly indifferent, so serenely strong in the courage of his convictions, so arrogant in his self-esteem, that he belittled the others without even an intention of reducing their pride. Only once did the barbed shaft fail to glance off futile. "War them Pa'son Donnard's words?" he asked, a lowering frown upon his face, as he stood in the door of the forge and leaned against the frame, while a coterie of the gossips sat half within and half without. His eyes were dark and full of smouldering fire; his broad hat was pushed back from his brow, which had flushed to the roots of his hair. "Did he 'low ez how I

hed c'mitted murder? War them his words?"

"Jube say so," replied Clem Sanders. He was not consciously treacherous to his friend, but he possessed an unguarded tongue, and perhaps it was the hidden workings of justice that he should betray Jube's confidences, as Jube had failed to keep his secret.

Jepson remained silent a moment after the reiteration of the assertion. Then his whole aspect suddenly cleared.

"The Lord 'll jedge 'twixt him an' me. I ain't a-keerin' so long ez the Lord be on my side. I fear no man, an' the word o' none!"

It was doubtless because of his mental breadth and freshness, his physical vigor and the elasticity appertaining to this perfection of strength and health, that his hope was so strong, and his courage so sound, and his nerves so accurately poised. But he believed it was piety, and he was not often gainsaid.

"Oh, shet up," Bassett urged, being a prosaic man of this world, with a discerning eye for the foibles of others, and appreciating in some sort vast rifts between these spiritual arrogations and actual possessions. "Ye talk like ez ef ye an' the Lord war partners!"

"Ef I hed it all ter do over agin, I reckon I would n't ride that race," pursued the moralist speculatively, "knowin' what I know now, an' how it all turned out, kase I never wanted ter hurt nobody, much less Eli Strobe. But ef I knowed no more 'n I done then, I'd ride it agin. Tell me it's agin the law fur me an' Jube ter race our critters 'long the road, an' yit it ain't agin the law ter race yer critters on a reg'lar race-track, kase it puts suthin' inter the State's pocket! Thar ain't no jestic in that law, an' I won't abide by it. Naw, folkses, wrong is wrong everywhar, an' money can't make it right. No use payin' the State fur a license ter do wrong."

There were few vaticinations now con-

cerning the result of the disaster; the doctor had come and had shaken his head, the precise significance of which was variously interpreted, the majesty and solemnity of the gesture alone being open to no sort of question. The prophets imitated his caution, and reserved their opinion. Eli mought die, they said, and then agin he mought n't. And thus they were prepared for whatever might betide. The doctor had added to the ostensible purpose of his existence the fact of furnishing a new theme to the idle gossips who sat upon the fences, and hung about the store and the forge; he, and his big spectacles, and his bald head, and his old-fashioned buggy — a new and a wonderful vehicle in the estimation of Broomsedge — were canvassed anew, and those who were fortunate enough to have had some necessity for his services in past times, then considered unfortunate enough, renewed their experiences in the account of the methods of his practice, hoarded bits of his conversation, and the comparison of views as to his professional capacity. By the majority he was held to be “ekal ter raisin' the dead,” but Mrs. Strobe did not coincide in that flattering opinion.

“Marcelly,” said the sharp little dame, “that thar old bald-headed buzzard, — an' he looks percisely like one in them slick black store-clothes, — he knows jes' ez much 'bout doctorin' ez Watch thar, ef that.”

The “frequent visitor's” dog acknowledged the mention of his name by two or three taps with his tail on the floor, as he sat in the uninclosed passage between the two rooms, beside Marcella, who had dropped down on a rickety bench that stood against the wall. The girl turned upward her pale, anxious face, with a dumb despair in her eyes. She had hung on the physician's words, as if there were healing in the very sound. Mrs. Strobe held her tiny figure very erect; there was color in her

cheeks, and her eyes flashed. In fact, the professional call had been in some sort distinguished as a collision between two eminent medical authorities.

“I hev been considered ekal to doctorin' Eli an' ye chil'n, an' all my neighbors ez I could lay my hands on,” declared Mrs. Strobe, with a manner as attestive as if she were reading a diploma, “an' he tells me I need n't continue the yerb teas ez I hev been brewin'; they air 'useless, an' whatever air 'useless' air mo' or less 'injurious.' How does he know?” she demanded, with sphinxine triumph; “he dunno *what* I put inter 'em. *Me!* ez hev fetched whole passels o' folks through all sort'n mis'ries an' measles with my yerb-bag! An' he gimme these hyar leetle papers with powders in 'em, — nuthin' in the world but sand, I'll be bound, — an' this hyar bottle, — 'lotium,' he called it; smells loud enough ter knock a calf down! An' that's *all* it's good fur, ter derange yer nose teetotally, till ye can't smell no mo' till kingdom come. An' 'stop them yerb teas, — no good; ' an' he don't know *what* 's in 'em! An' let Eli sleep, when the mo' he sleeps the foolisher he talks whenst he wakes up. Shucks! I be goin' ter doctor Eli Strobe myself! I hev tuk him along through a many a tight fix.”

The girl sighed with relief and renewing hope, and pushed back the tangled heavy curling hair from her brow.

“Don't ye be oneasy, chile,” said the sturdy little dame. “I 'lowed ter Teck Jepson jes' yestiddy, I say, 'Eli Strobe's my son. But what through his bein' the dad o' Marcelly an' Is'bel, an' the constable o' Brumsaidge, an' the patient o' the doctor, a body mought see they did n't 'low me ter hev *much* sheer in him. But I be his mother, an' ef I hev got *enny* rights I reckon it air ter dose him ter my own taste.' An' Teck say, 'Ef I war sick, Mis' Strobe, I'd a sight ruther hev you-uns ter look arter me 'n

enny doctor-man I ever see.' Teck spoke right up."

"Teck Jepson!" cried the girl, knitting her straight black eyebrows, "hev he hed the insurance ter kem hyar agin?"

"Ye air a idjit, Marcellly; 'course he kem ter inquire arter Eli. He ain't studyin' 'bout you-uns; but that's jes' like a gal, — vainglorious till she 'lows the man air a-contrivin' an' thinkin' 'bout'n her all the time. Shucks, chile; wait till ye git ez old ez I be, an' ye 'll find out it air the wimmin ez hev ter do the thinkin' an' contrivin' ter please the men, an' *then* can't keep up with 'em more 'n half the time."

"I don't want ter please 'em," said Marcella, with a curve of her delicate lips, and lifting her head to its habitual airy pose.

"Kase ye feel so mighty sure ye air goin' ter 'thout tryin'," retorted the discerning grandmother. "Let somebody tell ye now ez ye air up an' down ugly, an' ef they could make ye b'lieve it, ye'd a sight ruther hear ye hed los' yer soul's salvation!"

She began to turn anew the papers in her hand. "'Quit them yerb teas,'" she quoted with a cantankerous accent, as she fumbled with the tiny wrappers, mimicking the physician's ill-judged scorn. She was letting the powders fly out in the wind. "'Gin these powders, one every hour.' He lef' his watch, sir, so ez ter tell the time o' day; an' it air in yander now, a-goin' on like suthin' live, ez ef it hed chitlin's in it. 'Gin him these powders,' — I 'll gin him some yerb tea, an' tell the doctor the powders done him a power o' good, when he kems agin. Ye Watch," she called out to the dog, who when a few flakes of the medicine fell upon the floor sprang up with an expectant hunger and a glistening greedy eye, as if he had not had a morsel of food for a week, "ef ye lap that up, it 'll tangle yer liver an' gizzard up so ye 'll *never* git 'em straight agin." Completing the destruction of the pow-

ders, she shook the bottle, looking at it intently. "Mought be some use." The seeming admission was as to the value of the glass vial, by no means the "lotium."

That afternoon she demonstrated her incontestable claim, however, to some knowledge of hygiene by a mandate that Marcella, and not Isabel, should go after the cows; and as the girl reluctantly left the invalid's bedside, Mrs. Strobe followed her out with axioms and boasts, for she had grown exceedingly prideful and exalted anew in her own opinion since she had seen the methods of the regular practitioner. "Ye oughter git some air an' light, Marcellly; ye look like the las' o' pea-time, — an' old! some similar ter Noah's grandmother, ef the good 'oman hed lasted this long. Ef ye keep on lookin' like that, even Clem Sanders won't admire ye; an' I think he air the kind o' boy ez hev got mighty little 'scrimination in gal-folks, — all of 'em pritty ter Clem, I 'll be bound. Ye go out an' git them cows hyar. I don't want Is'bel ter grow no taller till she makes out ter git a little wider. She looks now like she war a-travelin' on stilts, bein' so long-legged. Naw, Is'bel hed better set still, an' try ter fatten. Our folks war always knowed ter be a set o' well-favored wimmin, an' I don't want ye an' Is'bel ter gin the lie ter that report. Ez ter the men o' the fambly, they war ugly enough ter skeer the bars in the woods; but, honey, *they never* knowed it, an' ez they war so powerful pleased with thar own beauty, sech ez they hed, it holped ter keep 'em satisfied, — leastwise ez satisfied ez they war able ter be. Ye go 'long, an' see ef ye can't find yer own looks somewhar out yander in the wind an' 'mongst the rocks. I 'll be bound ye 'll kem up with 'em tangled in the briers."

If it were the radiance of the splendid and perfect day that was Marcella's inalienable possession, the tint of the wild rose for her lips and her infrequent

flush, the lucent shiring of deep pure waters reproduced in her eyes, she seemed to have regained all these invaluable gifts when she chanced to cross the little foot-bridge over the torrent that ran through Broomsedge Cove. The cows that she drove were fording the stream, standing flank-deep in the swirling current; the waters were a dark brownish-green tint, of a crystal-line clearness, and swift and songful; the dense laurel leaned over the banks; shadowy pines rose high above; here and there a cliff towered, and a great fir stood, with wide-spreading glooms in its branches, at one end of the frail little bridge. Above, one could see but a mere strip of the blue sky; farther up the stream, as the banks curved, the tumultuous rapids caught a sunbeam on their flashing foam, and a barren old crag on the opposite bank wore a tender roseate flush to see the sun set. But here in these shady precincts was neither beam nor pink radiance; the red cardinal flower blooming by the water's edge had but a sombre splendor, the ripples and the wide circles that the movement of the kine sent to the margin were dark lustrous lines, and the fret of foam dashing over the half-submerged brown rocks wore a more absolute and pallid white for the dark green and neutral tints of its vicinage.

The girl had been leaning her crossed arms upon the hand-rail of the bridge, and looking absently down at the turmoils of the current. She could see her own image in the clearer space, her sunbonnet hanging upon the shoulders of her blue dress, her curling brown hair floating free; her fair face, with its brilliant eyes and definite dark brows and grave lips, seemed all the more distinct, somehow, for the red flare of a kerchief knotted about her throat, the ends hanging down almost to her slender waist. The chant of the river filled the air; the wind was sonorously astir in the trees; now and again one of the cows,

drinking no longer, but standing still, enjoying the freshness of the dusky place, lowed, and the echoes responded. Thus Marcella did not hear an approach; she saw the reflection as Teck Jepson came along the little bridge where she stood, and the timbers elastically vibrated with each consecutive step. She scarcely credited the testimony of the image in the water. She lifted her head with a sudden startled look, putting back with one hand her heavy hair, and staring frowningly at him. She did not speak; she still leaned one arm upon the hand-rail.

"Howdy," Jepson observed calmly. "How's Eli?"

If she could have escaped him she would not have deigned him a word, but she could not pass him upon the narrow space of the two hewn logs that served as bridge; below was the deep water, and she would not retreat. "I won't take the back track fur nobody," she said to herself, with her head high.

He had evidently been hunting; his mare, with a newly killed deer laid athwart the saddle, awaited him on the bank; he had thrown the reins over a bough of a cucumber-tree. As Marcella glanced thither, she noted that the cones on the green branches were glowing red, and that the coat of the deer, whose antlers and ghastly cut throat were visible as the creature lay on its side, had already changed from the fulvous tints of summer to the duller gray of autumn; the season was surely waning. Her eyes came back reluctantly to Jepson. He was booted and spurred; he carried his rifle; his hunting-knife was in his broad leather belt; he wore his shot-pouch and powder-horn strapped over the shoulder of his brown jeans coat; his broad wool hat was pushed far back from his face, and once more she noticed how calm and reposeful his expression was. Somehow it added rancor to her anger, for she felt it hard that he should be at ease while she was so racked with care.

"I dunno ez I hev enny call ter tell ye how he be. Ef it hed n't been fur you-uns, he'd be powerful hearty an' well. Mighty few folks in the Cove ez survivorous ez he'd be, ef 't warn't fur you-uns."

He looked reproachfully at her. Then with an effort to mollify her, "Ye air mighty hard on me, Marcelly."

She held her head up, relishing her cruelty. "Not half ez hard ez ye des-serve," she declared.

He sighed heavily as he looked at her, and she smiled, with satire glancing in her eyes.

"I ain't half ez hard ez ye des-serve, or ez I would like ter be," she reiterated. "I dunno how ter be no harder, or I would."

"Marcelly!" he remonstrated. "'T warn't my fault. Ye 'low I would hev done sech a purpose? Even s'pose I war jes' mean, look how it hev turned out fur me. I hed 'lowed, ef it hed n't happened, ez ye an' me mought marry some day. An' now ye can't abide me."

"I never could!" she retorted.

He flushed with a sudden sense of mortification, but his store of patience was very great in this emergency, — he, who could usually command so little. "Ye did n't useter show it so plain," he argued.

"Why," she protested with a cavalier air, "I ain't undertakin' ter drive off all the men folks ez kem constant round the cabin. I'd spen' the rest o' my days a-wieldin' a hickory. How 'd I know ye warn't komin' ter see *Is'bel*, or — *gran-ny*?"

This mocking fleer wounded him, — so sensitive he was where she was concerned, — and he was reminded afresh of the number of sturdy worshipers at that shrine, and his jealousy sprang up anew. He stood staring silently at her, noting again how beautiful she was, canvassing secretly the claims of the others; but however his hope might belittle their chances, they all were more fortunate

than he in having at least the toleration of the fair prize. She resented that long, reflective gaze, and broke forth suddenly.

"Air ye obligated ennywise ter stan' in the middle o' this narrer bredge all evenin'?" she demanded, with a flushing cheek and a flashing eye. "An' why n't ye stay up in the mounting an' kem down no mo', ez I bid ye?"

There was something passing all bounds of endurance in her patent scorn and the intensity of her anger. He realized the extent of her affliction, and his love, albeit quickly grown, was great. But his pride was an indomitable essence, and it showed in his manner as he drew himself tensely erect. "I don't hold myself bound ter mind yer bid," he said slowly. "I hev been in love with ye ever sence I fust set eyes on ye, but I ain't sech ez Samson or some o' the t'others, ez war fairly owned, body an' soul, by some woman or other. I foller my own will, an' it hev led me down ter my own house in Brumsaidge Cove, an' I go up ter the mounting no mo'. I foller my own will, an' it leads me whar the voice o' the Sperit summons."

His eyes dilated and his color flared; his serious, half-frowning gaze was fixed upon her, but he hardly saw her as he made this valiant declaration of independence. There was dignity as well as strength in his pose and his manner, and the temerity of his resolution to be no slave to his love.

His revolt, if so it might be interpreted, against the supreme power which she wielded overwhelmed her in some sort. She had lost her bearings, and this was chaos. She looked at him with a self-forgetfulness, a sort of impersonal interest, for a moment.

"Yes, sir; thar I mean ter live an' die, — in Brumsaidge," he pursued. "An' enny woman ez tells me ter go thar or kem hyar — 'thout it air ter do some favior — mought ez well save her breath.

I be man enough, I reckon, ter know my mind an' do it, — leastwise I'll try."

Once more he paused. The mare was straining at the reins that hampered her freedom, and he heard the rustling of the bough to which she was hitched. He gave a hasty, mechanical glance over his shoulder to make sure that she and the burden, the killed buck, were where they should be. The stirrups, swinging back and forth, touched the antlers once and again with a sharp sound; a frog was croaking on an oozy green log by the bank; his old deerhound, an animal whose capacity for speed showed in every line of its supple body, had followed him deftly along the bridge and stood beside him, looking up with intelligent eyes, and once or twice furtively licking his boot. As Jepson turned back, he saw Marcella's face without that expression of special reference to himself, of anger and reproach; she was for the moment absolved from her intention of hatred. He noted the lurking sadness, the haunting fear, the wistfulness that is always the sequence and attestation of some predominant emotion. She looked so tender, so young, so grievously wounded.

"Oh, Marcella," he cried, "I never meant ter harm Eli! I would n't hev hurt him fur nuthin'. I would n't keer what the law would do ter me fur it, ef only ye'd b'lieve I never done it a purpose. Ef only ye'd say that, I'd go ter jail fur the rest o' my life rejoicin'."

The moment he recurred to the suppliant tone her sense of power returned. The implacable, imperative look was again in her face, coming with a rush of color, as if the blood-red glow were the inherent tint of pride.

"Ye air about ez fur from jail ez enny man on this yearth, an' ye air goin' ter stay so, ef ye kin hev yer way. I don't keer what ye meant or did n't mean ter do. I keer fur what ye done! An' ef ye foller yer will an' the voice o' the Sperit, ez ye 'lows leads ye, ye 'll be

mighty clar from gittin' punished, whether ye live in Brumsaidge or the moun-ting. I don't keer whar ye live 'n what ye do now." She had ceased to lean on the hand-rail, and her image had vanished from the glad water; she stood erect and slender before him, the red kerchief carelessly knotted about her throat, her bonnet hanging on her shoulders, her long, half-curling, and thickly waving hair almost hiding it. "I'd be obleeged ter ye ef ye'd git out'n my road. I don't wanter drown myself in that water, an' it seems I'll hev ter ef I try ter pass ye."

He said no more and slowly withdrew, busying himself about his mare's girth. He glanced, wounded and reproachful, at Marcella as she went by, following the cows, but she gave him no word, and was presently lost in the woods.

After she had reached home, she saw him going down the road to the Settlement. "Bold ez brass," she commented, looking at him from the porch. "I wisht he'd git arrested, somehow."

She marveled at his mission, but it excited scant attention in the Cove, where his frequent presence since his return from the mountains had become familiar. He took his way toward the store, which combined commercial and postal functions, — a little frame building without a porch, and with only one room. In some seizure of unprecedented energy, the storekeeper had undertaken to white-wash it; his industry had compassed the surface of its front, and then collapsed finally, and thus it had subsequently stood, its dark, weather-stained sides and back in sharp contrast with the white front of the building. His proceedings had been characteristically considered by the mountaineers to be in fault in the first instance, for the effort to furnish up the appearance of the store was esteemed a reprehensible aping of town ways and views. No one animadverted upon his indolence in failing to carry out his design. A mountaineer, whose

name is lost to tradition, one day observed that the white-fronted building, as it sat on the slope of the hill, always looked to him like a white-faced bull; and thereafter the owner went by the name of "White-Face Hobbs." He was upon the doorstep now, — a long, lank fellow, whose lowly posture accented the extreme length of his legs; and as he sat with his knees as high as his chin, the attitude was vaguely suggestive of a grasshopper. He had a cadaverous face, the color of parchment, and he entertained pessimistic views of the intentions, morals, and manners of all the young men in the Cove.

"A pack o' fresky cusses kem in hyar an' play thar jokes off, an' dust one 'nother with flour, an' turn over the sorghum or the sugar, an' folks tell me they war funnin'. I'll git ter funnin', fust thing they know! I don't think nuthin' in this world air ez funny ez a big hickory stick, an' I kin use it so ez ter make *me* laugh mightily, though some folks mought be too sober-sided, time I war done with it."

On a rickety chair, tilted against the white-faced wall, sat a young man, wearing a suit of exceedingly cheap and shabby store-clothes. He had a broad, freckled face and sandy hair, and a big plated watch-chain which supported no watch. He was a visitor here, White-Face Hobbs being his uncle, and Jepson's intention to address him was so evident, as he came up the slope leading his mare, who looked reluctant and long-necked, still burdened with the deer, that the storekeeper, fearing a commercial opportunity might elude him while the young men talked, struck in, forestalling Jepson's remark.

"Wanter sell yer meat?" he demanded.

"Take it, or leave it; I don't keer," said Jepson. He handed the reins to the storekeeper, who had risen, and he walked toward the young man, and paused before him.

"Neal," he said, looking down and putting one hand into his belt, "I want ye ter arrest me."

The storekeeper dropped the reins, and stood staring speechlessly, while the mare moved off a few steps and began to crop the grass.

Neal Wright, who was the deputy sheriff of the county, and whose acquaintance Jepson had made while a witness for the State in Baintree's trial, dropped the forelegs of his chair to the ground, and asked, dismayed, "What ye done?"

"That thar racin' an' runnin' down Eli Strobe."

"Eli Strobe ain't dead."

"Naw," said Jepson in a melancholy tone, "but I wanter be arrested now."

The deputy meditated for a moment.

"Oh, g'long, Teck," he said, in official perplexity, "I dunno what ter arrest ye fur. 'T warn't nuthin' but a accident."

"Racin' air unlawful," said Jepson, moodily, — "a unlawful act."

"Shucks!" retorted the officer. "Las' week I raced a gray horse o' mine — a good un — with a horse o' Jedge Grimm's, o' the Circuit Court. Both of us happened ter be goin' out o' town same time. He hearn me a-clippin' behind him, an' he whipped up an' spurred, an' I whipped up an' spurred. Don't he know hoss-flesh, though, an' don't he love it! He hed the dead-wood on me, — oughter jes' see that bay git down ter his work! An' when he war a-gittin' away from me, Jedge Grimm jes' turned his big red face round wunst, an' it war all one wink an' grin. Me an' the jedge air out o' jail yit."

"Waal, I gin myself up," persisted Jepson.

"Oh, g'long, Teck." The officer was standing now, and he gave his friend's shoulder an admonitory push. "I don't want ye. I don't wanter kerry ye all the way ter Colb'ry an' cut my visit off. An' I don't b'lieve I could git ye c'mit-

ted ter stan' yer trial noways. The old man" — it was the high sheriff thus antiquated, — "air powerful partic'lar 'bout makin' false an' foolish arrests, an' he's responsible fur me." He shook his head in a manner that intimated his sense of the weight of this. "Folks can't git arrested fur fun. Naw, sir, I don't want ye. I 'll kem arter ye mighty quick ef ennything happens ter Eli. Don't ye be 'fear'd."

"I want ter be arrested now," reiterated Jepson. "His fambly want me arrested."

The deputy looked puzzled. "I don't b'lieve ye, Teck. Ef they did, they 'd make a complaint agin ye, an' git out a warrant."

"They air all wimmin; they dunno how." Then, urgently, "When ye go back ter town, tell the 'old man' ez the crim'nal wanted ter be arrested, and the fambly wanted him ter be jailed, too, an' ye would n't."

"Teck, ye air out'n yer head!" exclaimed Wright.

"Go up ter the house an' ax 'em," said the would-be prisoner.

The deputy, thus summoned from the unofficial ease and pleasure of his visit to the perplexity and caution requisite in handling a case new to his short experience, hesitated for a moment, and then, putting his hands in his pockets, set forth, silent, saturnine, circumspect, a very different person from the smart young idler before the white-faced store. He carried the wonder of it with him all adown the turn-row between the ranks of corn and to the doorstep of the house itself. "A body would 'low ez a smart, strong, rampagious feller like Teck would be jes' the one ter gin the sher'ff a turrible race through them mountings." He nodded toward the wooded heights, with a realizing sense of their value to the ill-doer as an impenetrable covert. Then he lifted his voice in a stentorian "Hello!" for knocking on the door is here little in vogue. The sound sum-

moned little Mrs. Strobe, valiant as a far larger woman might be, and trim, light, and dapper, with a reproachful lifted forefinger, and a gibe upon her lips, although her curiosity as to his mission quivered through every fibre.

"Waal, stranger, ye could n't holler louder ef ye war a peeg an' 't war killin'-time. Ye 'll never go off in a lung complaint. Don't ye know we hev got a sick man in the house?"

Isabel had boldly followed her grandmother, and stood ready to participate in the conversation, should it prove of interest. Marcella came only to the door, but lingered there, leaning against the frame.

"That's jes' what I kem ter speak ter ye 'bout, ma'am," said the officer. "I'm the dep'ty sher'ff o' the county."

"Laws-a-massy!" exclaimed the old woman, by way of compliment and obeisance to the dignity of his authority.

"An' it hev been tole ter me ez the fambly want Teck Jepson arrested fur unlawfully ridin' a race, an' ridin' down an' injurin' Eli Strobe whilst doin' this unlawful act."

They were all silent, revolving this succinct statement, and adjusting the circumstances thus set forth to their own consciousness of the facts.

"Now," continued Wright, "ef ye 'll complain agin him, I 'll arrest Jepson an' git him c'mitted, an' land him in jail ter await the event."

"Me want ter jail Teck Jepson fur runnin' a horse along a plain road?" cried the old woman. "Ef ye warn't a stranger, sir, I'd tell ye ez ye air a crazy buzzard."

"Yes 'm," said the deputy, sanely agreeing in her view.

"Eli got hurt by accident, through bein' too sharp-set ter arrest folks fur nuthin', an' Teck war his bes' friend in the 'lection. He could n't pull up his horse. Naw, sir; wait till Eli gits better or wuss."

"That's yer conclusion, ma'am?" said

the officer, visibly relieved. Then he glanced at Marcella. She stood silent, intent, pondering. The young man's eyes lingered. "Do his darter want Jepson arrested?" he asked, seeking an added respect in using the third person.

Marcella did not answer. That brooding dubitation was on her face, and her eyes were full of untranslated meanings.

"Speak, chile," urged her grandmother, tartly.

The man's inquiring eyes still lingered; she suddenly raised her own. She looked at him for a moment, and slowly shook her head. A deep flush overspread her face, and she turned hastily within.

That night a wind arose; a great, sonorous, declamatory voice it had. Some rude iconoclastic spirit was rife in its midst, and threatened alike roof-tree and hearth-stone. The shutters were closed; the door was barred; but its heavy touch was on the walls, and every timber shook. The sense of it pervaded the deep unconsciousness that had hitherto enwrapped Eli Strobe. The knowledge of the continuity of cause and effect was broken; he did not realize why he was awake, what turmoil affected his perceptions; he only knew again himself for himself, and talked and raged incoherently. Fever was in his blood, and the strength of delirium was in his muscles. The little dame and the two frightened girls were alone to experience these undreamed-of terrors; for since the invalid had been so quiescent, and all had been done that was needful, the helping neighbors had felt their services superfluous, and had betaken themselves home. His mind had gone back to the scene of the disaster. As the thunder rolled he would lift himself in bed, ghastly with his bloody, bandaged head, his wild, unreasoning eye, his strong right hand upheld warningly as he listened. "Hear! hear!" he would cry. "Hear 'em gallopin' thar horses!

Down the very throat o' the law!" And when a new peal sounded louder and deeper than before, he would spring up, catching at an imaginary bridle, declaring that he had unhorsed Teck Jepson and had broken his neck. And there was Teck now, in hell! — so surprised to be there, and so taken aback to see the devil, that Eli Strobe, who had sent him thither, could not refrain from laughing. He held his sides while his wild shrieks of frenzied mirth filled the small precincts of the cabin, shriller than the wind, more turbulent than the thunder, as persistent as the rain that came down in torrents upon the roof. The three women clung together in terror, and with trembling lips devised futile expedients to quiet him. But the vaunted "yerb tea" failed; and although at first some vague recognition of Marcella, or Isabel, or his mother would prevail, and after a wild sidelong stare and a doubtful mutter he would consent to lie back upon the pillow and have the quilts drawn close about his shoulders again, he would soon forget them, and would spring up anew; and presently he recognized them no more. Marcella could scarcely unclinch his grip as he declared that this was Teck Jepson, and he should be arrested on the spot. And as a ghastly flash of lightning made a mockery of the gleam of the little tallow dip and the smouldering fire, and filled the room with a quivering blue flame of a blinding intensity, he began to cry out that he was dead, — he was a dead man; that Teck Jepson had killed him, and nobody cared to avenge him. But he would walk, he protested with a terrible fury; as a ghost he would walk this earth. He would make the gallows seem a kind fate to the man who had cheated it, and who had torn him from life that was so fair and full, and had cast him into some outer darkness where there was gnashing of teeth; and he ground his own, with a frightful look on his face. He would meet the man who

had slain him, in lonely places, and reveal hideous spiritual terrors to him, and some day would fall upon him and throttle him; and those who might find him would never know why Teck Jepson had died. He would walk,—he would walk! And he began to gather the sheet about him.

"Oh, Marcellly!" cried the cowering Mrs. Strobe, "I hev done wrong. The yerb tea ain't no good, sure enough, this time, an' mebbe thar war some healin' in the old doctor's powders. He 'lowed they'd keep Eli quiet. Oh, I wish I hed n't flung 'em away! He said the lotium air ter go on the outside, else I'd gin Eli a mouthful o' that. Oh, Marcellly, ef the doctor war jes' hyar agin!"

"I'll go arter him!" cried the girl, springing up with renewed hope.

"Ye sha'n't! Ye sha'n't!" The old woman clutched her arm. "In this storm ez seems ter kem from perdition itself, an' he livin' miles an' miles off! Ye dunno the way. Ye'll git los'."

"Waal," said Marcella, full of courage again, since there was something to do and to risk, "I'll rouse up the highest neighbors, an' git some o' them ter go."

"I dunno whether they will!" cried Mrs. Strobe, wringing her hands. "I could n't blame 'em ef they would n't. Listen at that wind 'mongst the trees; it sounds ez ef the very mountings war groanin' in mis'ry. An' the thunder, an' the lightnin', an' the rain!"

"I'll try 'em," said Marcella, sturdily.

Her grandmother still clung to her, first remonstrating, then urging and charging her as she prepared to slip through the door. Marcella only stopped to put a red shawl over her head, and then she was out in the blackness of the night and the terrors of the storm. The wind caught the door with so violent a wrench that her grandmother and Isabel had much ado to close it again, and ere they did they called wildly to

her to come back; she would be blown away, or a limb of a tree might fall upon her and kill her. There was no response from the darkness without, and as they barred up the door they knew that she was gone, and felt as forlorn as if many had been withdrawn instead of one.

Despite her familiarity with every step of the way, Marcella thought herself inconceivably long in reaching the gate, so buffeted and beaten she was by the wind, so thong-like was the lashing rain, so turbulent was the elemental commotion. A vivid flash of lightning seemed to meet her there, followed so closely by others, less brilliant, that the effect for a few moments was unintermittent, while the simultaneous thunder rolled. The sinister glare revealed the sky with its myriads of lines of rain; the tormented mountains with their groaning, swaying forests; and close at hand the broad cornfield, the stalks tossed and bent and writhen, here and there flinging up their long blades in a gesture that suggested an appreciated agony. And then all was dark again, and her progress down the turn-row was beset with unexpected difficulty, since the stalks, broken and bent across it, furnished continually recurring barriers. She was glad to emerge into the open road at last, and she paused, breathless for a moment. The difficulties of the way had so absorbed her that she was now canvassing for the first time whom she might best rouse. The storm, since she was in its midst, seemed a more valid obstacle than when her grandmother had suggested it. One neighbor she dismissed from consideration as too old to grant so onerous a favor. Another had a wife and child very ill. A third was afflicted with "lung complaint." As she stood doubtful a certain sound caught her ears in a lull in the wind,—the sound of a hammer and a sledge upon an anvil. How strange, she thought, that Clem Sanders should be at the forge at this

hour of the night, — how providential ! She had heard none of the rumors subsequent to the parson's vision, and it was out of her mind for the nonce. She only reflected, as she turned her swift steps thither, that Clem Sanders would gladly ride thrice as many miles on an errand for her, indifferent to the fury of any mountain storm. "He be powerful skeered o' gal-folks, an' say 'Yes 'm' an' 'Naw 'm' even ter Is'bel, perliter 'n a pig in a poke, an' he ain't got no conversation 'mongst gals, but he ain't 'feard o' nuthin' else. I 'll be bound he ain't 'feard o' the weather."

Her heart was once more light and warm again ; she gathered the wet red shawl closer about her head. What did she care how the rain beat in her face, how the thunder roared ! She welcomed the fierce recurrent flare of the lightning ; kind it was to show her the rocky ways, that the red clay mire might not cling to her feet and impede her flying steps. The short cut she made took her up the slope of the hill, and she presently found herself nearing the forge on the reverse side from the door. She had hardly heard again the sound of hammer and sledge in the clamors without, but more than once she saw the gleam

of the light through the ill-chinked walls, as the fire flared. As she came close she heard the bellows sighing, and the light from the walls hard by flickered out anew. She was close to the little shutter, and she laid her hand upon it. It opened readily under her touch, and she stood looking in.

The interior was flooded with white light, as the bellows fostered the flaring fire. She saw the anvil glitter. A man — Jake Baintree it was — with lifted arm worked at the bellows, while another, whose face was averted, held with the smith's tongs a piece of metal in the hottest of the flames : it was red-hot now ; it glowed a lighter tint ; it glistened at a white heat, and he turned suddenly and whisked it on the anvil. He lifted his eyes as he moved, and saw before him the square of the open window, the girl's fair, ethereal face framed within it upon the black background of the stormy night, and with the red shawl falling about her head, from the folds of which her curling hair half escaped. He started back, with the hammer in his hand, calling aloud in startled accents, "Look ! Look !"

Jake Baintree turned abruptly, and his eyes met hers.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

REFORM IN THE CELEBRATION OF MARRIAGE.

OF all the institutions of society, marriage is the most fundamental, most far-reaching, and most vital. It preceded society ; it made society possible ; it binds society together. It is the basis of social order and improvement, and the chief support of morality, religion, and law. "We may justly place to the credit of the institution of marriage," says Chancellor Kent, "a great share of the blessings which flow from refinement of manners, the education of children,

the sense of justice, and the cultivation of the liberal arts."

Marriage being thus the source and main-stay of society, in its legal inception the State — the legal representative of society — is most deeply concerned, and should be first considered. This is a fundamental principle in public policy, and it has been universally applied. In early Rome, for example, as the common welfare was believed to require the exclusive maintenance of the clans or

families of which the body politic was composed, to all persons outside of these clans the right of legal marriage was denied. So at present, in several of the United States, a marriage between a white person and a negro or mulatto is forbidden on grounds of public policy.

While thus of foremost concern to the State, the celebration of marriage has for the contracting parties an importance equaled in no other event of their lives. It binds them together into a lifelong union, involving their whole material and spiritual welfare. The agreement to marry, which has arisen of their own motion and has been largely under their control, gives place, by the celebration, to a permanent legal status, the rights and duties of which are fixed and regulated in no degree by themselves, but wholly by law. Each acquires rights to the other's property and the right to the other's fidelity and society. Thus arises the home, for them fraught with the most sacred associations, the highest hopes, and the most enduring happiness.

If the contracting parties be minors, there is yet a third class immediately interested in the celebration of marriage. Upon parents and legal guardians the law has imposed the duty of providing the support, regulating the conduct, and guarding the interests of children and wards. Hence arises a correlative right to be informed and consulted concerning a matter so deeply affecting that duty. This right is the more clear since the event may involve not merely the hopes and affections of parents, but also the prosperity of the family estate and the honor of the ancestral name.

That in the constitution of matrimony there are these three classes of rights to which protection is due is now generally conceded; and it is also admitted that such protection must come ultimately from the State as distinguished from the Church, — from municipal law rather than from ecclesiastical regulations. But, having such protection in view, with

what immediate aims, by what formalities, and through what agents should the State act, — these are the questions about which there exists much variance in custom and in law between different communities.

It should be borne in mind that in the eye of the law the celebration of marriage is in one aspect the execution of a contract, — the agreement to marry, — and as such is subject to certain legal principles. In the execution of any contract, it is necessary, for the protection of the parties interested, that the fact of their consent be fixed beyond a doubt. How urgent is this necessity in "the most important of all human transactions"! Again, in the execution of a commercial contract, the expedition of business demands that the expression of the parties' consent shall not be clogged by excessive formality. So, in the constitution of matrimony, the primary importance of fixing the status requires that the forms prescribed be as simple as possible with safety to all concerned.

It is certainty and simplicity, then, at which, first of all, the State should aim in dealing with this subject. In the words of Mr. Boyd Kinnear, an eminent English barrister, the law of the marriage celebration should "embrace the maximum of simplicity and the maximum of certainty: of simplicity, because it affects every class, and almost every person, the most humble and illiterate as well as the most exalted or learned, and because it has to be known and acted on in the absence not only of legal advice, but often in the absence of even ordinary common-sense counsel; of certainty, because it affects a contract and social relation the most important that can arise between human beings, — because it affects the foundations of society itself, and influences the fate, it may be the eternal fate, of innumerable individuals."

Such being the aims of the State, what formalities should it prescribe for

their attainment? It is characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race to conform their institutions to the progress of society more by the modification of existing forms than by the introduction of new ones. Such has been the course pursued in England in the treatment of this subject. Is a similar method expedient in the United States? Our predominant common law, as set forth in the preceding number of *The Atlantic*, does contain the element of simplicity. For what form of celebrating marriage is simpler than the private agreement of the parties? At the same time, what form is more repugnant to the certainty of the fact of the parties' consent, and hence is more objectionable for the practice of a civilized community? In short, certainty is not to be obtained without publicity, and hence the common law must be repealed. The primary principle of the colonial system must be enacted; that is to say, the interposition of a third person, duly authorized, must be made indispensable to constitute matrimony.

About twenty years ago, a similar course was recommended to Parliament to meet the case of Scotland, where, as in the United States, the mediæval canon law exists. In 1865, a Royal Commission, composed of Baron Chelmsford, Sir William Page Wood, Sir Roundell Palmer, Mr. Travers Twiss, and others, was appointed "to inquire into and report upon the state and operation of the various laws now in force in the different parts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with respect to the constitution and proof of the contract of marriage, and the registration and other means of preserving evidence thereof." Their investigation consumed several years, and included the examination of eminent men from all sections of society and from all parts of the kingdom. Their foremost recommendation was that "the interchange or declaration of matrimonial consent necessary to con-

stitute a legal marriage should for the future take place, in all parts of the United Kingdom, in the presence of a duly authorized official celebrant or witness; and that no other mode of constituting marriage should be recognized by law."

But on this point we need not seek in England a model for the amendment of our law. The example of Kentucky is well worthy of general imitation. In 1852, the legislature of that state expressly repealed the common law by enacting that "marriage is prohibited and declared void when not solemnized or contracted in the presence of an authorized person or society." This course is the more to be commended because the formality thus made essential is identical with that at present existing by popular usage and favored by public sentiment.

The fundamental principle being accepted, that in the constitution of marriage the State for the sake of certainty must secure publicity, and to this end must make indispensable the presence of an official celebrant, the question arises, How should this celebrant be selected? Should this function be restricted either to civil officers or to clergymen, or should it be given to both? In *The Atlantic* for February last it was shown that on the Continent, from the middle of the sixteenth century to the close of the eighteenth, custom and law generally restricted to clergymen the office of celebrating marriage; that during the present century, however, mainly through the influence of the Code Napoléon, this power has been gradually transferred from the Church to the State, and the tendency is to make the constitution of marriage depend solely upon the interposition of the civil officer, leaving subsequent religious rites to the option of the parties. It was also shown that in the British Isles, on the contrary, the legal development being more conservative, the civil solemnization, though equally effective to create the legal bond, did

not meet the popular favor accorded to religious rites. In the succeeding number of this magazine, it appeared that in the American colonies the statutory system anticipated in this respect the recent development in the mother country. Except in New England at the earliest period, the power of clergymen to solemnize marriage was distinctly recognized and maintained by the law; and resort to religious rites, as in England, became the favored usage, and was identified largely with the religious convictions of the people. At the present time, also, probably a large proportion of marriages are solemnized by clergymen. But the common law, as interpreted by the courts, permits the parties, with equal legal effect, to marry themselves; and hence, practically, the presence of the minister is made superfluous, and the influence of religion is correspondingly weakened. Religious associations, by emphasizing the sanctity and gravity of the marriage rite, exercise a wholesome restraint upon the parties and conduce to public security. In themselves they seem not inconsistent with the attainment of certainty in the legal proceeding. The minister should, therefore, be expressly declared an agent of the State in constituting marriage. It is "both the wisdom and duty of the State," said the Royal Commission, above named, "to associate its legislation on this subject with the religious habits and sentiments of the people, and to obtain as far as possible the religious sanctions for the marriage contract. . . . The objects for which civil legislation ought to provide may be equally well attained when the contract is entered into with the forms of religious solemnization as when these forms are absent, provided the contract itself is in both cases properly guarded and authenticated."

There is, however, in the community a considerable sentiment that the religious aspect of marriage is by far the most important, and hence that the

State should not merely recognize and authorize, but should make indispensable, the agency of the Church in the constitution of marriage. In one state, Maryland, such agency has thus been required by law since 1777. But is such a statute consistent with the enjoyment of freedom of conscience? It is not generally approved by public policy either in Europe or in the United States. On the contrary, in both the spread of toleration in religion has been accompanied by the adoption of civil forms. On the Continent, only civil forms are recognized by the more important states. But among English-speaking nations, solemnization by the civil officer is made optional. The Royal Commission, indorsing the English rather than the French principle, recommended "that the official celebrant, or witness of marriage, should henceforth, in all parts of the United Kingdom, be either an authorized minister of religion or an authorized civil officer."

In the United States, the privilege of resorting to a civil officer for the constitution of matrimony has existed from the first settlements. In early times, outside of New England, it was permitted partly because of the scarcity of ministers. Now it should be allowed in some localities for the same reason, and everywhere to insure liberty of conscience. However desirable religious rites may be for their influence, it would hardly be expedient to impede in the least the formation of so important a civil relation by indissolubly connecting it with religion. Let the good custom of our forefathers be put upon a sure legal basis; and let the official celebrant (whose presence is to be made necessary) be still a minister or civil officer, duly qualified and authorized according to law.

But it is the qualification and responsibility, rather than the class or rank, of the official celebrant upon which chiefly depend both certainty in the legal pro-

ceeding and protection to the interests involved; and here, unfortunately, is one of the greatest deficiencies of the statutes. To be legally qualified for this office, a minister is very properly required in most states, as formerly in the colonies, to be ordained according to the usage of his denomination; but only in a few states does he need to present to the civil authorities any proof of such ordination, or to fulfill any other civil prerequisite. Of course, in the constitution of marriage, a clergyman acts under the authority and as the agent of the State. Is there any reason why he should not submit, like other civil officers, to close scrutiny and proper obligation? It was the opinion of the Royal Commission upon a similar question in England, that "such ministers of religion as are in the active exercise of official duties in their several churches and denominations, and occupy positions which make them amenable to public responsibility and to the censure and discipline of their own religious communities, . . . *when duly certified and registered*, may safely be trusted with the solemnization of marriage." By the Virginia Act of 1780, "any ordained minister of the gospel" was authorized to solemnize marriage, provided he produced before the county court credentials of his ordination and of his good standing in his denomination, took the oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth, and gave bond with two or more sureties "for the true and lawful performance of his trust." A similar statute exists at present in Kentucky, West Virginia, and Virginia; and the principle, at least, is worthy of general acceptance.

Upon this subject of qualification and responsibility the statutes are fully as lax with the civil officer as with the minister. In colonial New England, on the contrary, the control of the State over the civil celebration was comparatively direct and effective. Generally, marriages were celebrated by the magistrate,

— the person possessing functions of wide extent and of great dignity. Later, with the spread of population and the development of society, this duty was naturally assigned to the justice of the peace, who, as the arbiter of neighborhood disputes and the chief local representative of the law, held a position of peculiar responsibility in the town. His exercise of this office was usually restricted to his town or county, and was open to public inspection.

During the present century, however, a great change has gradually come over this office. The increase of litigation, consequent upon the growth of population and of wealth, has necessitated a constant modification of the judicial system. In the larger towns and in the cities, most of the functions and dignity formerly attached to the office of justice of the peace has been transferred to courts of more definite powers and jurisdiction. At the same time, the fact that from the earliest period the power of solemnizing marriage has been associated, in the justice or local magistrate, with his judicial capacity seems to have warranted, in the opinion of legislators, the extension of that power to almost any person bearing the title of judge, however slight his duties and importance. Not to mention other examples, in at least seven states this power is given to any court of record, and in nine to "any judge" whatever. But, not content with this, in several states the legislatures seem to have deemed even the holding of some public offices, though not usually of judicial trust, a qualification for solemnizing marriage. Thus in five states this privilege falls to any mayor, and in New York to any alderman.

Meanwhile, this legal development has in some states brought about a curious though pernicious result. In Massachusetts, for example, the justice of the peace, so called, has been gradually deprived of his colonial dignity and importance, and now possesses barely more

than the shadow of judicial capacity. But the legislature has not yet divested him of the power to administer oaths and to take acknowledgments, — formalities common and often essential in legal and mercantile transactions. For this reason, — as a matter of convenience, — the office is eagerly sought by men practicing law or engaged in business, and they seldom fail to obtain it. The appointments are not limited in number, and are made upon no other qualification or condition than the recommendation of creditable persons.

It happens, however, that besides the relics of colonial dignity above mentioned, there is still another attached to the office of justice of the peace, namely, the power of solemnizing marriage. To be sure, a large proportion of justices of the peace are never called upon to exercise this power; and if they were, it is likely that they would be ignorant of the proper method of procedure. They did not seek, nor do they wish to use, the office for that purpose. Indeed, one might venture the assertion that many of them are not aware that such a power is incidental to their office, and, if informed of it, would be greatly amused at the absurdity. Nevertheless, there remains the surprising and disgraceful fact that there are in the city of Boston alone over two thousand justices of the peace with absolutely no special qualifications and hardly any responsibility, but with full authority to represent society in the constitution of the most important civil relation, in which both the contracting parties and the State are supremely interested.

But the case of Boston is similar to that of the other cities in the Commonwealth, and this law of Massachusetts is found also in other States of the Union. The development just traced goes far to show that the legislature, while amending the judicial system as required by the growth of wealth and of population, either has greatly neglected

or has improperly treated the law of the marriage celebration. In reality and in practice, the law of New York (or rather the common law of the United States) is not much worse in this respect than is the law of Massachusetts; for while by the former parties may marry themselves, by the latter they need do no more than resort to an almost irresponsible third person.

Of course public convenience or public economy may require that the civil celebrant shall be chosen from the ranks of the regular judicial or administrative officers; but a man is no more qualified to celebrate marriage solely because he is a judge or other officer than because he is a minister. In both cases, theoretically, the station lends a beneficial influence; but it cannot insure certainty or security in the legal procedure. To this end it is necessary that the celebration of marriage should be recognized as an office of a primary, not secondary or incidental, nature, and hence should be performed only by persons specially qualified and strictly accountable.

But a strict responsibility in the official celebrant, whether minister or civil officer, is hardly possible unless the exercise of his office is confined to reasonable territorial limits. In the case of the minister, the law widely prevalent in the colonies permitted him to solemnize nuptials, as in the Massachusetts Act of 1695, "only in the Town where he is settled in the Work of the Ministry." At present, this law seems to exist nowhere in this country. In ten states marriage may be solemnized by such ministers only as reside within the state, and in two by such only as labor regularly in the state as a minister or missionary. With these exceptions, as far as the law is concerned, a minister resident or settled in Maine may solemnize marriage in Texas, — a degree of confidence reposed by the civil power in no other of its agents. Indeed, it would be difficult to find another instance of

such complete renunciation, or rather neglect, of all control.

The case is nearly as bad with reference to the civil officer. By the Massachusetts Act of 1695, just referred to, the justice of the peace was authorized to solemnize marriage "within his own county only." In Virginia, a century later, the same limits were fixed for civil officers clothed with this authority. Some such restriction seems to have existed generally in the colonies. At present, in France, the mayor — the regular celebrant — may act only within his commune. Likewise in England, the registrar may officiate only within his district. But in this country only fourteen states limit the exercise of this power in the justice of the peace to the county or district of his appointment or election. Each of the two thousand justices of the peace of Boston may solemnize marriage anywhere within the Commonwealth. Similar laxity exists regarding other magistrates and public officers having this power. An alderman of the city of New York may solemnize marriage anywhere within the state.

While thus the presence, at the final ceremony, of an official celebrant, duly qualified and responsible, is required to insure certainty in the legal procedure, this alone is not sufficient properly to protect either the parties themselves, their respective parents, or society. For the latter there is also necessary some preliminary proceeding, including public notice of the intended event, in a manner both simple and effective. "It is the duty of the State," said the Royal Commission, "to discourage and place obstacles in the way of sudden and clandestine marriages, both for the sake of inducing forethought and deliberation generally in the formation of indissoluble relations, upon which the happiness, usefulness, and morality of life depends; and also for the special purposes" of preventing illegal and irregular relations,

and "of enabling parents and guardians to protect minors from improvident and unsuitable connections."

On the continent of Europe, until within the present century, the usual means of publishing notice was the proclamation of banns by the minister from the pulpit. But *le mariage civil obligatoire* substituted the publication of notices by the civil officer in the official bulletin; and the latter mode is superseding the former at a rate corresponding to the spread of the French system. In England, until 1836, publication by banns was the only mode. Since that time the parties are permitted to choose between banns and a publication by the registrar in the official bulletin. A similar option has been recently extended to Scotland, and in some cases to Ireland. In the American colonies, the existence from the beginning of the civil celebration necessitated corresponding provision for publication. In New England, intentions of marriage were published at "publick Lecture, or Town meeting," or upon "the meeting-house door." In the Southern colonies, as in England at that time, marriages were not usually solemnized "without license first had . . . or thrice publication of banns;" and the same could in general be said of the Middle colonies also. Since the Revolution the ancient practice of proclaiming banns from the pulpit has decreased, and at present it seems to be recognized in the laws of only four states, — Delaware, Georgia, Maryland, and Ohio. Indeed, both in Europe and in the United States, the law is fast embodying as its settled policy the principle stated by Professor Gneist in 1869, that "publicity is no longer secured by the reading in the pulpit of promises of marriage. The State alone, with the concurrence of the press, can secure it."

In the United States, the method in general use by which the State aims at this publicity is to require parties intending to be married either to obtain a license

or to record their intention through a civil officer. This proceeding, to be efficacious and simple, should be conducted solely in the place or places of legal residence of the contracting parties, and by officers authorized also to act at the solemnization. Such is the rule in countries where the matter has received most consideration. But in the United States, regarding both place and officer, much diversity and complexity exist. Outside of New England, the officer is generally the clerk or judge of some county court, — in seven states, of the county in which the solemnization is to take place, and in twelve states, of the county in which the woman resides. But in New England he is the clerk of the city or town, generally where the parties dwell, or (if they do not dwell within the state) where the marriage is to be solemnized. However this may be, the formalities to be observed subsequent to the filing of the application, and prior to the issuing of the license, have been enacted by the various legislatures with so little precision and system that they are quite inadequate to effect their object, — the careful public examination of the parties' legal qualification for marriage.

In France and in England, however, the provisions regarding these formalities are both definite and systematic. They are worthy of careful consideration in the amendment of our law. The application or notice must contain a full legal description of the parties and of their parents; and between its filing and the issuing of the certificate a certain time must elapse, during which the notice must be posted in a public place. Thus ample opportunity is given, in the initiatory steps of the proceeding, for public objections to its conclusion. If such objections are made, they must be heard by a competent court before the regular course is resumed. But in most of the United States, not only does the notice contain an insufficient description of the

parties, but also the officer is allowed to issue his certificate directly upon the filing of the notice, thus excluding any public objection at the very time when it can be fully and fairly considered. Hence any person having a legal objection to the contemplated marriage must either, as in Maine, anticipate the filing of the notice, or, as in Rhode Island, interrupt the final ceremony. In no other states, save Louisiana, — which is, fortunately, influenced by the French law, — does there appear to be any statutory provision upon this important particular.

The legislation upon the subject of parental consent is equally insufficient. To be sure, there are but few states in which, when the parties are minors, the issuing of the certificate or license is not made dependent upon the personal or written application or consent of parent, relative, master, or guardian. But there is insufficient provision against a misrepresentation of age or a forgery of written consent. In several states, it is at the option of the officer to require of the applicants for a certificate an affidavit or other legal evidence of age; but in only a few is such requirement made obligatory. In but few states must the written consent be attested or otherwise verified. Quite in contrast is the French rule, that before the final ceremony each party must present to the officer either a certificate of birth or an attested declaration of those who remember the birth, and also an affidavit of the consent of the proper persons.

The inefficiency and inadequacy of the statutes regarding these particulars is the more conspicuous because of an unnecessary and impolitic distribution by the State of its delegated powers. The certificate or license issued by one officer authorizes a solemnization which is generally performed by an officer of a different class. It is, in general, the policy of our law to require the parties to publish their intentions, and to establish

their legal qualifications for matrimony, solely through the medium of a civil officer; and when a religious solemnization is preferred, evidently such officer cannot complete the celebration. But when a civil solemnization is chosen, both public convenience and public policy demand that this final ceremony be performed by an official of the same class as the one by whom the certificate is issued. The present separation of functions not only militates with the primary requisites of simplicity and certainty, but also is inconsistent with economy and responsibility in administration. All formalities that precede either a religious or a civil solemnization, and the civil solemnization itself, should be supervised or conducted by one class of officials. For this purpose, each county in the state should be divided into districts, and over each district there should be placed an officer of the civil power. His duties should be carefully defined, and for the proper and faithful performance thereof he should be made subject to severe statutory penalties. Of course this plan requires that all other civil officers now authorized to issue license or to solemnize marriage — justices of the peace and others — shall be wholly deprived of these powers.

Moreover, to such regular officer would belong also the duty of registration of all facts and proceedings incidental to the celebration. To him the minister, immediately after solemnizing a marriage, should make return thereof in a certain form to be inscribed upon the civil registry, together with the prior facts concerning publication; and a certified copy of this record should be made *prima facie* evidence of the fact and time of the constitution of the status. This officer should also be required regularly to transmit to the Secretary of State or to a central bureau a copy of the whole, or of a suitable portion, of the record. Thus there would be a convenient place of resort for public infor-

mation concerning any marriage celebrated in the state.

At present, if any particulars of the celebration could be selected about which the statutory system (if such it may be called) is especially deficient, one would be that of registration; and yet there are few parts of the proceeding that more involve the welfare of the parties and of society. Of what avail would it be, if the State by its interposition should secure a proper constitution of marriage, if it should not also guarantee the best possible evidence by which such status could thereafter be established? In the ownership of an acre of land, a man is fully protected by law, because his purchase of it is evidenced by a written instrument of a prescribed form, recorded according to definite rules by a responsible civil officer. But in the lifelong, all-important relation of marriage, property, happiness, honor itself, are often left, by the inefficiency of the law, to depend solely upon oral or circumstantial evidence.

Nevertheless, a record, though full and authentic, would hardly be sufficient, — especially to identify the parties, — unless it be attested by witnesses present with the official celebrant at the solemnization. In former times, witnesses were required to be present more for the purpose of securing publicity and regularity in the ceremony, — objects for which they are desirable at present also. By the Decrees of Trent two witnesses are required; by the Code Napoléon, four; and by English statutes, two. In the United States the last number is prescribed in ten states; but in many states, apparently, there is no provision whatever on the subject.

Notwithstanding all this inadequacy and complexity, our law of the marriage celebration would still afford considerable protection, were it not for the prevalent laxity in its execution. In every community there is some officer charged with the prosecution of any offense against

public morality or order, and a penalty is imposed for such offense proportional to its heinousness. But as a rule, if only a marriage be celebrated by an authorized person, a failure to conform to the other statutory provisions is not usually regarded by the public as a serious offense; and even where it is so regarded, there is too little responsibility for its prosecution; and if it were prosecuted, the penalty imposed would be too small to check the recurrence of the offense.

The first step toward a proper execution of the law would seem to be to fix responsibility for prosecution of such offenses and to enact proper penalties for them. But, ultimately, the enforcement of this law, like that of any other, must depend on an enlightened and vigorous public sentiment. For a long time there has been upon this whole subject a strange ignorance and apathy in the community; and this spirit has been reflected in the acts of the legislature. The statute-books do, indeed, contain many and various provisions concerning the celebration of marriage. But as a rule, they have not arisen from an appreciation of the subject, nor have they been based upon an investigation of the facts. Hence they are without concert or system; and whatever excellence they may individually contain is largely lost in the general conflict and confusion of the law, and in the separation of powers and lack of responsibility in its administration. Such a condition of the law can hardly be paralleled in our jurisprudence, and that upon the very subject where it may be most mischievous. It certainly does not exist among other leading nations.

Abroad, the civil celebration as a whole — publication, solemnization, and registration — is usually under the supervision or control of a single official, appointed by and held responsible to the general government. His powers and the method of their exercise are

clearly defined either by express enactment or by instructions from his superiors. In France, this officer is the mayor, "whose functions consist in representing the commune in all acts which concern it: in managing its finances, in guarding its interests, and in providing for the local police." He has also powers belonging to the general administration, and is the local agent of the general government. He therefore possesses great dignity and extensive powers. His duties in the celebration of marriage are set forth in the Code with definiteness and particularity, and for any infringement thereof he may be fined by the court at the suit of the public prosecutor, and at the same time may be sued for damages by any party aggrieved. In England, the official celebrants are the superintendent registrars of the unions, parishes, or districts into which the country is divided. They are appointed under the supervision, and hold their offices at the pleasure, of the registrar-general at London; and they perform their duties under strict rules issued by the registrar-general with the concurrence of one of her Majesty's principal secretaries of state.

Although, owing to a difference of social, legal, and political condition, this centralized administration, as well as other foreign principles and forms before recited, may not be wholly accepted in the United States, they all, nevertheless, serve to reveal the deficiencies of our law, and to afford suggestion for its improvement. A complete presentation of such deficiencies has not been attempted in these pages. That belongs not to the essayist, but to the statistician, and doubtless will be contained in the forthcoming report to Congress upon this subject by the National Bureau of Labor Statistics. But of the remedies recommended above, the following is given as a partial summary. For the celebration — the publication, registration, and civil solemnization — of marriage, each

county in the state shall be divided into proper districts; and over each district there shall be a civil officer, solely responsible for the conduct of the office. Every person intending to be married shall file in such office for the district of his or her legal residence an application for a license. The application shall state the name and official residence of the authorized civil officer or minister, within the state, desired by the parties to act at the solemnization, and shall set forth a full legal description of the parties and of their respective parents or guardians; and it shall be published by the officer in due form for a certain time. Meanwhile, each party shall file in such office a certificate of birth, and, if he or she be a minor, an affidavit of the consent of the proper person. If legal objections to the intended marriage are filed, a hearing upon notice shall at once be given to them by the district officer. At the expiration of the time fixed for publication, if objections have not been filed, or have been withdrawn, or have been disallowed, the district officer shall issue a license for the solemnization of marriage between the persons, and by the civil officer or clergyman, named in the application. If the marriage be not solemnized in accordance with the license within a certain time, the license shall be *ipso facto* void. Every solemnization shall take place in the presence of at least two witnesses besides the official celebrant, and a record thereof in regular form, made at the same time, shall be signed by the parties, the celebrant, and the witnesses. If the

person solemnizing the marriage be other than the one or ones who issued the licenses, the former shall at once transmit to the latter a certified copy of this record, to be annexed to the prior records of publication.

To secure the execution of such a law, severe penalties should be imposed for its violation by any of the persons concerned; and it should be a part of the official duty of each representative of the state participating in the celebration to make complaint to the district attorney or other public prosecutor of any such violation occurring within his own knowledge. Above all, let it be enacted in unequivocal terms that no marriage shall be valid unless it shall have been solemnized by a third person, or a society acting, or believed by either of the parties to be acting, as the authorized representative of the state.

This plan, as well as the other recommendations in this article, are presented mainly as an embodiment of desirable principles. The ultimate forms which those principles should take in legislation must be devised by the legislator in the course of a detailed consideration of the subject. The law in its present condition is a disgrace to a civilized community; nay, more, it is a constant menace to society. Its radical and systematic amendment should at once be undertaken by the legislature; and in this work, the country that is teaching Europe how to realize a government of the people may learn somewhat from Europe how to preserve the integrity of the family.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

THE death of this venerable prince, the first Emperor of the new Germany, removes one of the most stately, most impressive, and in some respects most agreeable figures of the present generation. With the possible exception of Lincoln, no man since Napoleon has been prominently associated as a ruler of men with events of such magnitude, with revolutions of such transcendent importance, with transactions which have so completely overthrown the traditions and relations of the past, and given name to a new era in history. On the hasty student the full significance of these events is perhaps sometimes lost. They are still recent; they were bewildering in their rapidity; they lack perspective. Wars were fought, and battles were won. The Austrians were crushed at Sadowa. The French were crushed at Sedan. The victor took the spoils, and among these was the crown of Germany, now for the first time placed on the brow of a conquering Hohenzollern, the lucky leader in a movement which a slight change of fortune, at any one of several points in an audacious game, might have ruined. Such is perhaps the popular view of a series of events to which only a deeper acquaintance with the earlier facts of history, with the antecedents of the great German problem, can give their true proportions and meaning. But the person of William himself and the part which he played appeal to the most sluggish imagination. At an age greater by several years than that at which by law American generals are placed on the retired list as unfit for active command, the late King of Prussia led his hosts into Bohemia; and four years afterwards, still vigorous and undaunted, he conducted campaigns in the country of another enemy, and received the crown of reunited Germany in the palace of

the Bourbons. These wars, but more especially the last, made the name, the person, and the services of William familiar to every household in the civilized world. Even those who were ignorant of the merits of the great struggles could not fail to be impressed by the spectacle of the aged king, defying fatigue, defying exposure, defying even his own years, in the accomplishment of what he conceived to be his duty; and then, after the campaigns were over, returning, not to enjoy a well-earned repose, but only to a different kind of labor, performed with the same patient and scrupulous exactitude. He was felt to be a large man, — large in his sense of duty, large in his aims and ends, large in the associates with whom he surrounded himself, large in the physical proportions, which are natural and not unworthy objects of admiration. It is not too much to say that, among the contemporary princes of Christendom, he was the one who filled the greatest place in the estimation of mankind.

In all the outward, and in many of the inward, qualities which seem to belong to wearers of the purple, William was an ideal monarch. Carlyle says that Frederic the Great was every inch a king. By that he means that Frederic had a royal will, and the power to carry it into effect; and in that sense he is correct. But the outward dignity and decorum of the royal office the greatest of Prussian kings often and even purposely neglected: he was slovenly in dress, undignified in manner, careless in the choice of companions; a rationalist on the throne, he despised its pomp, and forms, and ceremonials. But William, while equally jealous of the power of his office, never lost sight of its proprieties. Even if royalty is measured by inches, he stood above his great

predecessor. His stalwart, massive form, his stately carriage, his portly demeanor, suggested the heroes of the Niebelungenlied. He could be affable, courteous, condescending, but never undignified, never coarse, flippant, or familiar. He never forgot that much was due to the elevation of his office, and he suffered nobody else to forget it in his presence. In matters of state and ceremony he always sacrificed his personal tastes, which were extremely simple and plain, to the necessity of avoiding any vulgarization of his rank and station, of checking any tendency to believe that the king was a mere clerk of Parliament or the ministers, of enforcing the principle that the chief personage in the state was bound to set an example of decorum and dignity. Undoubtedly, this conscientiousness often descended to the trivial and the puerile. It was the foolish boast of his majesty that he alone knew the uniform of every grade, in every branch of the military service; that he alone knew how to place every decoration that any German officer was entitled to wear. These were foibles, of course, but they were foibles which, though revealing a rather petty side of the Emperor's nature, were, nevertheless, characteristic of his minute sense of duty, and of his desire to neglect nothing which seemed necessary to the lesson of thoroughness and discipline. In a larger sense, his appearance on public occasions — at banquets, parades, reviews, at the reception of foreign sovereigns and as the guest of friendly courts — was always noble, stately, and imposing; such as became his name, rank, and character; such as relieved the office of king from the contempt of the cynical or the familiarity of the vulgar. This is no small part of government. Mere pomp without power is indeed ludicrous, especially when it is used to conceal weakness, as it often is, or to furnish a vain substitute for force; and Germany has illustrations of this kind, as well as of the

other. The Spanish etiquette of Dresden is notorious. The smaller and poorer the prince in Germany, the greater his love of display, the keener his solicitude about forms, the more sumptuous and elaborate the ceremonies of his court; and this has increased, relatively at least, since imperial unity has stripped these princes of some of their real power and dignity. But if it be true that the Emperor William, having the substance of power, could afford to dispense with some of its tinsel, and was personally of simple tastes, it is still true only in a sense which it is important to remember. Burke says of Henry IV. of France, that though he made some concessions in detail to his subjects, he was careful not to let them encroach on the general stock of the prerogative. It was so in regard to the late Emperor. He was careful not to relax anything from the essential dignity of his rank, and punctiliously exacted the most solemn state and ceremony on all occasions where their omission would have been noticed. The grandeur of royalty was as clear to him as its usefulness. In this respect, in the massive, stately, splendid form which he gave to that institution, he has no rival since Louis XIV. Thus, as a mere figure or type, he filled a large place in the horizon, and every one is sensible of the vacancy that is left.

It is not for these things, however, that William will live in history, but for the prominent part which he had in a momentous historical drama. The very length of that drama, if Jena and Sedan be taken as the first and the last acts, is impressive, and the late Emperor may be called an actor through the whole of it. In this respect he stands alone. Opinions may differ about the proper assignment of credit to the king on the one hand, and to Bismarck and Moltke on the other, for the final achievement; but neither the great statesman nor the great soldier had, like their master, walked the stage during

the whole course of the play. Bismarck was unborn when Jena was fought and lost. Moltke was not a Prussian by birth, and is a Prussian to-day only by acquired allegiance, as Prince Eugene was an Austrian, or Marshal Saxe a Frenchman. But William was a youth of nine when the old Prussian system went down under the blows of Napoleon; and though too young to understand the folly which brought on the catastrophe, or its crushing significance, he followed his parents into their cruel exile, learned to feel the afflictions of his country, and entered the army before the hand of the tyrant was lifted.

It is easy to see, therefore, why the war of 1870 had for him an import deeper than any felt by his two chief lieutenants. For Moltke it was scarcely more than a game of chess, — played, indeed, with great bodies of mortal men as pieces, yet played by him, at least, with little feeling beyond the desire to win. Even with Bismarck it was only the means to an end. The end was German unity, and the defeat of France being necessary to that, he felt a profound interest in the victory; but the retributive side of it appealed to him only as a student of history, who had not personally felt the iron hand of the first Napoleon. It was, however, this side or aspect of the great contest which public opinion made most prominent in the view of the Emperor, and some of his own expressions support such a theory. If his object had been unity alone, it is by no means certain that he would have felt that unity dependent on a previous victory over the French. There were able men, strong men, men trained to habits of political thought, who believed that the South German states could be taken into the larger confederation by a mere treaty in time of peace, and kept in without the cementing principle of a common victory over France; and there was much in the king's tone or temper of mind to incline him to such a solution

of the problem. Everybody now sees that Bismarck was right. The victories in France and the overthrow of Napoleon gave Prussia two great elements of strength in the negotiations for imperial unity, and reduced the terms on which otherwise the southern states might have been disposed to insist. The one was the fierce enthusiasm and the thoroughly national spirit aroused by the victories themselves. The other was the prostration of the power which would have aided them to drive a hard bargain with Prussia. But to a man like King William these considerations might have seemed, as they seemed to deeper thinkers than himself, not a little strained, and hardly worth the experiment of a bloody and doubtful war; while the motive from personal, dynastic, and national revenge was concrete, simple, easy to understand, and easy to obey. For though a humane man, the Emperor was not a forgiving man, but cherished resentments with great tenacity. This was the case even with personal injuries, or what he conceived to be such. It is a part of the secret history of Berlin politics that no career was open, with his consent, to any man who in the conflict period from 1862 to 1866 had made himself personally obnoxious to the palace; and common rumor specified certain eminent politicians, whom Bismarck himself had long since forgiven, who afterwards joined the government ranks, but who were prevented from taking seats in the cabinet by the absolute veto of the Emperor. If he were thus severe toward personal enemies, it was natural that he should take even greater pleasure in punishing the enemies of his house and country. In France he saw the enemy of both. He saw the government of France in the hands of a ruler whose only hereditary title to distinction was that he bore the name of the oppressor of Prussia, the oppressor who had driven his father into exile, had insulted his mother, and hurried her into an early

grave ; and even a prince with a shorter memory than William's, or a weaker historical sense, or a more forgiving spirit, would have longed for the hour of retribution, and have grasped it eagerly when it came. In this vivid sense, then, of wrongs to be redressed and injuries to be avenged is to be found one secret of the king's personal interest in the war with France.

The Austrian war of 1866 had a somewhat different color or complexion. It was mainly political, in its origin and in its ends ; and the force of historic vengeance, the impulse of national animosities, hardly entered into it. A long course of political rivalry had indeed preceded it, so that it was the outcome of organic causes. It was as inevitable as the struggle between Athens and Sparta for the hegemony in Greece. But though the ultimate product of historical causes, the war when it came was one of the most deliberate, most artificial, and in its moral aspects most causeless that have ever been undertaken. The means for the war were obtained by the government of Prussia through a long and systematic defiance of the national constitution. It involved a breach of the federal compact. Regarded throughout the confederation as a wanton scheme of aggression, it was bitterly opposed by the people of Prussia, alike by those who feared defeat and those who feared victory : defeat, because that would mean the loss of Prussian independence under the imperial supremacy of the Hapsburgs ; victory, because that would mean the loss of Prussian liberty under the dynastic absolutism of the Hohenzollerns. Either result seemed menacing to the cause of constitutional freedom in the several states, and to the cause of German unity and liberal institutions. The people did not look upon Austria as a national enemy ; for the arrogance of her tone, the haughty insolence of her diplomacy, and her jealous intolerance of Prussian equality

were rather fitted to exasperate statesmen than to anger, embitter, and arouse the mass of a nation. The alternative, so far as it presented any voluntary choice to the King of Prussia, was thus a trying one. He might live at peace with his own people and with other princes, endure the insults of Austrian policy, tolerate the anarchy of Germany, and expose Prussia to deeper and deeper degradation ; or he might face the issue of power bravely, trample on the laws in order to get ready for war, and, choosing his own time for battle, take the chances of failure and success. Only a man of great determination could choose the latter course, and since Frederick the Great no such man had sat on the throne of Prussia. It was to the credit of the new king that he made his choice with gravity, indeed, but without fear and without hesitation.

This concession may appear inconsistent with what has just been said of the artificial and aggressive character of the war of 1866. But these terms describe only its immediate, outward, and superficial appearance, all that many foreign observers have even yet been able to see, and not the deeper substance which made it seem a virtual necessity to the king. For such, in fact, it was. In that character, as an act performed under the law of political necessity, the attack upon Austria found its justification among the leading Prussian statesmen, was afterwards ratified by the Prussian people, and will be approved by future historians. Even the Austrians themselves have learned to view the matter in this light.

Yet to rest here would leave a way open for misapprehension. There are two kinds of political necessity. One is absolute, the other relative ; one is immediate and peremptory, the other is ultimate and contingent ; one commands, the other exhorts ; one is obeyed perhaps most abjectly by the timid, the other is obeyed most promptly by the bold

and strong. Burke has a description of the former. "It is the first and supreme necessity only," he says; "a necessity that is not chosen but chooses; a necessity paramount to deliberation, that admits no discussion and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to anarchy," — or, he might have added, a resort to many other extreme and violent measures in political life. Webster expressed the very sentiment, if indeed he did not have this same passage in his mind, when, in the case of the Caroline, he wrote of a necessity "instant, overwhelming, having no choice of means and no moment of deliberation." Such a necessity arises in case of any sudden invasion, a formidable outbreak, or any immediate and unexpected peril, which compels instant and justifies arbitrary measures. Of course no crisis of this kind confronted William I. when he came to the throne. If such a crisis had existed, the policy which he adopted would have found an easier justification; but the case of the justification would have been purchased at the price of his reputation for political insight and political courage, — in a word, for statesmanship in the larger sense. The foolish man knows when a murderer has his hands on his throat. The timid will fight when no quarter is offered, and it is impossible to run away.

It follows that the political necessity which William obeyed was of the other kind. It was a necessity which did not overrule judgment, but invited and even needed it; which did not appeal to the desperation of cowardice, but to the calm reason of courage; which imposed, not released, responsibility; which did not choose, but was chosen. The difference may be illustrated by many examples from history. There was a political necessity imposed on the United States to put down the rebellion, and there was a political necessity recognized by them to expel the French from Mexico; but it is evident that the two duties were not

the same in urgency and peremptoriness. The responsibility of Russia in opposing invasion by Napoleon was different from the responsibility of securing internal and external security by attacking Turkey in 1877. The same distinction may be extended for the benefit of William. Prussia was in no immediate danger, and her existence would not have been threatened if the old system had continued. It would have been possible to accept the existing state of things; to endure the weakness of Germany, the arrogance of Austria, the relative inferiority of Prussia; and in a material sense the near future would have been full of ease, indolence, and comfort. But the moral or political degradation would have been always present. Even physical danger, though remote, was not improbable nor invisible; and the question was whether that danger should be awaited with a blind trust in fortune, or anticipated by a bold, audacious, and therefore hazardous policy. It was inevitable that the rivalry between Austria and Prussia in the German confederation must end in the supremacy of one or the other. The supremacy of Austria would mean the reduction of Prussia to the rank of a power of the second class, and this could be averted only by a successful war. Thus we return to the dilemma already described. Austria would not yield without fighting, — so much was certain. Prussia could escape fighting only by renouncing all claims to leadership or even equality; and if she decided to fight, there remained the further question whether she would fight at a time chosen by Austria, and only as a desperate struggle for existence, or would choose her own time, and prepare for the struggle in her own way. This was the problem of political necessity as it presented itself to William. He saw the alternative. He felt the responsibility which rested upon him, and he was equal to it. The necessity which

he obeyed was chosen, but he obeyed it, and took all the consequences. The result was equally creditable to his foresight and his courage.

It is not alone, however, from the censures of those who condemn the entire policy of Prussia in the first ten years of his reign that William has suffered. Even the friends of that policy have perhaps done injustice to the king by exalting the relative merits of his great minister. In cases of this kind it is difficult to decide. The language of courtiers often gives to princes the credit for measures to which they have only assented; while, on the other hand, the panegyrists of statesmen have not infrequently overlooked, or underrated, the part taken by those who stood above the statesmen, and anticipated rather than sanctioned their plans. Between Bismarck and William no dispute over the division of merit could indeed arise. Bismarck was always careful to give the king full credit for all that had been done, and the king, with his theories of divine right and the omniscience of royalty, could only acquiesce in such a method. Nothing, indeed, is more characteristic of the two men, of their relations, and of their theories of government than the attitude which each assumed toward the triumphs of the past. But there was glory enough for both. It is trite to say that without the aid of Bismarck's unrivaled sagacity, coolness, and resolution the great plan would probably never have been carried through; whether it would never have been formed without Bismarck, whether in fact it was not formed in the head of William years before he saw him, is a different question. It is related that when William, then Prince of Prussia, met the future chancellor he exclaimed that he had at last found a man to do *his* work. To know such a man when he found him was wisdom. To have the work planned, and only awaiting the opportunity, at that early date, when he

was only heir presumptive to the throne, shows that the brain of the prince had been busy, and that he could form his own ideas.

The period from the fall of Napoleon to the middle of the century was indeed a great school for the formation of political character. Its beginning saw the restoration of the old dynasty in France and the universal triumph of reaction; it ended with new outbursts of popular impatience, seeking, often wildly, rashly, and blindly, to throw off the shackles of tyranny. The interval was Metternich. Rarely could it be more correct and more suggestive to give the name of a great man to the age in which he figured than to call this period after the subtle, courtly, and splendid high priest of reaction, who for a whole generation made the princes of Germany slavishly repeat after him the articles of his political creed, and enforce the same beliefs upon all who obtained or desired their favor. This was the era of repression. The French Revolution had planted its seeds in Germany; those seeds had sprouted; and all through this period the tiny blades and shoots of liberalism were pushing their way to the surface, modestly and unobtrusively searching for air and light in which to grow, but only to be cut down and trodden back in the earth from which they came. No matter in what form the popular aspirations presented themselves, it was Metternich's maxim that they must be summarily crushed before they attained any dangerous vigor. No freedom of speech, or of the press, or of public meeting; no parliaments worth the name; no free thought in the universities or in the pulpits, — such was the command of Metternich, and the servile little governments of Germany obeyed. The Carlsbad decrees, the Congress of Laybach, the suppression of gymnastic societies, the imprisonment of Jahn, and a long series of repressive acts and edicts, of police persecutions and military confisca-

tions, make up the history of the period, over which, as if it were not already dark enough, the stern and gloomy Nicholas of Russia cast the shadow of his example and authority. This was not, however, the end. The German people are patient and docile beyond almost any other in the world, but even the worm will sometimes turn when trodden on. In 1848 and 1849, again inspired by French example, the Germans, with arms in their hands, demanded their enfranchisement; and all over the Fatherland princes and princelets trembled in the corners of their palaces, while angry mobs howled and stormed beneath their windows. While Metternich was rubbing his eyes with amazement at this ill-bred insubordination, he himself was swept away by the tempest, and left office, never more to return. The very air itself was full of revolution. The movements were ill organized, however, and, wanting concert, were early put down by the well-trained regular troops. But the old era was never fully restored. One prince after another issued a constitution; parliaments were summoned; and the people were admitted to a small share in the management of their own affairs. And then this new system, born of fear and viewed with distrust, was put into operation.

It is important to recall this history, because William of Prussia lived through it, made part of it, and was educated by it. When it was finished, it left men divided as before into two groups, but with a completed experience to justify their respective places. One class said that the revolutionary uprisings were the natural outcome of Metternich's policy, and that the lesson of events pointed to a further and franker development of the constitutional system, with larger concessions to the rights of the people and greater modifications of the royal prerogative. But the other set drew from the events precisely the opposite

conclusion. They borrowed a phrase from Strafford, and insisted that the one defect of the old policy was its inadequate enforcement; that thoroughness and determination would have awed discontent; that the rebellious outbreaks should have been put down with merciless severity; and that altar and throne should be fortified with irresistible bayonets. To this class it was well understood that the Prince of Prussia belonged. He probably had little sympathy with the Metternichean system of decrees, proclamations, and congresses, for he abhorred phrases, and was a man of deeds. He had more faith in soldiers than in diplomatists. But he believed in the old Frederician rules of government, with the principle of divine right added; and he found little respect for these in the manner in which his brother, the king, had met the crisis of 1848. Undoubtedly, the conduct of Frederic William IV. was open to censure, and to censure from every side. It satisfied neither those who were for sterner measures, nor those who were for larger concessions. It was timid, weak, fitful, and vacillating; it lowered the prestige of the crown without meeting the wishes of the people; it made radicals more radical, and reactionists more reactionary; and, as not the least of its evils, it confirmed the heir presumptive to the throne in his extreme theories of the prerogative. For William the most satisfactory moment in the protracted Berlin crisis was, doubtless, when old Marshal Wrangel led his corps of soldiers into the city, and turned the national assembly out-of-doors at the point of the bayonet.

A mind originally autocratic was thus intensified by the stern, narrow life of a Prussian soldier, by the democratic volcano rumbling for so many years beneath the crust of German society, by the unctuous beatitude of the Holy Alliance, by the angry outbreaks of 1848, and by the spectacle of his royal brother's piti-

able weakness. As he waited for the day when he should ascend the throne, he seemed the finest living representative of the old theories of absolute government. A strong man himself, he liked strength in all who held places of command; and kings, as holders of the most exalted places of command, ought especially to be worthy of their office. But he would not have admitted that fitness itself was a title to royalty, whether the fit man seized the throne as a usurper, or was called to it by a people. Such a view might suit a pagan, or a rationalist, or a Cæsar, but not the descendant of so many generations of Hohenzollerns. The power to rule might come from men, but the authority could only come from above. Among all modern princes, he probably held in the purest form, more literally and absolutely, and with the simplest sincerity, the doctrine of the divine right of kings. This in the nineteenth century, and in a man with so many strong qualities of mind, — the influence of priests and confessors, of a mystical nature, or of a morbid religious spirit being out of the question, — is a bewildering paradox. If the matter were taken seriously, doubtless much edifying speculation might be produced. But this would only lead, though from the opposite direction, into the Emperor's own error, and pass by unperceived a principal explanation of the paradox. Negatively, at least, his quaint and solemn adherence to a grotesque superstition was largely due to his deficient sense of humor. This appears in many ways. It runs through his whole conduct of life, and often gives a tinge of the comical to the most excellent virtues and dispositions; but it is specially conspicuous in the intense gravity with which he applied himself to affairs, or the frequent disproportion between the gravity and the subject. Not even Mr. Gladstone is so averse to trifling, or so unconscious of the humor of excessive earnestness. He used to go out to his hunting-seats, and

shoot hares, pheasants, and other game by the hundreds as the beaters drove them by, and then have the record of his execution carefully made out, without the slightest apparent suspicion that it was all rather childish and silly. No sense of the humorous side of his military devotion ever seems to have crossed his mind. The profession of arms is of course a useful one, and, like all others, should be pursued faithfully and earnestly. Great armies may be necessary to the safety of a state. But with William the army was an end in itself; and he was accustomed to parade his fine regiments before visiting sovereigns with as much solemn pride as if he were a Michael Angelo showing *The Last Judgment* in the Sistine Chapel, or some benefactor of the race explaining a new device for alleviating human misery; as if it were a noble achievement, independently of other objects, to construct big, showy marching machines out of masses of men torn as it were from the ranks of honest industry to make a German holiday. Other princes held reviews, it is true, but hardly without sometimes reflecting that there was one side of it all just a little incongruous and absurd. Everybody remembers the pious bulletins which the Emperor used to send home to the Empress during the French war, — the fervor with which he used to thank God after each new day of slaughter. The French saw the humor at once, in spite of its cruel meaning for them, and parodied the bulletins. One of these parodies, in verse, and supposed to be addressed by the Emperor to Augusta, may be translated roughly by this couplet: —

“Ten thousand Frenchmen more laid low:
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!”

Bismarck would have laughed heartily over this. But it may be doubted if William, had it been shown to him, would have seen the point of the fun, or felt the edge of the satire; indeed, a

man who could appreciate the parody would hardly have sent the original dispatches.

These illustrations will perhaps suffice to explain one feature or one defect of the Emperor's mind which made it possible for him to accept the doctrine of divine right. The folly of an error is fatal to its success with persons who have a sense of the ridiculous. But William grew up with a belief in divine right, and without the sense of humor which in maturer years might have shown him the absurdity of the doctrine; so that, for all the world knows, he died in the firm conviction that Providence ordained the Hohenzollerns to rule, and all other Prussians to obey. This theory of the origin of royal authority naturally suggested a sympathetic theory of its extent. What God granted only God could limit; and as it could not be discovered that any limitations had been made by divine power, it followed that it must be illimitable. This is of course the old Stuart theory of the prerogative. It is strange enough to find the preposterous metaphysics of the most pedantic of English kings gravely adopted more than two centuries afterwards by a busy, active, practical man of affairs, but there is plenty of evidence in William's own words that this is not an exaggerated statement of his views. And these views had, unfortunately, a direct bearing on the actual course of Prussian politics. In Prussia there had been since the year 1850 a written constitution. That constitution limited the powers of the crown, if only by definition; and in a legal sense the royal authority was derived from, or at least founded on, the irrevocable instrument which described it. In this sense the charter was in plain conflict with the doctrine of divine right, and presented a serious difficulty to William on his accession. It is to his credit for courage and honesty that he met it boldly, without sophistry or evasion. It was possi-

ble for him to explain that while he did not admit any right on the part of the nation to limit the prerogative, he recognized the right of his brother while king freely to introduce limitations, and his own duty, as his brother's heir, to accept with the inheritance its burdens and conditions. It is possible to find in his public utterances some traces of such a mental compromise. But these are not conclusive, and the evidence of his conduct is strongly in favor of the theory that he looked on the charter as little more than a set of practical rules, which ought to be observed in normal circumstances, and might be disregarded in serious crises. From this first proposition it was an easy step to the further one, that a serious crisis was present whenever the constitution interfered with a scheme which he considered essential to the state. This too might have been drawn from the creed of the Stuarts, and William applied it with a rather fine logical discrimination. There was, for example, a marked difference between his policy during the period of his regency and his policy after his accession as king. While he acted as substitute for and in the name of his incapacitated brother, he was faithful to both the letter and the spirit of the constitution, introduced a liberal ministry, and rejoiced the hearts of the people. He reasoned, apparently, that as Frederic William IV. had voluntarily invited the nation to share the power of government, it was his own duty, while representing his brother, to give the most complete expression to generosity. But when he became king his conduct changed. At his coronation he announced the principle of divine right in terms which warned the people of impending dangers. Then followed Bismarck, and four years of open, deliberate violation of the charter. The charter stood in the king's way, and he brushed it aside. If during the later years of his life he lived at peace with his parliaments,

and kept within the constitution, it is a sufficient explanation to say that his parliaments no longer opposed his plans; and that as he had been supported and encouraged by Bismarck during the conflict period, so now, after the victory was won, he accepted the advice of the same great minister, who knew better than himself the temper of the age, and the point at which illegality became unwise even in Prussia. But his principles he refused to abandon. He sternly insisted, on every occasion, that the ministers of the crown were the choice of the crown, and could not be turned out of office by adverse votes of the Diet. He refused to go to the hall of the deputies, either in person or by proxy, to open the annual sessions. The Diet must come to him to hear the programme of his government; and in the great hall of the old castle the speech from the throne was always read.

In regard to the measures of recent years, it is, of course, impossible to say how much was the Emperor's and how much the chancellor's. His majesty certainly relaxed none of his belief, as he grew old, that he was truly the *fons et origo* of everything good in Prussian or German policy; and the more he became incapacitated by years and infirmity for directing affairs, the more careful his ministers and attendants were to magnify his part. In the course of twenty-five years many disagreements must have arisen between Bismarck and himself. How many there were, and how they were all composed, cannot even be conjectured; but two lines of policy which the chancellor succeeded in adopting are known to have caused grave misgivings to the Emperor. In foreign politics, the gradual alienation from Russia was not at all agreeable to William's views. He was strongly attached, by training and inclination, to the Russian alliance, which he regarded as the chief support of Prussia's interests in European diplomacy; and the example of

Austria's magnificent ingratitude was one which he felt it peculiarly important not to follow. Ties of blood connecting him with the Romanoffs, and a certain sentiment not wanting to his nature, strengthened this conviction. But Bismarck knew Russia better than he, and knew how far Germany could afford to link her policy with that of the Tsars on the Neva. The rupture began, too, at the Congress of Berlin, while William lay prostrate from Nobiling's shots. When he recovered, the new path had been taken, and for better or worse it had to be followed. The chancellor's war upon the Church of Rome, and indirectly upon ecclesiastical pretensions of every kind, aroused even stronger apprehensions. The party of the throne in Prussia was also the party of the altar. The Emperor had a deeply religious nature, which often found expression, indeed, as in the war bulletins, in rather too complacent assumptions of divine favor, but still was warm and genuine; and his reluctance to interfere with the clerical prerogatives was artfully encouraged by many within and without the Church, to whom he lent a sympathetic ear. But notwithstanding his doubts, he behaved with great loyalty when once the policy of repression was adopted. The public knew that the Falk laws were not after his heart, that the palace had much sympathy with the clergy, and this was all. No official discord appeared.

The department in which William made his own individuality most strongly felt was of course that of military affairs. Here he rendered undoubted service. His character and tastes evidently inclined him to this line of work; and his practical experience, aided by prolonged and ardent study, gave him an almost unrivaled knowledge of the details and principles of army organization. He had, indeed, an admirable lieutenant in the minister of war, Count von Roon, a man whose share in the great events of the time is now perhaps not sufficiently

appreciated. But Roon certainly owed more to William than did either Bismarck or Moltke. In fact, the Emperor himself would have made an excellent war minister, if he had been a subject instead of a sovereign, and it is as an organizer rather than as a commander that his name deserves a great place in the annals of the Prussian army. Among his predecessors, he recalls not Frederic the Great, but Frederic William I. If Bismarck worked up the diplomacy of Prussia, and Moltke planned its campaigns, the king himself, aided faithfully by Roon, re-formed the army, and made it the tremendous machine which it is.

This is an undoubted title to fame. To have been, besides, the discoverer of Bismarck and Moltke; to have led the armies of Prussia in two great and successful wars; to have overthrown an empire in France and founded one in Germany; to have set all his subjects an example of courage, conscientiousness,

and industry, as those qualities are rarely exemplified in kings; to have reigned for a whole generation after the age at which most men retire from active life, over the mightiest military empire that the world has ever seen; and perhaps most remarkable of all, to have been escorted tenderly and mournfully to his grave by a nation which once regarded him as the very incarnation of evil,—to be, and achieve, and experience all of this is the assurance of a permanent place among the great men of earth. "I have no time to be tired," he said, even on his dying couch, and the words should be engraved on his monument as the interpretation of his life. This life of indefatigable and unconquerable industry, an industry often misdirected, often unnecessary, often unfortunate, yet always conscientious and sincere, is one which the present generation and the generations to come will study with great and ever-increasing admiration.

Herbert Tuttle.

A DISCORD IN FEATHERS.

ONE whole year I entertained and cherished a tramp. It is hard to believe that a bird can deserve that unpleasant name, yet, after twelve months' study, I am obliged to confess that a certain orchard oriole was fully entitled to it, and there did not appear in his character a redeeming quality. I wished to study the habits of this oriole, and put a pair into a big cage, hoping they would live happily, as did other couples in the room at the same time. The pretty little yellow and olive dame was amiable enough,—she could live in peace with any bird in the room; but her comrade rebelled against the decrees of man. He was an autocrat; he intended to have his house to himself, and, more, he purposed to appropriate any other residence he chose

to select, whoever might claim it. Hostilities began the moment the door was shut upon them: he drove her away from the food-cup, he fought her over the bathing-dish, he answered her sweet call with a harsh "chack" or an insulting "huff," he twitched her feathers if she came near him, and gave her a peck if she seemed to be having too easy a time. Withal, such was his villainous temper that he desired a victim to abuse, and never let her get out of his sight for two minutes, lest she should enjoy something he could deprive her of. She was of a happy temperament; she contented herself with what was given her. If she could not have pear, she cheerfully ate bread and milk, while if my lord could not have pear he would starve. She

had large dark eyes, and wore soft, delicate colors, with legs and feet the tint of light blue kid; but her liege lord was in the immature plumage of the second year, with black mask covering his small eyes. Hardly were the two orioles let out into the room when they began to investigate the wonders about them: one flew to the fringe of a window-shade, and hung head down while trying with sharp beak to pry open the cords; the other devoted itself to unraveling the mysteries of books and boxes, very soon learning to open both with the same prying instrument; this one pushed up the plaits of a shirt in the basket, while that one labored to enlarge button-holes. The slats of the blinds were appropriated as ladders to run up and down, and every few moments one disappeared in some hole, never hesitating to creep through the smallest opening. Madam went up out of sight among the springs of a stuffed chair, while her mate set himself the task of pulling out, with perfect success, the stitches of embroidery on a toilet cushion. Having exhausted this amusement, he looked about for new worlds to conquer, and soon found sundry holes in the wall-paper, where I suppose nails had been driven, though they were so hidden by the confused pattern that I could not see them. Before the walls he hovered slowly, and the discovery of an opening was the signal for work. One claw inserted under the broken edge of the paper was perch enough, and the first intimation of the mischief was the falling of bits of plaster and fluttering fragments of paper. Of thus amusing himself he could never be cured, and many unsightly places remain to tell the tale. While the head of the family disfigured the wall, his little spouse found occupation in working at a paper covering the cage of a gentle bird who specially disliked intrusive neighbors. First she pulled out the pin that held it in place, took it under a toe, and tried to wrench the head off; fail-

ing in this, she passed it through her beak back and forth as she did a worm, evidently to reduce it to a softer condition. Finding the pin intractable, she dropped it, and turned her attention to the paper; tearing off bits, peeping under it, and constantly worrying the peace-loving owner, until a roof of enameled cloth, securely fastened by sewing, was provided for him.

The only one in the room whom the unlovely bird found it impossible to annoy was the oriole he saw in the looking-glass, and he never gave up trying to reduce even him to a proper state of meekness. Whenever he caught sight of his reflection he was furious: he strode across the lower support, bowing and posturing; then flew up against the glass, touching it with breast and claws, and beating his wings against it. Failing, of course, to seize the enemy, he peered eagerly behind the mirror, then returned with fresh rage to the charge in front. After a while I placed the glass at such an angle that he could not see himself from below. Instantly he alighted on a basket that hung conveniently near, ran to the end where he could stretch around and see his face, then to the other end from which he could look behind, uttering at the same time a loud cry. This also he kept up till I removed the basket. A day or two later, the discovery of a hand-glass standing on a table gave opportunity for a repetition of the performance. He attitudinized, drooped his wings, beat against it, hopped quite over it, touched the glass many times with his beak, and at last circled round and round, going into a rage whenever he reached the front, and springing suddenly around, as if to seize the elusive enemy behind. It was a strange exhibition of passion, very droll if it had not been painful to see. After that the glasses were covered.

Repose of manner was unknown to the orchard oriole; he could never wait a moment for anything. If he wanted to

bathe, he plumped into the dish, whether it were empty or not; thus he often surprised a more dignified bird by bouncing in beside him and splashing as though no one else were in sight. In fact, the bath was a constant subject of dispute; he was very fond of it, and the sound of dashing water was always irresistibly tempting to him. If he were shut into his cage with no other amusement, he indulged in gymnastics on the roof, running about, head down, on the wires, as readily as a fly on the ceiling, and often hanging by one claw, swinging back and forth, as if to enjoy the upside-down view of the world. If he stood still two minutes on a perch he was usually asleep; and both of these birds indulged in daytime naps, in which they buried their heads in their feathers, exactly as they did at night.

The lord and master of this household was extremely fastidious in his fare. Mocking-bird food he despised, bread and milk he left to his cage mate, apples were too hard to please him; nothing appealed to his taste except the tenderest of Bartlett pears, and of these he condescended to eat one a day. After a while, in his trampish fashion of prowling about in other birds' houses, he discovered that mocking-bird food was not so bad; and although he scorned it at home, he soon spent half his time in going from cage to cage, pulling over the food-supply, and selecting dainty bits for his own delectation. Naturally, he had many encounters with insulted proprietors, and some narrow escapes from a pecking; but he accepted these little episodes in the spirit of the tramp, regularly poached upon his neighbors, and nothing would keep him out of others' cages, or convince him that his own dish was as well supplied as any. The truth is, he seemed to be devoured by a fear that some one was better provisioned than he; and this feeling went so far that in the cage of a seed-eater he ate seeds, though since he did not take off

the shells he was obliged to throw them up in a ball somewhat later. Like many other birds, the orioles were fond of huckleberries, which they ate daintily, driving their sharp beaks into a berry, and holding it under one toe while they neatly extracted the pulp, thrusting far out their long white tongues in the operation.

Meal-worms — the choice morsels of the bird-room — came near driving the oriole wild. It was natural for him to take one under his toe, and pull off small bits till all was eaten, but his greed made this way very distasteful. How could he be satisfied with a slow manner, while thrushes and bluebirds took one at a gulp, and were ready for more? He could not; he put himself in training, and in a few days could bolt a worm as quickly as anybody. Now it became the object of his life to secure them all for himself. He was so quick in movement that he had no difficulty in swooping down upon every one that was put out, before more leisurely birds had stirred a feather. When he was absolutely incapable of swallowing another, he continued to seize them, kill them by a bite, and drop them on the floor. Nobody cared for dead worms, and thus the selfish fellow managed, as long as he was allowed, to deprive every bird in the room of his share. The remedy was simple: his door was closed till the other birds had eaten, and he pranced back and forth before it, actually squealing with rage, while they disposed of the dainties in their own natural way.

The dearest delight of this bird, however, was one which no other in the room shared, — catching flies. Observing that he tried to get one on the outside of the window-frame, I thought I would indulge him; so the next morning, before the cages were opened, I raised the windows. As I anticipated, two or three flies came in. The oriole saw them in an instant, and was frantic to get out. When his door was un-

closed he at once gave chase, and never rested till every fly was caught and eaten. He hunted them up and down the windows with great eagerness, but never followed them back into the room, though of course, as they could not keep away from the light themselves, they all fell victims sooner or later. After that several flies were allowed to come in every morning, and no sportsman, of whatever size, was ever keener after his prey, whether fish, fox, or tiger from the jungle.

The little dame liked flies, too, and if one came near her did not hesitate to appropriate it, although it brought her mate upon her "like a wolf on the fold." The two had once a funny time with a very large fly which fell into the hands — or beak — of madam. The victim did not submit with meekness; in fact, he protested in a loud voice. This at once attracted the attention of the master, who flung himself furiously at his usually amiable spouse, to snatch it from her. She did not give it up, but flew away, he following closely, and the fly buzzing madly all the while. Round and round the room they went for some time, till he was tired and gave up, when she alighted and tried to dispose of her prize, which was, after all, rather embarrassing to her. The insect was large, and she seemed afraid to put it under one toe, as usual, lest she should be attacked and have to fly suddenly, and so lose it. When she did make the attempt at last, her movements or his strength caused a slip somewhere, and away he went, buzzing louder than ever in triumph. This sound again roused the hunter's instinct, and both orioles flew wildly after that noisy creature, which took one turn around the room, then alighted on the top of the lower sash of a window, and passed quickly down the hole made for the window-cord; where, by the way, I can tell careful house-keepers, who vainly try to bar out these gentry with wire gauze, many a fly comes

in as well as goes out. The orioles in chase of this slippery fellow, seeing him outside, came bang against the glass, and then dropped to a perch, looking rather foolish.

Very soon after these birds were at home in the room, the female began to sing a low and sweet song, of considerable variety. The male confined his utterances to scolding and "huffing," and he tried to silence her with a peck, or by making ostentatious preparations for a nap, in which curious way many birds show contempt. But she did not often sing at home. She preferred a perch the other side of the room, where she sat down, her breast feathers covering her toes, threw her head up and turned it from side to side (perhaps looking for the enemy always ready to pounce upon her), as she poured out the pleasing melody. Not a note of song came out of his throat till weeks afterwards, when her presence no longer disturbed him, and spring came to stir even his hard heart.

Matters culminated, in this ill-assorted union, with a tragedy. He began a bully and a scold, and so far from being mollified by her gentleness, his bad temper increased by indulgence, until he absolutely prevented her from eating, bathing, or entering the cage when he was about. At this point providence — in the shape of the mistress — interfered, bought a new cage as big as the old one, and, in the summary way in which we of the human family dispose of the lives and happiness of those we call the lower animals, declared a divorce. This was agreeable to the female, at least. She entered her solitary cage with joy, and ate to her satisfaction, but not so well pleased was the tyrant; he wanted an object on which to vent his ill-humor, and it grieved his selfish soul to see her happy, out of his reach, with table spread as bountifully as his own. He usurped the new cage; she retired contentedly to the old. Still he

was not suited, for the old one was nearer the window; so he tried to occupy both, and drive her away altogether. So outrageous did he become that finally he had to be shut into one cage before she could enter the other. It was curious, on these occasions, to see the care with which she examined the door of his cage, to be sure that he really could not get out, and the satisfied air with which she finally went home; even then she ate at the point of the bayonet, as it were, he raging from side to side of his cage, as near to her as he could get, and scolding furiously. This could not go on forever, and the most watchful care was not able always to protect her, without making prisoner of one. It was the middle of winter, and she could not be set free, but if I had suspected how far his tyranny would go, I should have removed one of them to another room. To my deep sorrow, I found her dead one morning, and her body so thin I was sure she had been worried to death.

Naturally, I did not love the brutal bird who had teased another out of her life, but I certainly looked for an improvement in his temper now that he had no one to vex his sight. I looked in vain. He was more savage, more of a tramp and poacher, more of a scold, than ever. He even went so far as to huff at the sparrows outside the window. He never entered into the feelings of his neighbors in any way; when every other bird in the room was excited, alarmed, or disturbed, he alone remained perfectly unconcerned, exactly as if he did not see them.

During the latter part of this winter, I was interested to see a curious provision of nature for an emergency. The oriole had a serious affection of one hind

toe, which swelled, turned white, and was evidently so painful to use that he alighted on the other foot, holding this one up. After a few days I noticed him using his foot again; there was a hind toe all well, and the disabled one above the new one, quite out of harm's way. It looked as if it were going to fall off, and I did not know but the universal Mother had provided a new toe; but on close examination I found that one of the three front toes had turned back to take the place of the useless member. Thus relieved, it became well, the front toe returned to its proper place, and the bird was all right again.

Now spring came on, and the oriole began to sing, strange, half-choking sounds at first, interspersed with his harshest notes, as if he were forced to sing by the season, but was resolved that no one should enjoy it as music, and so spoiled it by these interpolations. I found afterwards, however, on studying his wild relatives, that this is their customary way of singing. Now, too, queer little spots began to appear in his plumage, dots of bright reddish-chestnut, first on one side of the breast, then about the tail coverts, till after a month he looked like patchwork of the "crazy" sort. All this time his song was gaining in strength and volume, till by the first of May he could outsing any bird in the room.

To outdo in some way was his delight, and he regularly discomfited the singers, and silenced the gentle ripple of thrush music in the house by his loud carol. Later, the weather became settled, the well and perfect birds were given their liberty, and he had the bird-room to himself, the only utterly unlovely bird I ever knew.

Olive Thorne Miller.

MR. RUSKIN'S EARLY YEARS.

AN interesting article might be written upon the influence of the novel upon modern autobiography. The novel has, indeed, affected literature in many ways, and been felt in both history and poetry; but the taste which it has bred in the incidents and characters of ordinary life has given a great extension to the scope of a man's account of his own career. It would hardly have occurred to our elder authors to delineate their parents in the way that Carlyle drew his father and mother, or to introduce into their reminiscences finished portraits of any persons who had not won some distinction. Gibbon's autobiography is a capital instance of a life told without the setting which has now become usual; it has no such background. In the papers which Ruskin has written about his early years, and which are collected in these volumes,¹ there is no like reserve. He includes in them his family and all his relatives, the home acquaintances and business partners, the clerks of the firm and the servants of the house, his companions and valets; the work, in other words, is conceived in the new spirit of autobiography, and though he is the hero, there are a host of minor characters and a crowd of trivial incidents which in other days would not have been thought worthy of record. It appeals often, like the novel, to our interest in general life as much as to our curiosity about Ruskin in his distinct personality.

In these pages, too, Ruskin is an un-grown youth; his account hardly touches on his active career, and nowhere reaches his maturity. The formative years of life are, in a sense, very important, but they are at best only the preface; what the man at last became and accomplished

is the real matter that is worth knowing, unless one is specially concerned with education; the question how he was developed is subsidiary. And for this reason we must acknowledge some disappointment in the narrative, which is much taken up with childish and futile things, and does not, to our thinking, show the sources of Ruskin's genius, but the conditions under which he grew; and these were such as to account more for his defects than his excellences. A great part of what is told is indeed entirely irrelevant, and would have been as interesting in any other man's life. One or two leading topics, however, may be chosen, which have most bearing on his qualities, and either illustrate his temperament, or seem to have been determining factors in his character; and the principal of these is his religious training. Ruskin himself lays great stress on the fact that his mother made him early acquainted with the Bible; she read it with him for years, and went through it in course several times, besides obliging him to commit chapters of it, and the Scotch versions of the psalms in addition. He was, as one would say, piously trained; the exercise was strenuous while it lasted, and it ended only with his fourteenth year. He thinks it formed and confirmed a taste for the noble element in style, and that it was also morally of great effect. He was an only child, and a solitary one; this, no doubt, had an influence in lending solemnity to his religious associations, and his beliefs were not early disturbed. When he went to Oxford, the steady Bible-reading had ended, and in its place, he says, "was substituted my own private reading of a chapter morning and evening, and of course saying the

¹ *Præterita*. Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts perhaps worthy of Memory in my

Past Life. By JOHN RUSKIN, LL. D. 2 vols. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1886, 1887.

Lord's Prayer after it, and asking for everything that was nice for myself and my family; after which I waked or slept, without much thought of anything but my earthly affairs, whether by night or day. It had never entered into my head to doubt a word of the Bible, though I saw well enough already that its words were to be understood otherwise than I had been taught; but the more I believed it, the less it did me any good. It was all very well for Abraham to do what angels bid him, — so would I, if any angels bid me; but none had ever appeared to me that I knew of, not even Adèle, who could n't be an angel because she was a Roman Catholic. . . . On the whole, it seemed to me all that was required of *me* was to say my prayers, go to church, learn my lessons, obey my parents, and enjoy my dinner." His religious training had accomplished no more than to put him in possession of the Protestant tradition. It was some years after, when he was twenty-six, that he was first "put to any serious trial of prayer." He had been ill, and was now going home from Italy. "Between the Campo Santo and Santa Maria Novella I had been brought into some knowledge of the relations that might truly exist between God and his creatures; and thinking what my father and mother would feel if I did not get home to them through those poplar avenues, I fell gradually into the temper, and more or less tacit offering of very real prayer, which lasted patiently through two long days and what I knew of the nights on the road home. On the third day, as I was about coming in sight of Paris, what people who are in the habit of praying know as the consciousness of answer came to me, and a certainty that the illness, which had all this while increased, if anything, would be taken away." Two days after, he found himself "in the inn at Beauvais, entirely well, with a thrill of conscious happiness altogether new." This is the

solitary instance of personal religious feeling in the volume, and if we understand Ruskin's comment upon the incident, it was one never repeated. To what extent his religious training fortified his moral fervor, besides enabling him to enter into the mediæval feeling in sacred art, is another matter; but the tone of the passages cited show that he holds mentally an attitude of superiority toward common Christian belief and devotions.

A second main characteristic of his education was his separation from healthy association with those of his own age, the care with which he was kept from youthful exercises, and, in general, the making a home-boy of him. He was not at all indulged; most playthings were denied him; he was taught to be proper, his faults were followed by the usual penalties, and he seems to have been reduced to an extremely angelic docility, so that he sat for years in a quiet manner in his own niche in the drawing-room, listening every evening to his father reading romance and poetry to his mother, and no more thinking of doing anything disagreeable than a star of falling from heaven. But, more than this, the parents had plans for him as a child of promise, for which the sherry trade would not offer sufficient scope. Their conviction of his genius was formed early and grew with portentous rapidity, and his father's ideal for his future was "that I should enter college into the best society; take all the prizes every year, and a double first to finish with; marry Lady Clara Vere de Vere; write poetry as good as Byron's, only pious; preach sermons as good as Bossuet's, only Protestant; be made at forty Bishop of Winchester, and at fifty Primate of England." The ideal was not so defined as this until he was ready for Oxford, but the vision of the future bishop seems to have loomed up while the child was of very tender years, and it was reluctantly let go after the Mod-

ern Painters time. There is one reminiscence of the disappointment here, on occasion of a conversation between his father and an artist, who were lamenting "what an amiable clergyman was lost in me. 'Yes,' said my father, with tears in his eyes (true and tender tears as ever father shed), 'he would have been a bishop.'" Between this idea that the child was to be a great man and the foolish isolation of him from natural playmates, a remarkable conceit was developed, which Ruskin is only too frank in acknowledging; he heaps terms of ridicule upon his childish self, and the reader is not disposed to say him nay, but rather to find it a great misfortune of his life that his vanity was coddled in a safe seclusion from the disillusion of a public school. But it is curious, side by side with these comic anathemas on his boyish "High-Mightiness," to come upon the mature judgments he has formed of himself, and does not hesitate to proclaim; he never learned the lesson of modesty, nor did perception of his childish faults enlighten him in respect to weaknesses of his manhood. We find him, for example, quoting Mazzini as having said of him, "in conversation authentically reported a year or two before his death, that I had 'the most analytic mind in Europe;' an opinion in which," he adds, "so far as I am acquainted with Europe, I am myself entirely disposed to concur." Elsewhere he deplores the loss in him of "a fine landscape or figure-outline engraver," but this loss he mourns less than "the incalculable one to geology;" for, he says, if, in Wales, his father and mother "had given me but a shaggy scrap of a Welsh pony, and left me in charge of a good Welsh guide and of his wife, if I needed any coddling, they would have made a man of me then and there, and afterwards the comfort of their own hearts, and probably the first geologist of my time in Europe." It was lucky that they did not try to

make him an ichthyologist, at any rate. When he got the *Poissons Fossiles*, he saw that "Agassiz was a mere block-head to have paid for all that good drawing of the nasty, ugly things, and that it did n't matter a stale herring to any mortal whether they had any names or not, . . . and that the book ought to have been called after the lithographer, *his* fishes, only with their scales counted and called bad names by subservient Monsieur Agassiz." This is a mere explosion of bad temper, but it helps us to guess what sort of "a first geologist of Europe" he would have been, and to reckon how he would have fared pitted against Lyell. It may be doubted, too, whether he would have kept very long to the management of that wished-for Welsh pony: the parents did try to have him taught riding, both by a groom and at a riding-school, but he had too much facility in slipping off, and was evidently entirely disinclined to learn.

The isolation of his childhood no doubt threw him back upon himself and induced his precocity. Mr. Stevenson has lately remarked upon one virtue of the Scotch Sabbath, in that it made a boy who could not employ himself in his usual play think out of mere idleness, and the time being a solemn one his thoughts were touched by it. Mr. Ruskin's every-day life was such a Scotch Sabbath. It was empty of most young interests, affections, and amusements. Listening to his father's readings from Scott, and Cervantes, and Byron, the boy naturally took to literature in imitative verse and prose, just as he wrote abstracts of sermons that he had heard preached; and he also took to drawing in a similarly obvious way. Whatever literary or artistic talent was possible in him was bound to come out under such circumstances, and power of expression would grow with practice; and so those first signs of promise put forth which confirmed his parents' ambition for him as a piously Byronic bishop. This was

the compensation for what he lost, but what he lost was never to be recovered, for all that; and the worst of his loss, besides practical faculty and habits of manliness, was the exercise of his affections. He has cared throughout his life, he says, — and this is certainly true of his earlier career, — for inanimate things, mountains and clouds chiefly; and one reason of this is, that he, to use his own words, “had nothing to love” in his childhood and youth, and indeed did not love anything; for his affection for his parents was not of the intimate kind, and he looked on them as a part of the beneficent universe, like the sun and the moon. This is his own account of the matter; and he regrets the circumstance, curiously enough, not because of such results as we have indicated, but because, when he fell in love with that Adèle who “could n’t be an angel because she was a Roman Catholic,” he did not know how to manage himself. His confession of this first fit of amorousness is one of the oddest things in the volumes, and indeed all his references to the various maidens who attracted his roving fancy, or his parents’ more prudent eyes, are astonishing. Adèle was a bright Spanish girl, the daughter of his father’s partner in sherry, and knew a great deal more than her adorer, who fell in love with her while she was visiting the Ruskins, and found the course of his malady rapid and severe. He wooed her by displaying his powers in Protestant argument and romantic narrative, and by his bad French; but she was only amused, and the lover, who was still young in his teens, was disconsolate in the old fashion. It was some years before he recovered from the disease; and reminiscences of the time seem to be disagreeable enough, for he rivals his contempt for his childish conceit by his ridicule of himself as a lovesick youth. There is nothing in the story, however, that excites the reader’s pity; in this, as well as the other cases,

one has a pleased sense of listening to much youthful confession in which there is not the least seriousness. The feeling was real enough, but it was “fancy,” as we say, and not passion, with all the unreality of sentimentalism in the traditional spring. Oxford apparently cured him, — change of scene and something to think about.

But Ruskin is only a small part of the story; and one is not sorry that this is the case, for he was not an interesting child, and his boyhood was without the qualities that make boyhood attractive. The scenes in which he lived, however, and the people with whom he dwelt are drawn by the hand of the grown man, and have more of himself in them than has the manikin he then was. The banks of the Tay and the humble relatives at Croydon help his narrative very much, not to mention the view of the Alps from Schaffhausen, where he thinks his destiny was determined for him at fourteen, or the days in the Campo Santo, or the revelation of the infernal in life that the volcanic Neapolitan country was to him, in his own belief, at first sight. The journeys with his parents exhibit their character very pleasantly, and they were excellent persons; their devotion to their son was entire, and he was at times a trying young man. The first acquaintance with Turner, and the gradually increasing interest of the family, not only in his work, but in artists generally, furnish agreeable passages; the fortunes of the servants and other connections of the family, and the sketches of the acquaintance of the household who used occasionally to visit them, are interesting in the way of episode, though the manner is somewhat Carlylean, too grim, too indifferent, too consciously superior. Oxford yields one good chapter, and, as was to be anticipated in the case of a youth such as we have intimated Ruskin was, it is not without humor. He entered as a gentleman commoner, that being the safest

mode of entrance for one with his weak scholarship, and one attractive to him and his parents because he would wear a velvet cap and silk sleeves, incredible as it seems to us that this should have been, as we are assured it was, a "telling consideration," even to the largest importer of sherry and his scriptural wife and heir. His aristocratic mates took his measure and received him very well; and his mother coming down to live in the city, to be near in case he should be ill, he spent his evenings with her, and apparently did not annoy any one with his frequent presence elsewhere. He was fortunate enough, too, to be taken up by Henry Acland, his senior by a year and a half, whose rooms "became to me," he says, "the only place where I was happy. He quietly showed me the manner of life of English youth of good sense, good family, and enlarged education; we both of us already lived in elements far external to the college quadrangle." And he later on completes the picture of Acland's manliness, in whom he saw "a noble young English life in its purity, sagacity, honor, reckless daring, and happy piety," by contrasting him with himself in his own less hardy fibre, and showing at the same time the point of sympathy: "In all this playful and proud heroism of his youth, Henry Acland delighted me as

a leopard or a falcon would, without in the least affecting my own character by his example. I had been too often adjured and commanded to take care of myself ever to think of following him over slippery weirs, or accompanying him in pilot-boats through white-topped shoal water; but both in art and science he would pull me on, being years ahead of me, yet glad of my sympathy, for, till I came, he was literally alone in the university in caring for either." Such glimpses of open, honest life on entirely natural and wise terms are not frequent in these pages, but some there are, and they help the interest amazingly. There is a considerable proportion, too, of Turnerian rhetoric about the Alps and Italy, of which the novelty has passed away and only the diffuseness remains; and there is something of interest in the history of Ruskin's artistic taste through Prout, rejecting Raphael by the way, to the Campo Santo and the Santa Maria Novella, but this record is already written in his earlier books.

The object of the papers is to tell what sort of a youth Ruskin was, and we have tried to give our impression of that. It is not an agreeable one, but it is to be said that he has shown himself no favor in the narrative, and judgment may be modified by what others may have to tell of him.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

THE novels of Charles Brockden Brown possess only an historical interest. He was the first to write American fiction, and his works had the good fortune to please in London before the time of Jane Austen and Sir Walter Scott; he came, too, in the period after Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis, and had his genius been stronger he might have had the

distinction of being remembered as the representative of the change of the novel from the wildly romantic into a more natural type. He stands just at that point of development, but he had not force or character enough to rise to a position in literature which should command attention beyond his own generation. He was born in Philadelphia. With an origi-

nal taste for letters, a vigorous imagination, and a wide curiosity for knowledge of all kinds, a literary profession was inevitable. He tried his hand at law, but abandoned the study after a brief experience of it, and gave his mind to the moral and political speculation then rife, to the manners and customs of nations, to history, and to the individuals whom he created in imagination, and sent on their travels. He wrote several novels, and left fragments of others, which have been collected in the edition¹ before us, and are well known to students. His political pamphlets, and the *European and American Annals* which he wrote for the *American Register* from 1806 to 1809, are of solid worth, but are not included in his works. He died in 1810, at the age of thirty-nine.

This short biography is all the preface needed by one who reads his writings, and it might easily be dispensed with. It is not his life, which was not remarkable, but his position, that throws the light upon his novels which is necessary for their being understood. He was in his time a reforming novelist. For one thing, he thought it was the part of an American to use those "sources of amusement to the fancy and instruction to the heart that are peculiar to ourselves," and which he declares "are equally numerous and inexhaustible." He announced his purpose "to profit by some of these sources," and in Edgar Huntly he tried to "exhibit a series of adventures growing out of the condition of our country, and connected with one of the most common and wonderful diseases or affections of the human frame." Here we have the two characteristics which are aimed at now by every tyro, truth in local color and in the facts of science. That he understood himself to be an innovator may be easily gathered from his frank assertion of his "one merit,

¹ *Charles Brockden Brown's Novels.* 6 vols. Philadelphia: David McKay. 1887. Edition limited to 500 copies.

—that of calling forth the passion and engaging the sympathy of the reader by means hitherto unemployed by preceding authors. Puerile superstition and exploded manners, Gothic castles and chimæras, are the materials usually employed for this end." Not to continue the quotation too long, since Brown was not an adept at condensed invective, he for his part was going to deal with facts. He was, in a word, a realist. But who would have guessed it, if he had not published the notice in his preface? To what "facts" did he have recourse to exterminate and supplant those "Gothic castles and chimæras" with which Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis, in the van of good Sir Walter, had occupied the grounds of romance? To what field of the conflict, to what stage of the comedy, would he direct attention, that his readers might no more be cheated and fooled with entertainment afforded by "puerile superstition and exploded manners"? Why, ventriloquism, and sleep-walking, and the wild red Indian! There is something humorous in this issue of the first realistic reformer, for one cannot doubt that he took himself seriously; and then, there is a familiar tone, as of something heard yesterday, in that "puerile superstition" and "chimæras." To a later generation, Brown's heroes and heroines are very far from any humanity that rides in our street-cars; they seem little more credible than the Nun and the Gallant they were to do away with; his tales are wildly improbable, more impossible than ghosts by as much as one lays aside incredulity in reading of "Gothic castles." The realist of to-day must peruse these novels with much mirth, if he judges them by the style of to-day in men, and things, and fiction. If this should go on, and the world revolves, why may not Silas Lapham come, in the changeful process of human life, to be no better than a "knight-in-armor"?

It is hardly possible to give a true

impression of the general character of Brown's six novels to one who has not read one or two of them, at least. They are without unity of design; there are several stories which interweave with one another in the same tale, but they are not correlated among themselves; the main narrative is not so much broken by episodes, but rather is itself a succession of slightly connected events and different family histories; the method, generally speaking, is like that of the novel of adventure, in which it is not the dramatic plot, but the exciting stages of a much-checked career, that holds the attention. The better ones of the series, *Wieland*, *Arthur Mervyn*, and *Edgar Huntly*, have some special feature, it is true. In one the mystery of the story is in ventriloquism, in another somnambulism; and the idea of supplanting supernatural by physical and quasi-scientific mystery was an original and useful one, fruitful still in our own days. In others the scenes of the yellow-fever epidemic in New York and Philadelphia, of which Brown had himself been a witness, afford the realistic element, and these are much the best done of anything from his pen; but here, too, it is to be observed that he discarded the supernatural only to hold fast to the exceptional. In the sphere of character and action he was still under the shadow of the old castle; the spectacular has given place to the sensational, but in the bosoms of *Constance* and *Jane*, of *Wieland* and *Ormond* and *Sarsefield*, reigns the very breath of romantic passion, and adventure is the genius of their careers. As for the language in which they address one another, it was never heard off the stage of melodrama: they enter and strike attitudes and have their say; one would as soon think of interrupting a set piece of fireworks as their speeches. The style, too, is, beyond concealment, tedious. The truth is, these novels are as much gone by as the Algerian pirates, with whom they were contemporary; even

Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis have kept better pace with the modern reader than has Brown.

Yet, historically, he is curiously interesting. His pages reflect both a state of mind and a mood of imagination in which he shared only as a member of a larger world of men, some of whom were destined to a better fortune. It is not only the literary reformer who is found in the gallery of forgotten things; the portrait of the social innovator is as commonly to be met with there; and in Brown we find the stamp and impress of one of the most noted in his day and most obscure in ours, — the philosopher William Godwin. Brown was familiar with his writings, as not long ago young men were with John Stuart Mill's. One reads between the lines in these tales the theory and maxims and speculation to which Godwin gave currency. In *Jane Talbot*, the hero of the story is the typical young man with dangerous ideas, — or he has that reputation in the ears of the world, and particularly of the mother of the young lady he would marry. We quote a passage, partly as a sketch of the abandoned youth of the first days of the century, and partly for an ulterior purpose: —

"A most fascinating book fell at length into his hands, which changed in a moment the whole course of his ideas. What he had before regarded with reluctance and terror, this book taught him to admire and love. The writer has the art of the grand deceiver, — the fatal art of carrying the worst poison under the name and appearance of wholesome food; of disguising all that is impious, or blasphemous, or licentious, under the guise and sanctions of virtue. Colden had lived before this without examination or inquiry. His heart, his inclination, was perhaps on the side of religion and true virtue; but this book carried all his inclination, his zeal, and his enthusiasm over to the adversary; and so strangely had he been perverted that he

held himself bound, he conceived it to be his duty, to vindicate in private and public, to preach with vehemence, his new faith. The rage for making converts seized him."

In this strain the mother writes to her daughter of Godwin's Political Justice. The vigor of his influence must have been considerable in the community, his name must have been a standing target in society, when he was invoked by a novelist to create the character of such a man as Colden, even by rumor; and the fact that Colden is a blameless person, quite in the style of the virtuous and rather colorless philanthropist, which was then one of the ideals set up for youth, ought perhaps to indicate that Brown himself, who had speculated on the forbidden topic of the marriage relation, was not unscathed by the malign influence, though his character remained unharmed. As reminiscences, in imaginative literature, of the philosophizing temper of the year 1800, all such passages are worth remark.

There is, too, in the novels a pervading conception of man as a creature of dark passions, which, had Brown written a score of years later, would have been called Byronic. The fact is that Byron did not so much invent Byronism as clothe this type of passion with a power and lift it to a height that made it his own creation in literature; and it happened fortunately for his fame that he in his own person embodied it for the imagination of his contemporaries. But premonitions of Byronism, and even incomplete prototypes of it, are to be found before his day; and in Brown's novels there are several passages that are, as we say, "very like." Take this characterization:—

"A youth of eighteen, a volunteer in a Russian army encamped in Bessarabia, made prey of a Tartar girl, found in the field of a recent battle. Conducting her to his quarters, he met a friend, who, on some pretense, claimed the vic-

tim. From angry words they betook themselves to swords. A combat ensued, in which the first claimant ran his antagonist through the body. He then bore his prize unmolested away, and, having exercised brutality of one kind upon the helpless victim, stabbed her to the heart, as an offering to the *manes* of Sarsefield, the friend whom he had slain. Next morning, willing more signally to expiate his guilt, he rushed alone upon a troop of Turkish foragers, and brought away five heads, suspended by their gory locks to his horse's mane. These he threw upon the grave of Sarsefield, and conceived himself fully to have expiated yesterday's offense. In reward for his prowess, the general gave him a commission in the Cossack troops. This youth was Ormond."

Crude, brutal, coarsely laid on, it is; but Ormond—and we may say that his later career was all of a piece with this trifling anecdote of his teens—is essentially an earlier Lara. Nor is this instance alone and singular. The entire atmosphere of Ormond, which is a novel of violent passion and detestable wickedness, is pre-Byronic; and Brown's imagination, or his note-book from historical reading, was inexhaustibly fertile of the sort of incident instanced by the quotation above. The despised masters and mistresses of "puerile superstition" did not sup on horrors in more courses.

It is not with Byron, however, but with Shelley, that Brown's name is lastingly associated. Shelley, whose own early romances in the German style remain to bear witness to his first taste in fiction, has left it in writing that Brown's novels had a profound effect upon his mind. It is no wonder that they absorbed him, when first met with; he was just at the right age and had just the right opinions and emotions to live in sympathizing imagination the lives of some of Brown's heroes, for at some points they touched his own career nearly. That passage which draws Col-

den's character, already quoted, might have been actually written of Shelley by some of his family detractors; he might have sat for the portrait of Col-den as the latter is represented by his friends, also. More than once, in the other novels, one comes on sentiments, personal situations, and ideals of conduct through which one feels at once, if he is on the watch, the pulse of Shelley beating as he read. For example, it is one of Brown's distinctions that his pages are devoted, whenever they touch on female character, to the advocacy of the right of woman to equal education, and to a position of equal dignity intellectually, with man. Brown appears to have been familiar with Mary Wollstonecraft's writings on the subject, and to have adopted her views so far, at least, as the mental training of woman is concerned. The reiteration of this doctrine, both openly in the author's discourse, and indirectly in the conversation of the characters, was enough of itself to win Shelley's adherence. On the imaginative side, Brown touched him also in the marrow; for Shelley's temperament, being extravagantly romantic in his nonage, was the local habitation in which Ormonds and Sarsefields and their tribe thrive. Ventriiloquism and somnambulism, in their turn, were the kind of science Shelley

studied; he perhaps pursued chemistry as much with the hope of raising a ghost as from any other motive; science to him was only another form of that marvel which he first found in the supernatural. Therefore, as a social philosopher, a romancer, and a dealer with curious quasi-scientific phenomena, Brown had a threefold interest to his youthful admirer; but Shelley's assertion of the relative power of Brown's influence over him is unfounded. He made a deep impression upon him, but it was not a fruitful one, such as were those made by the great writers. In the poet's works, perhaps the name Constantia, in the lyric *To Constantia Singing*, was taken from the novel of Ormond; but further than that nothing is traceable.

These, it seems to us, are the principal points of Brown's historical interest. As a precursor of Cooper, or Hawthorne, or Poe, a position that has been claimed for him, we cannot regard him at all; the analogy between their works and his is of the slightest. He was a romancer of the old kind, although he made efforts in the direction of realism; he has no art; he is awkward, long-winded, and melodramatic, interested almost wholly in adventure, and save for the accident of coming first and being a Philadelphian would be without note.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Player's **Exit.** THERE is a remarkable passage in Fanny Kemble's delightful *Journal of her first visit to America*, in which she writes gravely of the short-lived fame of actors. The poet, the painter, the musician, she says, enchant us through their works; a great actor "is himself his work." "There is scarcely to be conceived a popularity for the moment more intoxicating than that

of a great actor in his day. So much of it becomes mixed up with the individual. The poems, the sculptures, of the old Grecian time witness to these latter ages the enduring life of truth and beauty; the poets of Rome, surviving the trophies of her thousand victories, are yet familiar in our mouths as household words. Dante, Milton, and Shakespeare are yet shedding divinest influences."

All this, written by the eloquent young actress doubtless in the reaction from one of her own triumphs, contrasts sadly with the climax a page beyond, where she recalls the pageants that, night after night, "riveted the gaze of thousands, and drew forth their acclamations. Gone like rosy sunset clouds, fair painted vapors, lovely to the sight, but vanishing as dreams. Where are the labors of Garrick, of Macklin, of Cooke, of Kemble, of Mrs. Siddons?" she says. "Chronicle in the dim memories of some few of their surviving spectators, who speak of them with an enthusiasm which we, who never saw them, fancy the offspring of that feeling which makes the old look back to the time of their youth as the only days when the sun knew how to shine."

I lingered just now over these passages, touching enough when one remembers that they were written by a beautiful young creature in the very morning brightness of her fame; most touching as an evidence of human desire for an immortality that can be comprehended by this world's vision, and also of that gifted nature which, consecrating all its powers to a certain art, sees that the best success is but temporary, and soon to exist only in vague tradition and by the help of its sister art of letters. We do know Garrick yet, and Mrs. Siddons; to many Fanny Kemble is often playing still in the theatre of memory; but what a long procession of painstaking, delightful men and women the world has forgotten, — those whose fame was only of their own time, or for an occasional student of stagecraft or lover of old books, a student who is lucky enough to bring them again to life in his eager and sympathetic imagination.

I have been wishing that somebody would write about one actress who left us not long ago, regretted by everybody who was familiar with the stage of the Boston Museum. Those of us who never could keep our hands still when Mrs.

Vincent's kindly face and short, comfortable figure appeared at the wing in familiar guise of big London cap and Lady Blessington brocade; those of us who had seen her in her little parlor, and listened with delight as she called her lawless old green parrot an impudent baggage in fine stage tones; who knew her self-denial, her generosity, her capital acting, which, good as it was, must after all come last as we try to praise her, — we cannot bear to think that our Mrs. Vincent may be forgotten. There are certain parts in the old English comedies, in the charming Irish plays of Boucicault, where it will always go hard with us to applaud any one else, with the vision of her delicious impersonations in our minds. Perhaps, after all, I must bring with an apology this copy of verses from a seldom-visited portfolio, where they were left unthought of until Fanny Kemble's *Journal* called them back to me. Mrs. Vincent died in summer, when many of her friends were out of town, and one, at least, ignorantly thought that there might be few within reach who could pay a last tribute of respect to the dear old woman. But going into the hot town from the seashore, and imagining, though much before the hour, that St. Paul's Church would be a cool and empty place in which to wait for the beginning of the funeral services, it was found crowded with people already; a sorrowing crowd indeed, not curious and idly come together for the hour, but reverent and regretful. It was only after watching the great number of actors, the tiredness and patient alertness of even the least expressive faces; after gratefully remembering how much we owe to those who give their lives for other people's pleasure, who play strange parts until they feel astray in every-day life, that I understood the blessing of such a life as Mrs. Vincent's in the tempted and half-appreciated shifting and bedazzled world of the theatre.

AT MRS. VINCENT'S FUNERAL.

BORNE by church wardens down the aisle,
A sombre burden now she goes,
Who made the saddest of us smile,
And tired hearts forget their woes.

Here, see your audience sad for once,
You who in all your player years
Have made us laugh so many times;
We only greet you now with tears.

For some of us are thriftless folk,
Who thin with giving made your purse;
And some of us, God knows how weak!
But for your Christian words were worse.

Ah, none knew better of the flight
Of hopes and joys that cannot stay,
That faces wreathed in smiles by night
Are often sad and pale by day!

Now, for your well-learned playcraft take
Of honest praise your rightful share;
Sincere upon the mimic stage,
Unsullied in the footlight's glare!

Good soul, we bless you as we part;
What silent plaudits can we send
By cords that reach from heart to heart
To you who ever played the friend!

What is Pessimism? — We have heard of commentators darkening with many words the subject they set out to illumine. I trust that no such misfortune is to result from the labors of the Browning societies in this country and in England, but a reference to the poet in a recent article in *The Atlantic* shows so singular a misconception about him that I am led to think the author of the above-mentioned paper may have missed the poet's plain meaning through too little attention to the verse itself, and too much to the superabundance of comment upon it. To class the keen-sighted, but large-minded and genial-hearted Browning among the pessimists seems a mistake hard to account for to one who has found in his hopeful philosophy a greater encouragement than almost any other single writer, teacher, or preacher of today has to give. I confess to being skeptical as to the genuineness of much that calls itself pessimism, or, rather, as to the existence of many thorough-going pessimists.

I question the propriety of classing Pascal among pessimists called "religious," for to my mind the ideas of religion and pessimism are incompatible, — even religion as Pascal understood it. It were truer to say of him that, in the struggle of his intellect between faith and undermining doubt, his mind at times lost hold on religion, and then, for him, the universe was darkened, and chaos came again.

If to "recognize that in this world sorrow outbalances joy" be pessimism, then I take it that the majority of persons past their youth, who have minds to think with and hearts to feel with, are pessimists. But such recognition of the fact of life does not settle the question whether it is worth living. Browning says, in the person of the pagan poet Cleon, "Life's inadequate to joy, as the soul sees it," — that is, in unalloyed fullness of perfection; yet the pagan could imagine a state of being above the present in which the "joy-hunger" should be satisfied, if Zeus the All-Wise were the All-Loving too.

It seems to me that the true pessimist, like the true skeptic, is nothing if not thorough-going, and that to be one requires a greater hardness of head and coldness of heart than belong, thank Heaven! to many. A genuine pessimist should go out and drown himself, as the practical outcome of his belief; if he does not, it is because, in spite of theory, he contrives to find life tolerable, — and if for him, why may it not be for his fellows? The formula of pessimism is, or ought to be, that this is the worst of all possible worlds, and therefore let us each and all get out of it. But men sometimes manage to hold a creed without realizing its consequences in their imagination. The Calvinists did so with regard to their cruel doctrine. In proportion as it was vividly real to them, individual lives were burdened with heavy sadness; yet there was a loophole for hope to shine through upon the

soul of the conscientious Calvinist, for he might be assured of his own election to salvation, and for those of his fellow-creatures who were not visibly in a state of grace there were always the "uncovenanted" mercies of the Lord to trust to.

Schopenhauer, the "great apostle of pessimism," so far as he was sincere and consistent, was so in virtue of his coldness of heart, the "luminous selfishness which guided him through life." He was never guilty of really associating with anybody, we are told. But granting the existence of a few convinced and more or less consequent contemners of the world and mankind, I think it remains true that pessimism is mostly a theory in the air, as unsubstantial and harmless as many other theories that men have manufactured in all ages of the world. To return to the point whence I started, — that Browning, of all men, should be called a pessimist seems wonderful, most wonderful, and yet again wonderful. To recognize the force of circumstance and the fatality of chance in the life of man, the irretrievableness of his mistakes, his capacity for suffering, the possibility of his deepest joys transforming themselves into his most poignant griefs, the frustration of hope and the heartsickness of unfulfilled desire, "infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn," — to see and feel all this does not make a man a pessimist. To put into a word the diametrically opposite view I take of Browning, it seems to me that, a few great names apart, no poet with so wide and deep a knowledge of human nature and life has so uniformly maintained a tone of steadfast and lofty hope. His world is not made up of saints and heroes, but of struggling, sinning, sorrowing men and women; yet in his creed they have always the power to erect themselves above themselves. Many of them find victory even in defeat, joy in the midst of pain, and honor, faith, and

love worth, even in this life, more than easy-going comfort and the satisfaction of selfish passion. The confidence of Browning's tone contrasts with the uncertain utterance of most of his brother poets since Wordsworth. Even the latter spoke, as it were, from the lonely height of abstract contemplation, while Browning's voice comes up from amidst the throng of active human life. He says of it, —

"This world, — it means intensely, and means good;

To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

And the facts of existence which move the shallower thinker to lamentation and doubt, namely, the mutability of all things and the disappointment of hope, stir and stimulate Browning; so that he cries, of this "old woe of the world, tune to whose rise and fall we live and die," —

"Rise with it, then! Rejoice that man is hurled

From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled."

One of the main articles of the poet's creed is the divine nature and power of love, a present possession, which has also the capacity of infinite development.

"Knowledge means

Ever-renewed assurance by defeat
That somehow victory is still to reach;
But love is victory, the prize itself."

The infinite nature of human spirit, Browning tells us again and again, is the source of man's earthly sorrows and joys, his aspiration and progress, present imperfection and ultimate perfectibility.

"Shall I doubt that Thy power can fill
The heart that Thy power can expand?"

he cries, and with the faith of an old Hebrew prophet by the mouth of the musician, Abt Vogler, —

"There shall never be one lost good; what
was shall live as before;
The evil is naught, is null, is silence imply-
ing sound,

.

All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed, of
good shall exist;
Not its likeness, but itself; no beauty, nor
good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each sur-
vives for the melodist
When eternity confirms the conception of an
hour."

And over the corpse of a wretch whose
life has been apparent failure, the poet
muses thus: —

"My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after Last returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blest once prove accurst."

He reasons from the love in the heart
of man to the infinite Love, and upon
that he bases his large and firm-fixed
hope: —

"Do I find love so full in my nature, God's
ultimate gift,
That I doubt His own love can compete with
it? — here the parts shift?"

The whole stuff of Browning's thought
is indicated by these citations. The pes-
simist, the man who despairs, looks
around over the wide field of the world,
but his view is limited by its horizon;
he sees no forces at work in it but those
called natural, and does not know that
it is being ploughed and tilled by the
great Husbandman for the future har-
vest; his eye observes all the obvious
misery of human existence, and pierces
low enough to discover the roots of bit-
terness beneath the smooth surface of
much that seems to be happiness, but he
has not inquired deeply enough into the
nature of man himself rightly to appre-
hend or solve the problem of his destiny.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel. Under the Southern Cross, or
Travels in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand,
Samoa, and other Pacific Islands, by Maturin
M. Ballou. (Ticknor.) Mr. Ballou has a
fresher subject than in his previous books, and
he seems a little less dull, in consequence, but
it is hard to take up the book anywhere and
feel drawn on by the form of presentation. —
California of the South; its physical geogra-
phy, climate, resources, routes of travel, and
health-resorts; being a complete guide-book
to Southern California. By Walter Lindley
and J. P. Widney. (Appleton.) The earlier
portion of this book, devoted to climatology
and physical aspects, is systematic, clear, and
valuable; the second part, taking up localities
and describing them and their prospects, is
uneven, not very well digested, and approaches
too nearly the mode of the real-estate agent. —
Monarchs I Have Met, by W. Beatty-Kingston.
(Harpers.) Mr. Kingston says at the outset
that his acquaintance with monarchs was chief-
ly on his own seeking, and he also admits that
he chose the title of his book in order to
catch readers. He is, in short, a special cor-
respondent, who uses his occupation as a pass-
port. The narrative takes him over a good
part of Europe and Asia, and gives him a place

as spectator at a good many pageants and
shows. He uses his opportunities with clever-
ness, but one must be tolerably enamored with
royalty to take so much fuss and feathers with
enjoyment. — The United States of Yesterday
and of To-morrow, by William Barrows.
(Roberts.) This book is rather the product of
travel and reflection than the direct record of
observation. Dr. Barrows is an enthusiast upon
the future of the United States, but he fortifies
his large statements by an array of facts and
figures. He makes a wise use also of history,
and his book brings into convenient form a
great variety of material for thought upon
national growth.

Fiction. Before the Dawn, a story of Paris
and the Jacquerie, by George Dulac. (Put-
nams.) An historical romance, the scene being
laid in France in the latter half of the four-
teenth century. The author has taken pains,
and has read Scott. — Queen Money, by the
author of The Story of Margaret Kent. (Tick-
nor.) — German Fantasies by French Firesides,
Tales by Richard Leander; translated from
the German by Pauline C. Lane. (Putnams.)
The significance of the title lies in the fact
that a surgeon of the German army wrote
these fancies when quartered near Paris in the

Franco-Prussian war of 1870. They are pleasing little sketches, with the German sentiment held back from the jumping-off place. — *Mahaly Sawyer*, or "Putting Yourself in her Place" by S. E. D. (Cupples & Hurd.) A curious piece of work. The writer, who is unskilled in telling a story, but with a faculty for making her people stick out in their conversation and situations, attempts to illustrate the golden rule in its application to domestic service by telling a love story. There is much ingenuity expended upon it, and odds and ends of shrewd observation. The result is not very important, but one can scarcely help being interested in the book out of all proportion to its importance. — *The Man Behind*, by T. S. Denison. (T. S. Denison, Chicago.) A sensational novel, with a rude kind of force in the telling, but the author uses tragic situations without very clear perception of their value. The story is pretty near the earth, but not near enough to give it exceptional interest on that account. — *The Nun's Curse*, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell. (Appleton.) Mrs. Riddell has recovered her strength in this book, and has written a novel worth reading. — *For the Right*, by Karl Emil Franzos; translated by Julie Sutter. (Harpers.) The work of a strong novelist, and perhaps more emphatically a moralist. The strangeness of the scenery and characters in the story — for the scene is laid in Poland, and Polish Jews play an important part, — may deter some readers, but will be found serviceable in detaching the mind from accidents, and concentrating it on the essentials of the tale. — *Roy's Repentance*, by Adeline Sergeant. (Holt.) A volume of the Leisure Hour Series. A weak story bolstered up with conventional scenes. The writer has a moderate degree of ability, but is at an idle business. — *How Deacon Tubman and Parson Whitney kept New Year's*, and other stories, by W. H. Murray. (Caledonia County Publishing Co., St. Johnsbury, Vermont.) Four stories, the first of which is a far-off echo of Dickens, and all are artificial and lack the touch of nature. — *The Angel of the Village*, by L. M. Ohorn; translated by Mrs. Matthews. (Cupples & Hurd.) A story of factory and village life in Germany, with a dash of sentimentalism. The story is stiff and conventional, and the melodramatic close fails to galvanize it into semblance of liveliness. — *Narka the Nihilist*, by Kathleen O'Meara. (Harpers.) A novel which seems to depend for its subject on the current popularity of Russian themes. It has an unpleasant kind of power about it. — *The New Antigone*, a romance. (Macmillan.) The work of a man of ability, who takes to fiction because that form of literature seems to be the most convenient vehicle for ideas, not because

he has a story to tell. He is a student of society and social problems, not a novelist. — *The Deemster*, a Romance of the Isle of Man, by Hall Caine. (Appleton.) Mr. Caine shows a strong grip of large and fundamental passions and motives of human conduct, but has he yet learned to make his strong scenes strong also in their compact expression? To dilate on passion and moving scenes is to weaken their force. — *An Unlaid Ghost*, a study in metempsychosis. (Appleton.) A somewhat ingenious conceit of repeating in modern life the story of Poppæa and Nero. The ancient tale is first told, and then its modern parallel. The stories are rather melodramatic in their telling. — *Black Ice*, by Albion W. Tourgee. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) — *Maximina*, by Don Armando Palacio Valdés; translated from the Spanish by Nathan Haskell Dole. (Crowell.) By means of this novel one may get a glimpse of contemporaneous political and social Spain. — *The Story of Colette*. (Appleton.) A translation of *La Neuvaïne de Colette*, which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is told in the form of diary and letters, but the author has not been scrupulous about preserving the spirit of this form. — *David Poindexter's Disappearance*, and other Tales, by Julian Hawthorne. (Appleton.) — Recent numbers of Ticknor's Paper Series are *A Tallahassee Girl*, by Maurice Thompson, and *A Moonlight Boy*, by E. W. Howe. — *Only a Coral Girl*, by Gertrude Forde. (Harpers.) A handsome young Englishman falls in love with a fisher-girl of Capri, marries her, takes her to London, runs a gambling rig himself, and finally repents in dust and ashes after the untimely death of his wife. Conventionality in fiction changes in minor particulars, but remains essentially the same. The unhappy end is a conventional unhappy end. — *A Magnificent Plebeian*, by Julia Magruder. (Harpers.) Magnificent, and so of course he conquered the patrician, in spite of his vulgar surroundings. — *Esther the Gentile*, by Mrs. Mary W. Hudson. (Geo. W. Crane & Co., Topeka, Kansas.) A tale of life among the Mormons, written apparently at first hand. The writer has not learned how to tell a story swiftly, nor how to leave out the unessential. — *The Vagrant*, and other Tales, by Vladimir Kerolénko; translated from the Russian by Mrs. Aline Delano. (Crowell.) This collection of tales strikes one as less Russian in thought and sentiment than many of the novels from the Russian. The scenes and incidents are Russian, and the writer has had a Siberian experience; he deals very directly with materials drawn from his own life, and he writes like a thoughtful, courageous man who has no special fads of his own. — *A Russian Proprietor*, and other Stories, by Count Lyof N. Tolstoi;

translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. (Crowell.) Of varying interest, but always marked by those grotesque touches of nature which give one the feeling that he is looking at life through beveled glass. — *The Last Von Reckenburg*, by Louise von François; translated by J. M. Percival. (Cupples & Hurd.) A piece of German fiction.

Science. *The New Astronomy*, by Samuel Pierpont Langley. (Ticknor.) A lovely book with lovely illustrations, written in an interesting style, and aimed distinctly at the lay, and not the professional, astronomical student and reader. Any one who has been familiar with general astronomical treatises will be struck by the freshness and novelty of one which goes so much more to the photometer, the spectro-scope, and the photographic lens than to the telescope. When has a science in its comparative infancy, like the new astronomy, had so lucid, so animated, and so untechnical a presentation to the general public? The compliment is almost as great to readers as to author. — *The fifty-ninth volume of the International Scientific Series (Appleton) is on Animal Magnetism*, by Alfred Binet and Charles Féré. The authors leave the earlier history of this science to historical students, and begin at once with Mesmer, bringing the survey to the present day. They then proceed to discuss hypnotism in its various phases, and illustrate the subject with a variety of interesting experiments, concluding with a thoughtful consideration of the responsibility attaching to investigations in hypnotism. — *The True and the False Theory of Evolution*, by Rev. Chauncey Giles. (W. H. Alden, Philadelphia.) An examination of evolution in the light of the doctrines of Swedenborg. — *The Advance of Science in the Last Half-Century*, by T. H. Huxley. (Appleton.) This is a reprint from a larger book on the Reign of Queen Victoria, in which it formed a chapter. It is a rapid survey of generals, illustrated by particulars now and then. — *The Asteroids, or Minor Planets between Mars and Jupiter*, by Daniel Kirkwood. (Lippincott.) A brief statement of the historical facts and discussion of them. — *Volume LXI. of the International Scientific Series (Appleton) is the Geological History of Plants*, by Sir J. William Dawson. Its object is to give in a connected form a summary of the development of the vegetable kingdom in geological time. From the nature of the subject, the book appeals both to geologists and to botanists. — *Modern Ships of War*, by Sir Edward J. Reed and Edward Simpson, with supplementary chapters and notes by J. D. Jerrold Kelley. (Harpers.) This book consists of articles originally contributed to Harper's

Monthly. It is well illustrated, and the treatment by experts makes it not only of general service, but of special value to those scientific students who wish to make a general survey of the subject.

Books for Young People. *Blue Jackets of 1812, a History of the Naval Battles of the Second War with Great Britain*, to which is prefixed an account of the French War of 1798, by Willis J. Abbot. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) We suppose, from the general appearance of this book, that the author expects his audience amongst boys; and he ought to find a first-rate audience, for he has told an interesting story, in an interesting manner, without recourse to the rather cheap frills with which juvenile literature is apt to be decorated. Mr. Abbot writes brightly, and occasionally allows himself the use of imaginary dialogue; but for the most part his work is narrative drawn from good sources. — *Boys and Other Boys*, by Lucy A. Scott. (Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.) A small book of plain talk, by one who writes from strong religious motives, but does not neglect to use the arguments and illustrations which will be likely to arrest attention. It is easier, we suspect, for such a writer to feel a personal interest in her audience than for her audience to return the feeling. — *Burnham Breaker*, by Homer Greene. (Crowell.) A story of the Pennsylvania mines, a field already worked by this writer. The book is written with praiseworthy simplicity of language and directness of narrative. The plot is that of a book for mature readers, adapted to the uses of the young. — *The Story of Keedon Bluffs*, by Charles Egbert Craddock. (Houghton.) Miss Murfree, when she has a young audience in view, does not feel obliged to change her style; she simply selects those scenes and movements likely to interest the young, and reduces the amount of her landscape drawing. In this she shows her good sense and her trust in art. — *Sara Crewe, or What Happened at Miss Minchin's*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) The story of an odd child, who was left at a fashionable school in London by her papa while he stayed behind in India. At first rich, she was petted and left to do as she pleased. Then of course, or there would have been no story, the papa lost his money and Sara became a drudge at Miss Minchin's; and then of course again, the Indian gentleman who was the villain at first that robbed her papa turns up at the nick of time, makes things straight, and reinstates Sara in riches and happiness. The story in its outlines is rather conventional, but Mrs. Burnett is too good a story-teller not to invest it with animation and a sharp sort of spirit.